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U. S. Grant

LIEUT. GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT.

MERRY GREETING.

HURRAH for "MERRY'S MUSEUM, and for its Carrier, too;
He comes to us like Santa Claus, a pleasant work to do.
While Santa Claus can but afford each twelvemonth to appear,
His well-worn satchel comes around a dozen times a year.

* * * * * * * *

Sitting in my quiet sanctum, cosily before my fire,
Wishing for my thoughts the transit of a telegraphic wire,
That to every separate Merry of the forty thousand band
I might send a New Year's greeting, flashing quick throughout the land.

Wishing, nodding, pondering, dreaming by my crimson-glowing fire,
Something strange—an ancient figure—some old god—drew nigh
and nigher;
Stealing softly close beside me, on a table standing near
Down he laid a shining sword, all glittering in the gaslight clear,
Doffed a curious-looking cap, which by its flexile wings I *knew*,
And by the wingéd sandals that from off his feet he drew,
Knew 'twas old Mercury himself, who came this New Year's eve,
Dispelling all the fancies I had set me down to weave.

Something in the wind's shrill whistle—in the outdoor icy chill—
Something in the glow within doors, made him nod against his will,
So I, honoring him by silence, nodded gracefully in turn,
Thinking of the cap and sandals, and what with them I should learn.

Soon I knew his heavy breathing left me master of the hour,
Donning cap and flying sandals, how I blessed the god-sent power,
As with lightning speed I hurried where my thoughts had been before,
And, invisible, alighted at each distant Merry's door!

Did you hear the midnight greeting that I whispered in your ear—
Did *you* hear it, "Roguish Kate," my greeting of a *good* New Year?
"Oddity," and "Blue-Bell," tell me—*you* may answer, Jasper, too—
Did *you* know when "Uncle Merry" wished a grand good year to you?
"May of Irvington," and "Hero," "Michigander," "Bonnie Bell,"
Did *you* hear my Merry greeting?—did *you* know it, "Saucy Nell?"

"Flib" and "Leslie," "Mamie," "Tommy," and "WAR"rior bold
and true; [for you;
"M. E. A.," that laugh betrayed you; "Sunbeam," here's a "Ray"
"Bob O'Link" and "Birdie" singing; "Pertine" "In the Corner"
reading; ["Earnest" greeting?
"Wild Rose," "Mignionette," and "Daisy," heard ye not the
"Jessie Bell," why are you silent? There's "Several" still for you;
"Sid," "NO Moore," and "Juno"—"Eyes" of "Black" and "Brown"
and "Blue."

"Ivy Leaf," did you not *quiver*, when I whispered in your ear,
"Eighteen sixty-five is going—sixty-six shall have good cheer?"
"Rubie Linden," "Howard," "Keystone," "Kitty Clover," "Hattie
Lee,"
"Venus," Forestina," "Magnet," "Merrimac," and "H. H. B.,"
One and all I gave you greeting—last, by no means least, "Aunt Sue."

NEW YEAR'S WITH THE CHILDREN.

"I DO so wonder what I shall get to-morrow," said Rose Burton to Annette Gale, some days after Christmas.

"*I* don't expect *anything* on New Year's morning," said Annette. "Mother says she has not time or money for *both* holidays."

"We *always* have gifts both days," said Rose, "though I think the *Christmas* presents are generally nicest. We had a splendid tree this year. You ought to have seen all the things for Lizzie and Lou and Charlie and me. We didn't know a word of it until after breakfast Christmas morning. Our stockings were *pretty* full, but we felt disappointed, supposing they held all we were to have. But we knew afterward it was only to make the surprise more certain, that we had *anything* in our stockings."

"What was on your tree?" asked Rose.

"Oh, I can hardly tell you—the loveliest wax dolls for Lou and me, and a china one for Lizzie—a beautiful wagon for Charlie, with a cup and ball, and ever so many nice games. And I had a very handsome work-basket. I can't tell what it's made of—something like straw—with pockets all around the sides, and a place for spools, a needle-book, wax and all."

"Oh, how very nice!" said Annette; "I wish——"

"What do you wish?" asked Rose, as Annette suddenly stopped.

"I don't know—I was going to say I wished mother had given me as much—but I don't, for I know she would love to if she could. She has clothes to make for little Dot and Fred and I, and ever so much work to do besides; she was up nearly all night before Christmas. I knew the next morning it was to get things ready for us. Dot had a new white apron, with cunning little 'pottits,' as she calls

them—and a soft red-and-blue ball. There was a new knitted comforter for Fred, and a hood and net for me; besides, I had a book, and Fred a little toy rocking-horse, over which he was very happy all day."

Rose smiled. "I don't like *things to wear* for my presents—I mean *Christmas* presents—for you know you have *them* anyhow. I like something right fresh from fairy-land."

Here they parted, Rose going into her pleasant home, and Annette slowly walking toward her mother's cottage thinking over all Rose had said.

"Oh, Lou," exclaimed Rose, entering the sitting-room, "ain't you in a hurry for to-morrow? what shall we have for New Year's?"

"*I* haven't finished Christmas yet," said Louise pleasantly, holding up the beautiful volume she had received on that day. Have *you* read 'Golden-Haired Gertrude?'"

"No; I can't keep steady enough to read much till both the holidays are past;" and Rose began dancing about in wild anticipation of what should come on the morrow.

"There's Annette Gale," she continued, "I've just been talking with her about New Year's. She says *they* never have *any* gifts then —queer, isn't it?"

"Did she say so?" asked Louise.

"Yes; and she told me the oddest things she and Freddy and Dot had for Christmas—aprons, bonnets, and such things *to wear*—a little candy, to be sure, and Fred a mite of a rocking-horse, fit for a doll."

"*I* think you have made out a *very nice* Christmas for them," said her mother; "I have known children very happy with less than half as much on Christmas; and as for 'things to wear,' if we had those, it was well indeed."

"*Well*" said Louise; "was it *you*, mother, that had gifts no better than Annette's?"

"Yes, my dear girls; I am not ashamed to say that I have seen the time when a new book for Christmas was a special treat, and very happy was I if it was accompanied by a pair of gloves or a scarf. Good old-fashioned dough-nuts, with a few raisins perhaps in them for Christmas—especially if I found one in something like human shape, with spice eyes and cinnamon mouth, under my plate—you may be sure were nuts and candy for me."

"Mother, what was the *very* nicest gift you had when a girl?"

"Do you mean the one that made me the happiest? I can tell you at once, for there was one gift that certainly made me happy for a whole

year. It was two or three days after Christmas that a little paper package came through the post-office *directed to me.* That alone was worth something; but I can hardly tell you my delight on opening it to find a fresh new number of 'Parley's Magazine.' How attractive its yellow covers looked to me, every month, bordered all around with pictures inclosed in circles, as was also the title-page inside! I think I may safely say I have never really enjoyed any reading since more than I then did the stories in that magazine."

"Oh, mother," said Rose, "I've just thought—can't I send for the 'MUSEUM,' for Annette, this year? she doesn't have *any* New Year's gift."

"I will allow you to do so on one condition. I know two little girls who had a handsome Christmas-tree not long ago. They are no doubt expecting something for New Year's. Which of them will be willing for once to give up *receiving* a present, and make one instead?"

Louise and Rose looked at each other a moment.

"I am willing," said Louise.

"I was expecting a New Year's gift," said Rose; "but—yes—I will give it to Annette; and now the question is settled, I guess I can sit down to 'Golden-Haired Gertrude' with some comfort."

Lou smiled, and her mother said, "I do not think you will be sorry for the sacrifice."

"They had just eaten their breakfast," said Rose, running in the next morning—"and Annette was trying to make Carlo comprehend the picture of a large dog in her Christmas 'Book of Animals,' when I went in. 'Poor fellow! he doesn't even know himself,' she was saying, and Fred was laughing at the idea, when she spied the magazine in my hand. I was going to lay it down and run, but I had to tell her all about it, and she and Fred were both as happy as *could* be."

"And *you* are happy in giving," replied their mother, "and I in having two generous little girls who are willing to deny themselves for others; so I think we will vote it a happy New Year all around."

THE LAND OF THE AMAZON.

WHAT a wonderful region is that which lies in the heart of South America! We find it laid down on our maps with towns and cities dotting over it, with mountain chains and river courses; and yet here lie vast tracts

"Where no man is,
Nor hath been, since the making of the world."

Still other sections have been trodden only by the feet of savage beasts and still more savage men.

There is a fascination about these unknown wilds, these "forests primeval," which tower two hundred feet above your head, trees often rising clear one hundred feet without a branch!

Who would not like to go a nutting where a gentle breeze would shake down a basketful of Brazil-nuts on your head? What fun it would be to bring home a bagful of golden bananas, which you could have for the gathering! How pleasant to lie on the soft bank of a river and watch the gorgeous butterflies, with wings like a lady's fan in size, as they floated sleepily by in the tropical sunshine! or the gem-like humming-birds as they dart in and out among the long trumpet-flowers of the tree creepers!

Is it not enough to put one out of conceit of the very plain, humdrum country in which we live? Yet all such delightful situations have their offsets. Never forget that there are two sides to every subject.

It would not be so cheerful to lie at your ease on the shady river side and have a playful alligator come slowly floating along. Then there is a little insect called the fire-ant, whose bite is like the sting of a red-hot needle. The only way that travelers can escape his attentions at night is to steep the ropes of their hammocks in balsam Copaiba. It would rather dampen the ardor of nut-gatherers to see a great boa, "like a stream of brown fluid flowing quickly along," among the tall reeds and grasses!

On the whole, it is wise to be content with the good things we have; and especially should we thank our heavenly Father for giving us birth in an enlightened Christian land, where we have so many books and schools and magazines and papers to help us improve our minds and hearts, and above all when we have Christian teachers to instruct us in the way to heaven. J. E. McC.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our temper; and in society, our tongues.

"WEE MAGGIE."

A NEW book, entitled "Wee Maggie, and Other Stories," has just been published by James Miller, of this city, which is filled with interesting stories and fine engravings, which make it a desirable book for the little folks.

The story of "Wee Maggie" is pleasantly told, and we present an extract from the book with the accompanying illustration, and commend the book to all our readers.

"English air, apparently, was not congenial to the little Scottish-born bairn; for although she was healthy and strong, she hardly seemed to grow at all, and was literally what her lonely mother called her, 'Wee Maggie.'

"She was scarcely to be called pretty, though there was an indescribable charm about her that won all beholders. It was such a grave, innocent, small face, seeming to be gifted with the more mournful wisdom of age added to the simple truth of childhood. She always realized to my mind the idea of the little maiden who was stolen by the fairies, and was kept seven years by the good people, returning with all the savor of elf-land about her.

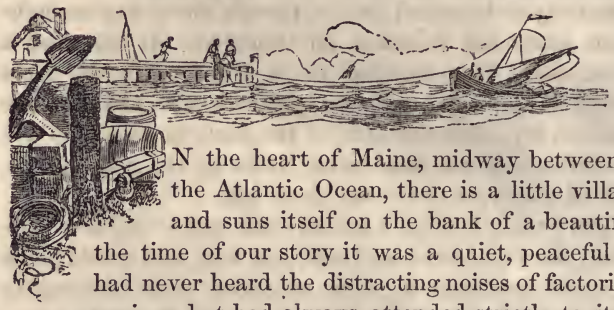
"She was eight years old when I first saw her, and a very deft little damsel she was; she could read, and sew, and knit, and would perch herself upon a tall stool, and do some necessary piece of mending with the most solemn gravity, which sat quaintly on her tiny features.

"She was the only surviving daughter of an old Scottish couple who had seen two or three promising little blossoms fade in their cradle; so that this last child of their later years was beloved with a deeper and more tender affection. Her father was the captain and part owner of a small merchant vessel trading with Russia, and was comfortably off in worldly means. He built a little cottage in the midst of a pleasant garden that overlooked St. Andrew's Bay, and here the family dwelt in peace for many years. The thrifty parents gave their daughter the best education they could, and every advantage that lay in their reach. Scottish people, as a rule, are generally very well educated; there is not so much superficial ornament and accomplishment, perhaps, as in our course of instruction, but the useful knowledge of life is more solidly and substantially grounded. The quiet lassie was also a frequent visitor at the manse, and a sworn crony of the minister's daughter, from whom she acquired imperceptibly somewhat more refinement of manner than she could otherwise have obtained in those remote parts. It must have been a happy young life, for the mere recollection of it brought a bright soft flush to the sick woman's face, that lit up features I now saw must once have been delicate and pretty. It was quite touching to hear her speak of her childhood. She was evidently of a reserved temperament naturally; but now, that she once 'opened her mind' to me, the tide of memory seemed to rush on like a flood of light pouring into a dark room, and touching every minute corner with its radiance."

WILD OATS.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER I.—"UNCLE DRUMMOND."



IN the heart of Maine, midway between Canada and the Atlantic Ocean, there is a little village which sits and suns itself on the bank of a beautiful river. At the time of our story it was a quiet, peaceful town, which had never heard the distracting noises of factories and steam-engines, but had always attended strictly to its own affairs, and looked at its lovely reflection in the water as if it were sitting for its picture.

We will say the name of the town was Lyman. It comprised, in fact, two picturesque villages, one on each bank of the river. Our hero lived in Lyman proper. It was a much handsomer place, and its inhabitants were said to hold their heads at least an inch higher than those of the North village. Whether this were true or false, it is certain that a troublesome feeling of jealousy and pique rankled in the hearts of the North Lymanites. They said it made their haughty neighbors haughtier still to own the only bell in town, the best meeting-house, the largest stores, and the town-house. The boys of the two villages were called respectively the North and South boys, and were as far apart in regard to sympathy as the two poles. On sundry occasions there had been a pitched battle between a few of them, but this was owing to the cannon which both sides claimed for firing on the Fourth of July.

The principal street in Lyman was wider than Broadway, and shaded by magnificent old trees whose branches met overhead, forming a stately arch. At the lower end of the street stood an enormous willow, the wonder of strangers. Tradition said that it was Old Lady Merry's riding-whip, which she had planted there for sport, and which had grown from a little willow-switch to its present marvelous size. Back of this dense tree, and so far from it as to be out of reach of its shade, stood a cosy cottage, sometimes called the Bird's Nest, perhaps because it was snuggled so warmly among morning-glories, sumach-trees, and cinnamon rose-bushes; or perhaps because it was

supposed to be so full of love and music. This was John Merry's home.

It was a dull, cheerless evening in December. The clouds were heavy, and there was no moon to brush them away. The winds made an Æolian harp of the village trees, and sobbed at the cracks of doors and windows as if sighing to be let in where warmth and light were to be had. On such an evening as this the Merrys were in the habit of having lively times, for a happier family was not to be found in the county. But to-night, as for long months past, there seemed to be a shadow hovering near the threshold.

Johnny stood by the open fire in the sitting-room, tears rolling down his cheeks. On a gridiron over the coals was a tin basin containing flax-seed tea, smoking hot. On each side of the little fireplace the bright shovel and tongs leaned against the brass resters, and the nicely swept hearth and blazing maple-wood tried to look cheery, but made a complete failure. When sickness, severe and painful, steps into a house, the very aspect of the furniture seems changed. To Johnny, the little handled broom hanging on its nail by the fireplace, the cane-seated rocking-chair, and even the lively clock in the corner, looked lonesome. The ticking said plainly, "My father is sick! My father will die!"

The door of the "end cupboard" stood open, and the row of little vials was very sad to behold. Johnny had brought those vials from the store, one by one, filled with medicine of the doctor's prescribing. But nothing had been of much avail. The sympathizing villagers declared that Mr. Merry's trade—that of a fancy-painter—was decidedly injurious to his health, and that he had applied himself too closely. His cough had for some time been growing harder, his form more shrunken, his eyes glassier. In spite of the most loving care, it was certain that he must die.

Johnny had not known this very long. He and his little sister, Jane Brown Merry, generally called Brownie, had been quite unconscious of the danger. They had become accustomed to the hollow, hacking cough, the visits of the doctor, and their mother's anxious face. They could hardly remember when their father had been well and stirring about like other people. They had supposed, when they thought of it at all, that for years to come there would be the same doctor's visits, the same variety of medicines, and the same paleness on their mother's cheeks.

But to-night, for the first time, they had been told that the end was coming They had listened in terrified amazement. It was strange

and incomprehensible to the happy children who had never thought much of death, and hardly knew more of it than the name.

"Why, mother," said Brownie, with wondering eyes, "father wouldn't go to heaven. It is 'way off! We should be all alone, for he couldn't come back. Why does he die? I thought you said you were going to pay Doctor Fletcher to make him all well."

Johnny, though two years older, was hardly more reasonable.

"Can't anything stop him from dying?" he cried. "Perhaps this flax-seed tea will help his cough right away. Oh, if we can keep him from coughing, of course he will live!"

Mrs. Merry stroked Johnny's cheeks and looked at him with a weary smile. There was a whole volume of anguish and heavenly patience in that smile, but the little boy was not old enough to read it. It is mercifully ordered that children shall not know the depth and bitterness of grief; their tender hearts would be crushed under the load.

"Mother," whispered Johnny, very low, for the house was so still he fancied his father might hear him speak across the entry, "mother," when must he die?"

At this sudden question Mrs. Merry's calmness forsook her; she hid her face from her awe-stricken children.

"God only knows. He would like to see both of you this evening—he has something to say. This is why I have talked to you about his dying—it was best you should know it. Try to be calm—don't distress your dear father. Remember, we shall only lose him for a little while. Soon we may go where he is. Happy as we have always been in this world, we shall be a great deal happier there."

The clock ticked solemnly for ten minutes while Johnny and Brownie knelt on the rug with heads buried in their mother's lap. The gray-and-white kitten gazed at the sorrowing group, winked her thoughtless eyes, and put out her white paw coaxingly, surprised that neither Johnny nor Brownie took the slightest notice of it.

"Come," said Mrs. Merry, "we will go into the parlor now."

This had been lately converted into a sick-room. The best bed was placed in it, and every comfort and convenience which affection could devise had been collected there. The sick man was propped up in bed by pillows. He could hardly look whiter in death than he looked now.

"Yes," thought Johnny, his heart sinking in his breast like a lump of lead, "now I know just how it is going to be; all father will do is just to shut his eyes and stop breathing, and he will be gone!

Strange, I never noticed how much his face looks like marble, as all the dead faces do!"

"Won't you please drink a little of this flax-seed tea, Henry?" said Mrs. Merry, anxiously.

She held in her hands a waiter bearing a gilt-edged china cup and saucer, inscribed "To My Husband." This piece of ware was Brownie's delight, for it had been purchased of a glass peddler with one of her partly worn dresses. It had always been a satisfaction to the little girl to see her father drink his gruel from that cup. She thought there was a charm about the gilt bands which would almost change porridge to nectar. She had often said, "Father, isn't that cup a beauty?—you know it was *my* present." But to-night it made her cry only to look at it as it touched her father's lips.

"Come, children, and sit beside me on the bed," said Mr. Merry, when, to please his wife, he had made an effort to sip a little of the nauseous tea. "I am not generally able to talk much with you, but to-night I have unusual strength." Johnny's face brightened, but his father continued: "I am going away very soon—only a short journey, children; don't be afraid—I am not alone; there is a Friend with me who has promised not to let go of my hand."

"Who?" whispered Brownie.

"The Saviour," answered Johnny, in a hushed voice, for his father did not appear to be heeding Brownie's question; he was gazing straight before him, with a rapt smile.

"Before I go away, my dear children, I have some little messages to leave with you. Johnny, I want you to promise me that you will be a loving and obedient boy to your mother. Will you try?"

"I will—yes, sir, *I will*," replied Johnny, solemnly.

"Be a comfort to her, my son. You couldn't have a better mother. Never do anything to make her unhappy. Never join the company of bad boys. Don't stay out late in the evening. When you are tempted to do wrong, ask God to help you. Read your Bible, and go to church and Sabbath-school regularly."

"Oh, father, I will, you *know* I will," sobbed Johnny, burying his face in his hands.

He meant just what he said. He felt so crushed and subdued under the solemn influence of the hour, that he supposed he should never wish to do anything wrong again.

"Your Uncle Drummond will come soon; you know we expected him to-night. He will take a fatherly interest in both of you, my children. Look up to him—heed what he says."

After a few more words to Johnny, and a charge to little Brownie, the sick man was quite exhausted, and sank into a gentle slumber. This was the last time he ever talked with the children. The next evening he had gone to the heavenly country.

Mr. Drummond Merry, younger brother of the deceased, came from Boston and remained with the family for two or three days. He was a bright, brisk, gentlemanly person, said to be in flourishing business. He murmured "Poor things! poor things!" when he kissed the children, and dropped a tear on Johnny's forehead, which sent a warm thrill to the boy's heart.

"Mother," said he, privately, "I'm glad he is to have the 'oversight' of me as he says. He's just the kind of a man I like, now I tell you. One of these days see if I don't have a gold watch like his, and a spotted vest!"

Mr. Merry made inquiries in a delicate way, and found that his sister-in-law was left in rather straitened circumstances. He generously divided with her all the money he had brought with him, which was no great sum, it is true, when one took into account the doctor's bill and the unsettled expenses of the past six months.

"It was unpardonably thoughtless in me," said he, "that I came here with such a meagre amount of funds! Dear sister," he added, taking Mrs. Merry's hand, "never allow yourself to be pinched for the want of anything. Always apply to me freely; remember, it will be my pleasure to aid my brother's widow."

Mrs. Merry was too much affected to reply. She was not well acquainted with her brother-in-law, and stood a little in awe of him. She knew that his brothers and sisters all looked up to him as the pride of the family. Henry, her late husband, had been a fancy painter; Amos, the eldest, was a mechanic, and lived in Ohio. Drummond had been pushed ahead by a partial uncle, and now occupied a higher position in the world than his brothers, being nothing less than a Boston lawyer. He was also a man of somewhat distinguished appearance—quite a contrast to his brother Henry, who had been simply an honest, intelligent man, with no pretensions to elegance of dress or manners.

"How Drummond must overawe a jury!" thought Mrs. Merry. She felt the greatest admiration for her rich relative; yet she found herself wishing that instead of him she had Amos to look to for advice and sympathy.

"I should feel more freedom with Amos," thought the good woman. "He would better understand my position, for he has been poor him-

self; whereas Drummond was born with a gold spoon in his mouth. But after all, I am truly thankful for my boy's sake that things are ordered as they are. What could Amos, with his large family, do for my poor Johnny? And Drummond can and will do a great deal. His heart is noble, and he has not a chicken depending on him for a crumb."

Johnny was now ten years old. His hair was dark brown and curling, his cheeks as hard and red as winter apples. His eyes were large, gray, and bright, such as you see only in the head of an intelligent child. Some eyes have the meaningless luster of glass beads. Such were not Johnny's; they had an eager soul behind them.

What fortunes befell the youth, what his uncle did with him, and what he did with himself, will be related hereafter.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A POOR lame boy was walking along one of the muddy streets of the city, trying to find a suitable place to cross. The heavy rains had fallen, and the street was unusually deep with mud and water.

While waiting to cross, another lad saw him, and cried out, "Stop, stop! I'll carry you over!"

In a moment he gently took the little cripple in his arms, and carried him safely over to the opposite side of the street. In doing it he got quite wet and muddy; but he did not mind that, for he felt amply repaid by the *inward reward* which his heart gave him. The little lame boy smiled gratefully, and thanked him kindly; but the satisfaction of doing a kind act paid him better. Doing good to others brings its own reward, which the selfishness of the world can not appreciate.

RUSSIAN ELK AND BEARS.

THE European elk was once found between the 53d and 65th degrees of latitude, in Prussia, Poland, Sweden, Norway, and Russia, but is rarely seen at present, except in the most northern of these countries; it is also found in Asiatic Siberia. The appearance is the same as that of the moose; from its long legs and overhanging lips, the old authors thought that it grazed walking backward.

From the great height of the shoulders above the crupper, its gait is awkward and shuffling, and when running fast the hind limbs are very wide apart; its joints crack at every step, with a sound which may be heard at a considerable distance; a part of the sound is said to be made by the hoofs striking against each other. The European elk seems to attain a size equal to that of the moose, measuring six feet high at the shoulders.

It is an awkward, clumsy, and disproportioned creature, though from its size it possesses a certain majesty when seen amid the wild scenery of its favorite haunts. The head is too large in proportion to the body for any pretension to the symmetry usually seen in the deer family. It trots, runs, and jumps with great speed, passing

through seemingly impenetrable thickets and over broken ground without apparent effort. It is never seen on the ice except from absolute necessity. Its sense of smell is very acute, and enables it to detect an enemy at a great distance; the breaking of the smallest twig is sufficient to startle it from its hiding-place.

The period of life is about twenty years. It is said that elks were at one time used to draw sledges in Sweden, and that they traveled over 200 miles a day; their hide makes excellent leather for belts and covering for the feet.

The European bear is somewhat similar to the American in its habits; although it is fiercer and more sanguinary, especially as he grows old, when he will, though rarely, attack men; particularly if he has once tasted human blood, when, like the man-eating tigers and lions, he acquires a taste for it, and makes man his especial prey.

FRANK'S CONUNDRUM.

BY CATHERINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

THE house of Mr. Ellis was very quiet one pleasant afternoon in November. Mrs. Ellis was sewing by the side of her sleeping babe, and Mr. Ellis was preparing his sermon for the next Sabbath.

Suddenly the quiet was interrupted. There was a bustle in the hall, three children—one boy and two girls—having just entered; and the outer door was shut with a great bang. The little sleeper in the cradle followed the time-honored usage of babes on such occasions. In other words, it woke up and began to cry.

"There, Frank Ellis, see what you have done!" exclaimed Hettie, the elder of the two girls. "I don't see the use of slamming the door and waking the babe if George Baker did say something to vex you."

"I wish you would attend to your own business and leave me to attend to mine," was the angry rejoinder of the irritated boy.

"What an ill-natured fellow you are!" exclaimed Hettie.

"Any boy would be who had two girls at home and half a dozen boys at school to bother him," was the very ungracious response.

Hettie had no time to reply; for at this moment a door opened. It was the study-door.

"This way, Frank," said Mr. Ellis. "I wish to speak with you."

Frank at that moment would certainly have preferred to go any other way, but there was no help for it, so he passed through the door which his father held open for him.

Frank took a seat on the ottoman by the side of his father, and they had a long and earnest talk together.

Early in the evening Frank and his sisters were together in the sitting-room. They were its sole occupants. Frank sat in one corner of the fireplace, very silent and thoughtful. The girls were busy looking over a roll of pieces of silks and ribbons which a friend had given them that morning. At first they were too busy to notice Frank, but his quietness at last attracted the attention of Hettie.

"Why, Frank, how still you are!" she said; "what are you thinking about?"

Now as Frank had had no intention of communicating his thoughts, his sister's question vexed him a little, and he was about to say, "It's none of your business," when a sudden recollection held him back from giving utterance to the surly reply.

"Can't you tell me?" said Hettie, after waiting a moment for an answer.

"I am thinking out a puzzle for you," said Frank, good-humoredly.

"A puzzle?"

"Yes, a puzzle, or a conundrum, or whatever you choose to call it."

"What is it?" said Hettie, now all animation. "Do let us have it."

"Well, let me see; it is this: What soft thing is very hard?"

"What soft thing is very hard?" repeated Hettie, slowly. "I am sure I don't know. I don't see how a soft thing can be hard. I shall have to give it up."

"You give it up in a great hurry," said Frank.

"I know it," said Hettie; "but I am sure I shall never be able to think of a soft thing that is very hard, if I try ever so long. I would like to know where such a thing can be found."

"It is something father told me about to-night," said Frank.

"Was it when he called you into the study?" asked Bessie, the younger of the two girls.

"Yes," said Frank, not crossly, yet with a slight accent of annoyance. "It is something the Bible tells us about," he added.

"Where does it tell about it?" inquired Bessie, all curiosity.

"In the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs, the first verse."

"Here is a Bible," said Hettie; "let us find it."

The place was soon found, and Hettie read: "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

Hettie looked a little puzzled after she had read the verse.

"Don't you understand?" said Frank; "if it is not a hard thing for a fellow to give a soft answer when he is right down vexed, then I don't know where you will find anything that is hard."

"Oh, I understand now," said Hettie; "I dare say it would be hard enough for *you* to do it."

Frank was vexed at the way that *you* was emphasized, and he was about to say something very ill-natured, when he suddenly checked himself and said, frankly, "Yes, Hettie, I own that it would be very hard for *me* to do it."

Sharp words often passed between Frank Ellis and George Baker, for both were passionate, though on the whole they were very good friends. There was also much rivalry between them in their studies, and this was sometimes a source of vexation.

The following morning, at the recitation in arithmetic, their teacher gave the class an example to work out not belonging to the regular recitation. Only George Baker was able to solve this problem. George's success and his own failure were irritating to Frank. He knew that the feeling was wrong, and tried to overcome it, but with partial success. For some hours after, he was not able to feel quite amiable toward George.

As Frank and George were returning from school that night, they fell into a dispute, which was not by any means an unusual occurrence. George was a boy very positive in his opinions, and could not bear contradiction. When he found he could not convince Frank that he was right on the disputed point, he became very angry, and suddenly exclaimed, "You are a fool, Frank Ellis."

"Not half so much of a fool as you are," was the answer which

most readily suggested itself to the mind of Frank; but he did not say it. He had gone to school that morning with the firm determination to try the effect of soft answers. This certainly was not a soft answer, and Frank remembered his resolution just in time to prevent its utterance. But what should he say? The suppression of the sharp answer was not giving a soft one. The soft answer came quickly at his call. Right thoughts would come to us much more frequently than they do if we would but invite them.

"Well," said Frank, good-naturedly, after a very brief struggle, "you certainly proved that *you* were not a fool when you solved that hard problem this morning."

What an instant change there was in George! How quickly the soft answer turned away all the wrath!

"You are a good fellow, Frank," he said, "and I am a brute to call you hard names. I will never do it again. You have just as good a right to your opinion as I have to mine."

It chanced that Hettie was near enough to overhear this amicable settlement of the dispute. After George had passed on to his home, she drew near to her brother's side.

"You got out the soft answer that time," she said; "was it very hard?"

"Pretty hard," said Frank. "I knew nothing would please George better than to speak of his triumph this morning; but I was so vexed with him that I did not at first want to please him so much."

"But now you are glad you said it."

"Oh, yes, very glad; George *is* a good fellow after all, and when I am not vexed I like to please him. You see the soft answer has two sides. It presents the hard side to you before you get it out; but after you have once said it, everything is made smooth and easy, and one feels as if he was treading on a bed of roses."

"Roses without thorns, you mean," said Hettie, archly.

Frank laughed, but Hettie's merry face all at once grew thoughtful in its expression, so thoughtful that Frank asked what she was thinking about.

"I was thinking of what you just said," was the reply. "I am sure mother would tell us that was the way with all the Bible precepts. They only seem hard while we hesitate about obeying; but when we do obey, it makes us very happy. I think that must be what it means when it says that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

"I think so too," said Frank, quite thoughtfully.

BOYHOOD OF GENERAL GRANT.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.

"FATHER, I wonder what kind of a boy General Grant was," exclaimed Ralph Stone, just as he put away his drum for dinner.

"A good boy, of course," replied his father.

"All great generals are not good boys, I guess," responded Ralph, in true Yankee style.

"That may be; but General Grant was a good boy. Very few boys were as industrious, truthful, obedient, and quiet as he was. I know something about him."

"Please tell me all you know about him when he was a boy no bigger than I am."

So Mr. Stone proceeded to give Ralph an idea of General Grant's boy-life.

"In the first place," said he, "Ulysses never said '*I can't.*' He did not belong to that class. There is a large family of 'I cant's;' but he disowned all connection with them. Once he was working away at a task in school, when a schoolmate, noticing his perplexity, said—

"'You can't master that, Ulysses.'

"'Can't?' replied Ulysses; 'what does it mean?'

"'Why, it means—it means that you can't—*there!*'

"Ulysses did not like that definition, and so he turned to his dictionary to find the word—but it was not there. As it was his principle never to give up, he went to the teacher and said—

"'What is the meaning of *can't?* I can not find it in the dictionary. I can find *can* there.'

"The patient teacher explained the word to him, and took occasion to impart some very excellent advice to him on *perseverance;* and I imagine that he never forget the counsel, for one of his distinguished traits of character, as a military officer, is perseverance. He knew no such word as *can't* during the whole war to crush the rebellion. A general who was wont to admit the use of this word would never have taken Richmond. He would have exclaimed '*I can't,*' and stopped before he had reached even Spottsylvania Court House. My son, never enlist in the '*I can't*' company!

"Ulysses was a very obedient boy. His parents were never trou-

bled by disobedience in their son. It was his daily rule to obey. His father taught him to labor, and to make himself generally useful about the tannery—for his father was a tanner. He could do various kinds of labor, also, on the farm. He did not exhibit a spirit of disobedience because he was obliged to work, as many boys do. No! He cheerfully yielded to the wishes of his parents, so that he was not only industrious, but he early exhibited a decided tact for different kinds of labor. His father called him 'handy.' It was because he early learned to labor.

"At school he was diligent, and an example in behavior for all the boys to imitate. He never gave his teachers trouble. Though not a brilliant scholar, he was nevertheless a good one. If it was not easy for him to learn, a little more application and perseverance would make him equal to the more brilliant pupils. At the West Point Academy he left seventy-nine of his class in the rear.

He never quarreled, in school or out. Unlike many boys, he was not having frequent difficulties with his associates—not he. A story went the rounds of the papers, a while since, about his flogging a captain; but his father pronounces it false. His father adds, 'He is said *to have never had a personal controversy in his life.*' It was a common remark among the boys, when Ulysses got his appointment, that ''Lis would make a good cadet in every respect but one—that was, if he ever was engaged in war, he was too good-natured to be *kicked* into a fight.' In addition to freedom from personal controversy, it is believed that he never used a profane word nor told a deliberate falsehood—at least under the parental roof. He was brought up in a Methodist family.

"Is not that a clean record? Diligent—obedient—industrious—truthful—never a lie! never a profane word! not one quarrel!

"He was always fearless. When he was only two years old, his father was carrying him through the streets in his arms. A young man met him, and wished to see what effect the report of his pistol would have upon the child.

"'Try it,' said the father; 'the child has never seen a pistol before.'

"The little baby-hand was placed upon the lock and pressed thereon until the pistol went off. Ulysses did not even start. He seemed delighted with the plaything, and shouted, '*Fick it again! fick it again!*'

"A gentleman, who was passing at the time, remarked, 'That boy will make a general, for he neither winked nor dodged.'

"You know what a brave, heroic man this boy became. Who-

ever heard that General Grant cowered in the face of danger? Shot and shell falling around him thick and fast never shook his nerves. He was always cool, thoughtful, and prompt, even in the shock of battle. He was equally brave to defend the truth and lead a life of virtue.

"One thing more. Ulysses never put on airs. He did not think more of nice clothes than he did of cultivated brains. No one ever charged him with being proud and fond of dress and display in his early life. Many youth love to sport a gold chain and watch, a costly cane, and other things that assist to make a fop or dandy; but Ulysses cared for none of these things. Modest, humble, and substantial he lived before the war; nor has he changed since that time. An attempt was made to lionize him at the Presidential mansion in Washington. He was fairly taken up by the crowd of visitors and placed upon a sofa or table where all could see him. It was an unpleasant trial to his modesty. On retiring, he said to a friend, 'I shall be glad to get away from Washington—I despise this show business.'

"Now, my son," said Mr. Stone, "I have told you what I know of General Grant's boyhood. I know that you must admire the traits of character enumerated. Nor can you wonder that he became such a famous general. Great generals are made out of such kind of boys."

"He has a singular name," remarked Ralph.

"A classic name," answered Mr. Stone. "It was the choice of his maternal grandmother, who was a great reader of history. She admired the character of the famous Grecian general Ulysses, and selected his name for the boy. I think it is rather remarkable, in this connection, that he became the great American Ulysses."

"So do I" muttered Ralph.

YESTERDAY, last week, last year, they are gone. Yesterday was such a day as never was before, and never can be again. Out of eternity and darkness it was born, a new, fresh day; into darkness and eternity it sank again for ever. It had a voice calling to us of its own—its own work, its own duties. What *were we doing yesterday?*

To-day is ours. Work while it is called to-day. Do the duty which lieth next you. Do with thy might whatsoever thy hand findeth to do. Earnestly, faithfully, courageously, humbly, lovingly, prayerfully.

THE MERRY GREETING.

For the "Merry Convention." TUNE—"*Marching Along.*"

THE "Merrys" are gathering from far and from near,
To welcome each other with hearty good cheer;
Too long we've been loving one another unseen—
'Tis time we were chatting without distance between,
Distance between, without distance between—
Time we were chatting without distance between,
So we've come at the bidding both hearty and strong,
Nor waited a moment to be marching along.

Oh, joy for this meeting! oh, joy for us all!
For once to be Merry is surely our call!
Then let us be busy, for the hours quickly fly—
We must all know each other before bidding good-bye,
Bidding good-bye, before bidding good-bye—
All know each other before bidding good-bye;
For we've talked at a distance entirely too long,
And to *meet* one another we are coming along.

Then hail to the black eyes, gray, hazel, and blue!
While either shall sparkle we pledge ourselves true;
Here's my heart and my hand—I'll take yours in return;
Good-will on our altar the incense we'll burn—
Coming along, black, gray, hazel, and blue,
Hail to the Merry band, all faithful and true!
We'll chat face to face, and we'll see eye to eye,
And all *know each other* before bidding good-bye.

GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE, Old Year, with thy hopes and fears,
Thy joys and sorrows, thy smiles and tears,
Thy sweet May morns and thy summer eves,
And the toil that bound thy autumn sheaves.

New Year comes in in the hush of night,
All muffled in robes of snowy white;
And breezy voices float on the ear,
Bidding us each "A happy New Year."

Mercies she brings from the love of our God;
Duties and hopes, the stripe and the rod;
She holds in her hands an unwritten scroll,
Thine innermost life to record, my soul.

THE MERRY-OPTICON.

WALK in, young ladies and gentlemen! Admittance free — children, half-price—walk in! Behold a score of Merryites in full action! brave-hearted, vigorous fellows, who never yield except to a thaw. Every boy of them knows Uncle Robert and Aunt Sue. What care they for pelting balls, stunning knock-downs, and all the chances and terrors of war? War, indeed, when at least half their number have *been through the manipulator!* Slashed, maimed, and crippled in their time, they still live to fight the snow-battles of their age.

There are Henry C——k, and Ed R——, and Eric W——, and a certain veteran in a plaid cap, a certain person (though uncertain to all but Uncle R., who holds the key of the circle), a certain Cousin who has fired in his day at Fleta, and Blue-Eyes, and Saucy Nell; no wonder he turns his back to the enemy! There are Hiram J——, and the two B——s; and there's—yes, there he is—our staunch young Merryite, Johnny C——, Johnny just as he appeared when pioneer, general, and standard-bearer all in one, he led his men up to the very breast-works of the enemy. Always in front, always invincible, always under the very hottest—ahem! I mean the *coldest*—of the fire, what wonder Johnny inspires every one about him with courage and jollity!

What wonder, either, that my friend Takemquick, the great pho-

tographer of Focusville, no sooner heard Johnny's "whoop" than he dragged his one-eyed monster of a camera to the window and took in the scene, literally, at a glance! Yes, there they are—twenty hearty, frolicsome, pugnacious "Merry" boys in full fight, unconscious that, between Takemquick and the engraver, they are furnishing the first tableau of the Merry-opticon.

Eric W—— had no idea of what was going on, or, depend upon it, he would never have chosen that very singular attitude. Thousands of Merry eyes will see him as he lies there sprawling, who heretofore have only known him as the most dignified and lordly writer in the Chat. Ha! ha! when will boys and girls find out that old Tempus is photographing them hourly? Every little thing we say or do makes its own picture on the passing hour. Remember that, my Merrys! There are other and more lasting records, records portraying every hidden corner, the very ins and outs of our natures, but we will not speak of them here.

Perhaps the Merry-opticon will exhibit again next month—can not say for certain—it depends altogether upon the price of hay. And now, boys and girls, before the exhibition closes, we will do three things: resolve to meet and congratulate each other at the great Merry gathering; wish all the world a happy New Year; and give a round of rousing cheers for Uncle Robert and Aunt Sue. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

M. E. D.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

"HAPPY New Year" and a Merry greeting to all the Merry Cousins.

We are glad to see you all once more gathering around our social table, with so many new friends to share our pleasant chats and unite our friendship.

And though some who met with us last New Year's meet and greet each other face to face in a brighter world, yet we know that the cloud is not without its silver lining, and the "Merry" group "on the other side" wait to welcome home the loved ones left behind. May the coming year cast no shadow over our Merry circle which shall not be lightened up with a blessed hope of a glorious immortality.

A quarter of a century has passed, and the MUSEUM commences its twenty-sixth year as bright and fresh as ever, and we we feel no older to-day than when we first made the acquaintance of the Merry family.

We shall endeavor to make the coming year more pleasant and profitable than ever before, and hope each one of you will do all you can toward extending our circulation. Read our offer of valuable premiums, which we shall be glad to send you in return for any effort you may make for us.

We go to press so early that we can give no account of the Convention, but shall hope to give a full description in the February number. It promises to be a great success.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *November*, 1865.

DEAR MERRYS:—You 20.000 dear creatures. I *must* say "how d'ye do?" at New Year's, if I am silent all the rest of the year.

Notwithstanding Queen Fleta has filled my place so royally, I am not forgotten, and you can't think how proud I feel when I receive a letter addressed to "Aunt Sue, Box 111, Brooklyn P. O.," and find it just as full of love and affection as though I were still "at the helm."

I would fain write a loving personal remembrance to all the dear Merrys who have written to me the past year, but I am afraid I should take up too much room in the Chat.

Some of my Southern correspondents come back a little shyly, as though uncertain as to how they would be received. Bless your dear hearts! Only come back and shake hands, and the hearty grip you will receive shall convince the most sensitive that we feel nothing but love and affection for you all. Don't you believe it, little Busy Bee? I was *so* glad to be assured, only this week, that she was alive and well. The mails have been very irregular between here and "Jackson," but I'm sure she hasn't forgotten us.

Thanks, "Josie" E., for your last; don't forget the photograph.

Rubie Linden, were you satisfied?

Saucy Nell, I shan't forgive you if you do *not* come.

Vincent, did you receive the exchange all right?

Beauclerc, I hope you have found a correspondent a little more satisfactory than myself.

Kitty Clover, Tommy, Sans Souci, Stranger, Jasper, Violet Forest, Merry May, Mermaid, Arthur Lee, May Clayton, Lizzie E. N., Larkspur, and all who in 1865 have sent me kind messages, accept my best love in return.

I have worn my Merry badge conspicuously (attached to my watch-chain) for two years, and no one has greeted me in consequence. Where are our Merrys?

My post-office box (Brooklyn) is still No. 111, and any persons wishing to exchange *physiogno-types* need only send me theirs to insure a prompt response.

You see—dear Merrys—that you can't get rid of Your affectionate

AUNT SUE.

HOME, *October*, 1865.

UNCLE MERRY :—I have, without a murmur, without a sigh, seen that dread manipulator descend. I have witnessed the awful result thereof—dislocated sentences, articles definite and indefinite, parts of speech lying in glorious confusion in the sawdust—in the waste-paper basket.

Have you no sympathy, Uncle Merry? Know ye not—do not plead innocent—that scalding, bitter tears will be shed over those mangled remains—often manipulated and manufactured, in the wee small hours of night, by the light of a flickering gas jet, in a lonely attic?

But there are limits to human endurance, and, Uncle Merry, it were not well to go too far. Mine has nearly reached the "outermost bounds."

"Sweet Kitty Clover," I know not why you should vail your face. Have you been to the Orient during your absence and availed yourself of the vailing fashion—the rage with Orient-all ladies? I hope not! I believe Clover is indigenous to this climate, and "to the manor born."

Iago, may the ghost of Hiawatha haunt you, in company with that old Choctaw, I believe, who threw his grandmother into the moon. May Evangeline, in the dead of night, in ghostly vestments, with tresses disheveled, her blue eyes chiding, shake a transparent digit at you. You have evoked the shadows of the "past and present." Look out for a Gail; look out for a hurricane, and

—— Yours, SID.

Nov. 13, 1865.

UNCLE :—I have not spoken to any of the Cousins during the past six months, but have been listening to the others.

Iva, is it natural for you to be so sarcastic? or was it put on for the occasion? I like your independent spirit, and must admit—although you have cast so many scornful words at me—that I think you have fairly "proved your right to that corner;" and now with the right hand of friendship extended, would like to exchange both letters and cartes with you.

Vincent, I will say "yes, and will send it as soon as possible" *after* I receive your carte, also your address. Isn't that fair?

Sid and Elfelda, send me yours.

In the Corner, why didn't you write? I expected you would.

A welcome to Ray, Jas. Conrad, Bright Star, Patronia, Bertina, and all other new comers, from their COUSIN FORESTINA.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :—I would like to say a few words to you, as I still take an interest in you.

I was once well known in the land of the Merrys, and occupied a high position under Her Majesty Queen Fleta, but am now a poor, forgotten, and forsaken old man. I don't blame the Queen for my ill fortune; I know well she has enough to do to look after her fast increasing court of young courtiers. You can scarcely credit that I was once a frequenter of courts, yet 'tis even so!

Your grandmothers may have told you about an old, old war called in history "The War of the Queens." 'Twas in that war I served, and trust I did the state some service. Many gallant officers fell on both sides. The rebel queen fled to California; and General Leslie, after vainly attempting to raise another sedition, disappeared, and was never seen again.

Then also Oliver (*only* duke of *Boston*) has evaporated. The sad event was unchronicled, and no one can say certainly.

Lady Nell Saucy, well known as the Countess Backbite, was missed from court one morning, and found crazy as a loon, assisting a poor *coal-man*.

What a feeling of desolation comes over me as I gaze upon the familiar scene and miss the noble faces of those who once adorned these lofty walls! O land that gave birth to a Wilforley, a Wanderer, an Oliver, where sparkled the wit of an Annie Drummond, where the brilliant dutchess Flib drew around her a court of the learned and gay—wilt thou never again shine forth as in the glorious days of old?—will you never again ring with the voice of merriment, the very type of the light-hearted subjects of a beautiful Queen.

Ask your grandmothers if they remember the one who first struck at the presumptive rebel who 'rose against the throne. They will answer, "The great marshal and prime councilor of the kingdom—now only he who deserves the the title of "Grandfather" than Cousin— DANIEL, LORD BURNHAM,

Duke de no Account.

DEAR MERRYS :—Do you remember Brown-Eyes? If so, you will recognize her in the personage before you, humbly craving permission to resume my old seat and be one of you again. Don't shake your head and say No, Uncle Merry.

Oh, my! how everything has changed

since I as chief of the Burnham Cavalry made my last dash. Dear old Burnham has quietly subsided into the prosy little boy which I suppose he must be, as he in his last says he is but four feet two in height. Gracious, Daniel! I pride myself on my five feet six, and would be prouder still if I could say I was two inches taller. I must resign my position on your staff, as I can't think of fighting with a commander-in-chief sixteen inches shorter than myself!

Certainly we will be friends, Jessie Bell. I have a dear little hazel-eyed friend of that name, and should not object to a second.

Hatchet, spare this, please. Love to all, from BROWN-EYES.

The hatchet has not yet forgot its mission. It has had to be unusually busy this month, as *two* well-filled baskets will attest.

COUSINS ALL:—Sigma, my advice to you is, that when you go traveling again, do not confine yourself to the West, but come East, and give some of your Eastern Cousins a call.

Sans Souci, ready and waiting. Come right along.

Kate M., let us hear from you again.

A. H. K., H. T. S., and H. H. S., you take the MUSEUM. Accept my invitation to join "Our Monthly Chat."

Cousin Hattie, a word to you. During a recent visit to the village of P——, I was shown an album in which was a likeness of yourself. The eyes, I thought, looked rather mischievous. Uncle, what *will* she say to me?

Merryly yours, ADDIE W.

(Don't know.—"UNCLE.")

MERRYS ALL:—Snowdrift, were you on the Catskill Mountains lately? I saw the "snow," but "drifts" are not discernible at a distance of twenty miles.

Uncle, I have one new subscriber to commence January 1st, and hope to have more by that time.

Mamie, my advice is to "go and do likewise," if Cupid has a stray arrow for you.

Fiddlesticks, hunt up your fiddle and play us a tune in the shape of "communications."

Uncle Hi, reverse the clipper while I say that all communications should be sent through 111. Yours *coldly*. (After my snow-bath.) HERO.

PELLA, IOWA.

DEAR UNCLE:—Do you not remember me? Are there any in the Merry circle who remember me? If there are, perhaps you remember me as *no more*. I never was a "bright particular," but I don't care for that. I want to come in again, so I shall address myself directly to Uncle Hi, knowing that if I can only compromise his cutting propensities, I shall succeed. Uncle Hi, please don't "cut" your old acquaintances.

There, now, let me look around. Where are the old familiar faces?

Uncle Robert, I know you; I've learned your name and habitation. I found a framed picture on the wall when I came home from the war, signed

"Yours truly,
ROBERT MERRY."

I now look at it with ten-fold more interest, since the Rev. Mr. Thompson told us all about you.

Admit another "Western coz"—you did Nancy Jane. But perhaps it was to fill the place of Cousin Marian, of whom Mamie speaks.

Blue-Bell, I intend to avail myself of your liberal offer — to procure your "handsome (?) photo." Yours,

N. O. MOORE.

Extracted Essences.

E. A. R., of Jersey City, is welcome to a seat in the Chat. Your State is also welcome to a place in the Union.

EDDIE, the Merrys are called the "M. M.'s," and the letters are engraved on the Merry badge. The badge will be worn at the Convention.

NEB, it must have been the picture you came for, or else you would not have been in such haste. Do not come again till you have more time.

LIZZIE E. N., it was too bad that we just missed you—shall look for you at the Convention.

EDITH, of New Casco, Mich., will please send her real name.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All who send their money for the coming year before the 25th of January, will receive the portrait of Gen. Grant in the February number. We send the present number earlier than usual on account of the holidays.

THE YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION, by William M. Thayer, is one of the best and most useful series of books for children now published. It consists of four volumes, and gives a clear, distinct, and interesting history of the war, admirably adapted for the young. Mr. Thayer is one of the most successful writers for youth in America. Published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston.

James O'Kane, the successful publisher of the Irvington Stories, by M. E. D., has just issued a new book by the same author, entitled "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates—a Story of Holland Life." To merely announce this book will be to insure for it a large sale. We shall take pleasure in speaking more fully of it in our next number.

SHERMAN AT SAVANNAH.—This spirited picture represents the triumphal entrance of General Sherman and his leading Generals into Savannah, and forms the first of a series of war pictures, representing Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan, etc. The likenesses of the various Generals are exceedingly good, and the picture, printed on heavy paper, 24 by 36 inches, will be sent by mail to any part of the Union for $5. It is one of the finest engravings of the war. J. C. Buttre, publisher, 48 Franklin Street, New York.

PROTEAN CARDS, or Box of 100 Games. These Games are entirely different from any set we have seen before, and are amusing and instructive to both young and old. There is a great variety of games requiring skill and calculation, which makes them superior to most of those now in use. They have long been tried around the family table of one of the most welcome writers of the MUSEUM, and are now published for the benefit of other home circles. J. H. Tingley, New York.

MY NEW HOME: Robert Carter & Brothers, New York. This interesting volume, by the popular author of the "Win and Wear Series," gives the history of two families, and the results of a true and false system of education, in a very fascinating story. It illustrates the great principle of God's "increase" being granted to persevering prayer and faithful labor.

THE WORD—WALKS FROM EDEN. By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World." 12mo., pp. 426. Robert Carter & Brothers.

Some of the remarkable incidents and narratives of the Old Testament are here gathered up, with the aid of research and science, and clothed in a slight dramatic costume, with much vigor and beauty. The writer, with an easy and fascinating way, presents the "Word" as the great center of the whole system of Providence, which makes it a book of much pleasure and profit to every reader.

THE FISHER BOY—THE LOBSTER BOY—MICHAEL THE MINER—and FRANK'S VICTORY.

We have received the above four interesting little books from J. S. Broughton, No. 13 Bible House, New York, agent of the American Tract Society of Boston. They are illustrated with colored engravings, and make attractive presents for children, and are eminently suitable for Sunday-school libraries. The publications of this Society are among the best that issue from the press, and we heartily commend them to all our readers. See advertisement in this number.

Fleta Forrester's Puzzle Drawer.

A HAPPY New Year to you all! Crowd around, puzzlers! I have something to say that concerns you all!

Some time since, I was asked, "Is it allowable to receive help in guessing the Puzzles?" I have put off answering the question until I could talk with you all about it. If by "help" is meant such help as may be sought from those of equal age, from the family circle, from those who will not be likely to help you *too* much, I answer, there is no ob-

jection to it, but it is rather what we would *urge* the puzzlers to do! But do not learn to depend on the assistance of such as are superior in quickness, aptness, or knowledge to yourself! Not only, in such case, would you wrong those who have no such assistants, but you would lose all the *benefit* that we are anxious you should receive! The prizes are not the whole that is gained by hard work at the puzzles; but you receive such education of the mind as you will some time appreciate, if you do not now. Did you ever realize that THINKING is as much of an art as painting or sculpture? —acquired in perfection only by much effort and practice? It is a rare power, that of concentrating the whole mind, for the time being, upon *one* subject, so that it alone occupies it; of sustaining a single train of thought collectedly, uninterruptedly, as long as you *will* to do so. It is the highest proof of proficiency in that art! It is a power to be proud of! Anything that will aid you in its attainment you can not too gladly avail yourself of!

Those who have worked much at the puzzles will not need to be reminded how they have felt this power growing as they worked. Who, then, with this opportunity in their reach, will neglect to improve it? The puzzles are not all equally hard; some are easy; and of the latter I shall this year present a larger proportion, so that all may enter the lists; sure of solving some, if not all; sure at least of improving their minds, if not of gaining a prize; sure that for the appreciation shown of her efforts they are ever warmly welcomed by FLETA.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

294. I point with a finger ghostly and white,
Up through the storm, in the terrible night,
The on-coming doom of the vessel, —alert
To warn off the danger I can not avert!
Transpose me; and now, when, hoary and grand,
Swift hurrying down, through the desolate land,
Cold Winter comes on, and when the snow creaks
At the sleigh's flying weight, and the windy wood shrieks
As you skim through its length,— if but *I* share your ride,
The wind and the cold and the storm are defied! *F. F.*

ANAGRAMS.

295. Thump sir! *Alf.*

296. Other points. *A. O.*

297. 'Tis in a gem, once! *Double you see.*

298. Is Simon our pa? *Vincent.*

299. A silent cur. *Bruce.*

Fill the following blanks with a word formed from the *italics:*

300. *Rogues hit* —— men. *Georgius.*

301. I *hit your idol, etc.*, with an ——. *Clepie.*

302. *Rinse a mug* to put these —— in. *Fred.*

303. A passage for smoke, to contend, and a housetop (in sound), form something belonging to rivers. *Ego Ipse.*

304. Behead a girl's name, transpose, and leave the name of a poet. *Cis.*

305. My first is a bird; my second is tardy; my whole is a verb. *W. C. C.*

306. 1000150 20 *cwt.* *Delia.*

What cities and towns of Europe, when transposed, respectively signify as follows:

307. 1. A stratagem. 2. A girl's name. 3. A reptile. 4. Trees. 5. Doctrine. 6. A command. *C. F. W.*

308. U0210QQ $\frac{\&}{\text{look}}$ the u $\frac{\text{standing}}{\text{mis}}$s. *Nettie.*

309. My first is a river; my second a river; my third a river; my fourth a river; and my whole a river. *Harlan.*

310. If you have a friend, what is the surest way to *keep* him? *Alf.*

311. Why is a great amount of bread *wasted* in every family? *Minx.*

312. An animal surname they? Phagh! almost cold! exclaim water animal! *Coy.*

313. I am composed of 12 letters:
My 1, 6, 11, 8 the farmer toils for.
My 5, 2, 9 is a home.
My 4, 7, 12 brings sorrow.
My 8, 6, 10, 3, 9 gives your readers this puzzle.
My 11, 3, 7, 2, 12 is a healthful vegetable.
Our patriotic volunteers never feared my whole. *Bessie B. A.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

314. A select body of ugly old women. *Pred.*

315. Harbor two leaves. *Rubie Linden.*

316. Copse ½ of C. *Prairie Boy.*

317. An ugly old crone, just fifty! *Florence.*

318. AAAH,H,I,T,W was the husband of A,A,E,H,H,I,M,N,N, whose name was also A,A,E,G,G,H,I,L,N,R,T,U,W. *Mercury.*

319. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me by the 8th of February*, 1866.

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for the Drawer to "F. F.," Drawer 6, P. O., New Haven, Conn.

Answers to Questions in Nov. No.

255. 1, Spring; 2, sin; 3, grin; 4, ring; 5, sing; 6, grip; 7, nig; 8, sprig; 9, spring.

256. Enigmatically.

257. Headquarters.

258. Artichoke.

259. Painless.

260. Glimpses.

261. Shrike, shriek.

262. Salet, stela.

263. Car-away.

264. Adage (add age).

265. Tunics (two nicks).

266. Rested, desert.

267. Lora, oral.

268. Claimed, medical.

269. Locomotion (LO,CO,MO,T[⅓ ten], IO,N[⅓ of ten]).

270. Tecumseh.

271. The name of a great General.

272. Ye Merrys all, come list' to me!
A fact I will relate—
Who solves this puzzle *sure* will have
No stupid empty pate!

The MUSEUM is published so early this month that lists of credits can not be given. Look for them in our next number.

Those making out LISTS for the Prize Contest are reminded that their MSS. should all be sent in season.

Complete and forward them during the last week in December, if possible. (This is said on the supposition that most of you will receive your magazine *before* the 1st of January.)

THE FAMILY DOG.

I AM thinking, to-night, as I lie on the rug,
By the bright flashing firelight all sheltered and snug,
Of the many past days over which I can gaze
With the pride and the praise
Becoming a family dog.

While piercing winds blow, and half buried in snow,
My old cheerless kennel deserted may go,
I can but recall a bleak night, long ago,
When I was *no* family dog.

'Twas a pitiful flight, unable to fight
The merciless mastiff who conquered me quite,
I was ready to perish with starving and fright,
When, in tones soft and clear,
A new voice caught my ear,
And a kind, coaxing whistle proclaimed a friend near.
How I sprang to the side
Of the tall muffled cloak,
And by barking and fawning
My gratitude spoke,
As in at the door, to wander no more,
I was ushered—the family dog!

Ah! the taste of that bone, which in pity was thrown
For my supper that night, it can never be known
By a dog besides me, unless perchance he
On the road to starvation has traveled with me!
And the warmth of that fire, how it glows through me yet,
As shivering with cold and all glistening with wet
It melted the ice,
Dripping down more and more
From my half-frozen limbs
In a pool on the floor!
And the home I then found, search the wide world around,
Was the one of all others where naught could be found
Save *good-will* for a family dog!

Then it was that I made a sure *vow*, if I stayed
Where such kindness, unasked, to a stranger was paid,
They should never regret
The night we first met,
While I was the family dog!

Little then did I know how I ever could show
A grateful return, or a favor bestow,
But *gratitude ever will watch for a way*,
And so it has often turned out with old Tray.

Fred and Flora well knew
I was faithful and true,
For I carried their basket each morning to school;
And with eager delight
Again hailed them at night,
Their escort as exact as if working by rule.
But my heart trembles still
With an undying thrill
Of joy which no future can ever impair,
At the touch of the collar my rough neck shall wear,
A token of love, which for me they will bear
While I am the family dog.

It chanced on a day,
When, my master away,
With Fred and sweet Flora I wandered in play
To the willow-fringed lake, where a sail they would take,
While the echoes around, with their glee wide awake,
In the sweet childish prattle seemed glad to partake.

Fred loosened the boat from the post on the shore,
And Flora stepped in on its bright painted floor,
When the strange rocking motion upon the clear tide
Alarmed little Flora, who fell from its side;
And the silvery waters
Grew smooth o'er the spot
Where she passed out of sight
With the quickness of thought.
Fred's scream of dismay lingers still on my ear,
As I plunge 'neath the surface so mockingly clear;
But more plainly comes back his wild cry of delight
As I brought his sweet Flora again to his sight,
And bore in my grasp the fair burden I gave
With joy to the hearts I would perish to save!
Oh! the tender caressing!
The warm, earnest blessing!
The patting and hugging,
And little hands tugging
To clasp on the collar I proudly shall wear
So long as the title, then earned, I shall bear—
A grateful old family dog!

Dear Fred! he has gone; and I can not tell why
He should linger so long from poor Flora and I.
I suspect from the wars he will never return,
Though again for his coming we ever must yearn.
But Flora, dear Flora, she clings to me still,
The soul of true kindness and gentle good-will;
And with master and mistress, a trio of friends
Such as Providence seldom to one poor dog sends,
I am more than content—I am happy and free,
And proud, as *a dog of my collar*, should be;
And I have not a doubt,
When my sands are run out,
When old Time, creeping on, shall have measured my years,
In some leaf-sheltered nook they will find me a bed,
With a bit of green turf, and a stone for my head,
Where Flora, at least, may bestow a few tears
On her faithful old family dog.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO THE CHILDREN.

'Tis only a week since St. Nick was here,
And now we are greeting the happy New Year;
The Museum children are happy indeed,
And sit with bright faces its stories to read.

On every side we hear once again
From forest and mountain and hilltop and plain,
And from happy homes 'tis echoing clear,
We wish the dear children a happy New Year.

St. Nick filled the stockings for bright Christmas day,
But now it is gone and he is away;
Whatever is bright long can not stay here—
No, my dear children, not e'en the New Year.

The dear Museum comes all the year through,
Its joys do not fade, but they ever renew;
And e'en at the present we see it is near
To add to the joys of the happy New Year.

If each one is threading the pathway of right,
The year may grow old, but will ever be bright;
Though joys sometimes fade, new ones are near,
As dear to the heart as the happy New Year. Annie.

THE SILVER SKATES.

HANS BRINKER; or, The Silver Skates, is the title of a new book just published by James O'Kane, of this city. It is an instructive book of travels, giving a sketch of life in Holland, written by "M. E. D.," so well known to the readers of the MUSEUM. It is one of the most interesting books of the season. We give an extract from it, and commend it to all our readers. The story of the Silver Skates will interest you all.

"Holland is one of the queerest countries under the sun. It should be called Odd-land or Contrary-land, for in nearly everything it is

different from other parts of the world. In the first place, a large portion of the country is lower than the level of the sea. Great dykes or bulwarks have been erected, at a heavy cost of money and labor, to keep the ocean where it belongs. On certain parts of the coast it sometimes leans with all its weight against the land, and it is as much as the poor country can do to stand the pressure. Sometimes the dykes give way, or spring a leak, and the most disastrous results ensue. They are high and wide, and the tops of some of them are covered with buildings and trees. They have even fine public roads upon them, from which horses may look down upon wayside cottages. Often the keels of floating ships are higher than the roofs of the dwellings. The stork clattering to her young on the house-peak may feel that her nest is lifted far out of danger, but the croaking frog in neighboring bulrushes is nearer the stars than she. Water-bugs dart backward and forward above the heads of the chimney swallows; and willow trees seem drooping with shame because they can not reach as high as the reeds near by.

"Ditches, canals, ponds, rivers, and lakes are everywhere to be seen. High, but not dry, they shine in the sunlight, catching nearly all the bustle and the business, quite scorning the tame fields stretching damply beside them. One is tempted to ask, 'which is Holland —the shores or the water?' The very verdure that should be confined to the land has made a mistake and settled upon the fish-ponds. In fact, the entire country is a kind of saturated sponge, or, as the English poet, Butler, called it,

> 'A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
> In which they do not live, but go aboard.'

"Persons are born, live and die, and even have their gardens, on canal-boats. Farm-houses, with roofs like great slouched hats pulled over their eyes, stand on wooden legs with a tucked-up sort of air, as if to say 'we intend to keep dry if we can.' Even the horses wear a wide stool on each hoof to lift them out of the mire. In short, the landscape everywhere suggests a paradise for ducks. It is a glorious country in summer for barefooted girls and boys. Such wadings! such mimic ship sailing! Such rowing, fishing, and swimming! Only think of a chain of puddles where one can launch chip boats all day long, and never make a return trip! But enough. A full recital would set all young America rushing in a body toward the Zuider Zee.

"Dutch cities seem at first sight to be a bewildering jungle of houses, bridges, churches, and ships, sprouting into masts, steeples,

and trees. In some cities, vessels are hitched, like horses, to their owners' door-posts and receive their freight from the upper windows. Mothers scream to Diedrich and Kassy not to swing on the garden gate for fear they may be drowned! Water-roads are more frequent there than common roads and railways; water-fences in the form of lazy green ditches inclose pleasure-ground, polder, and garden.

"Sometimes fine green hedges are seen; but wooden fences, such as we have in America, are rarely met with in Holland. As for stone fences, a Dutchman would lift his hands with astonishment at the very idea. There is no stone there, excepting those great masses of rock that have been brought from other lands to strengthen and protect the coast. All the small stones or pebbles, if there ever were any, seem to be imprisoned in pavements or quite melted away. Boys with strong, quick arms may grow from pinafores to full beards without ever finding one to start the water-rings or set the rabbits flying. The water-roads are nothing less than canals intersecting the country in every direction. These are of all sizes, from the great North Holland Ship Canal, which is the wonder of the world, to those which a boy can leap." * * *

"Another peculiar feature of Holland is the *dune* or sand-hill. These are numerous along certain portions of the coast. Before they were sown with coarse reed-grass, and other plants, to hold them down, they used to send great storms of sand over the inland. So, to add to the oddities, farmers sometimes dig down under the surface to find their soil, and on windy days *dry* showers (of sand) often fall upon fields that have grown wet under a week of sunshine.

"In short, almost the only familiar thing we Yankees can meet with in Holland is a harvest-song which is quite popular there, though no linguist could translate it. Even then we must shut our eyes and listen only to the tune, which I leave you to guess.

'Yankee didee dudel down,
Didee dudel lawnter;
Yankee viver, voover, vown,
Botermelk und Tawnter!'

"On the other hand, many of the oddities of Holland serve only to prove the thrift and perseverance of the people. There is not a richer or more carefully tilled garden-spot in the whole world than this leaky, springy little country. There is not a braver, more heroic race than its quiet, passive-looking inhabitants. Few nations have equaled it in important discoveries and inventions; none has excelled it in commerce, navigation, learning, and science, or set as noble ex-

amples in the promotion of education and public charities; and none, in proportion to its extent, has expended more money and labor upon public works.

"Holland has its shining annals of noble and illustrious men and women; its grand, historic records of patient resistance and victory; its religious freedom, its enlightened enterprise, its art, its music, and its literature. It has been truly called "the battle-field of Europe;" as truly may we consider it the Asylum of the world, for the oppressed of every nation have there found shelter and encouragement. If we Americans, who, after all, are homeopathic preparations of Holland stock, can laugh at the Dutch and call them human beavers, and hint that their country may float off any day at high tide, we can also feel proud, and say they have proved themselves heroes, and that their country will *not* float off while there is a Dutchman left to grapple it.

"There are said to be at least ninety-nine hundred large windmills in Holland, with sails ranging from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet long. They are employed in sawing timber, beating hemp, grinding, and many other kinds of work; but their principal use is for pumping water from the lowlands into the canals, and for guarding against the inland freshets that so often deluge the country. Their yearly cost is said to be nearly ten millions of dollars. The large ones are of great power. Their huge, circular tower, rising sometimes from the midst of factory buildings, is surmounted with a smaller one tapering into a cap-like roof. This upper tower is encircled at its base with a balcony, high above which juts the axis turned by its four prodigious ladder-backed sails.

"Many of the windmills are primitive affairs, seeming sadly in need of Yankee "improvements;" but some of the new ones are admirable. They are so constructed that, by some ingenious contrivance, they present their fans, or wings, to the wind in precisely the right direction to work with the requisite power. In other words, the miller may take a nap and feel quite sure that his mill will study the wind, and make the most of it, until he wakens. Should there be but a slight current of air, every sail will spread itself to catch the faintest breath; but if a heavy "blow" should come, they will shrink at its touch, like great mimosa leaves, and only give it half a chance to move them.

"One of the old prisons of Amsterdam, called the Rasphouse, because the thieves and vagrants who were confined there were employed in rasping logwood, had a cell for the punishment of lazy

prisoners. In one corner of this cell was a pump, and in another an opening through which a steady stream of water was admitted. The prisoner could take his choice, either to stand still and be drowned, or to work for dear life at the pump and keep the flood down until his jailer chose to relieve him. Now it seems to me that, throughout Holland, Nature has introduced this little diversion on a grand scale. The Dutch have always been forced to pump for their very existence, and probably must continue to do so to the end of time.

"Every year millions of dollars are spent in repairing dykes and regulating water levels. If these important duties were neglected the country would be uninhabitable. Already, terrible consequences, as I have said, have followed the bursting of these dykes. Hundreds of villages and towns have from time to time been buried beneath the rush of waters, and nearly a million of persons have been destroyed. One of the most fearful inundations ever known occurred in the autumn of 1570. Twenty-eight terrible floods had before that time overwhelmed portions of Holland, but this was the most terrible of all. The unhappy country had long been suffering under Spanish tyranny; now, it seemed, the crowning point was given to its troubles. When we read Motley's History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic, we learn to revere the brave people who have endured, suffered, and dared so much.

Mr. Motley, in his thrilling account of the great inundation, tells us how a long-continued and violent gale had been sweeping the Atlantic waters into the North Sea, piling them against the coasts of the Dutch provinces; how the dykes, tasked beyond their strength, burst in all directions; how even the Hand-bos, a bulwark formed of oaken piles, braced with iron, moored with heavy anchors and secured by gravel and granite, was snapped to pieces like packthread; how fishing-boats and bulky vessels, floating up into the country, became entangled among the trees, or beat in the roofs and walls of dwellings, and how at last all Friesland was converted into an angry sea. 'Multitudes of men, women, children, of horses, oxen, sheep, and every domestic animal, were struggling in the waves in every direction. Every boat, and every article which could serve as a boat, was eagerly seized upon. Every house was inundated; even the grave-yards gave up their dead. The living infant in its cradle, and the long-buried corpse in its coffin, floated side by side. The ancient flood seemed about to be renewed. Everywhere, upon the tops of trees, upon the steeples of churches, human beings were clustered,

praying to God for mercy, and to their fellow-men for assistance. As the storm at last was subsiding, boats began to ply in every direction, saving those who were struggling in the water, picking fugitives from roofs and tree tops, and collecting the bodies of those already drowned.' No less than one hundred thousand human beings had perished in a few hours. Thousands upon thousands of dumb creatures lay dead upon the waters; and the damage done to property of every description was beyond calculation.

"Robles, the Spanish Governor, was foremost in noble efforts to save life and lessen the horrors of the catastrophe. He had formerly been hated by the Dutch because of his Spanish or Portuguese blood, but by his goodness and activity in their hour of disaster he won all hearts to gratitude He soon introduced an improved method of constructing the dykes, and passed a law that they should in future be kept up by the owners of the soil. There were fewer heavy floods from this time, though within less than three hundred years six fearful inundations swept over the land.

"In the spring there is always great danger of inland freshets, especially in times of thaw, because the rivers, choked with blocks of ice, overflow before they can discharge their rapidly rising waters into the ocean. Added to this, the sea chafing and pressing against the dykes, it is no wonder that Holland is often in a state of alarm. The greatest care is taken to prevent accidents. Engineers and workmen are stationed all along in threatened places, and a close watch is kept up night and day. When a general signal of danger is given, the inhabitants all rush to the rescue, eager to combine against their common foe. As everywhere else, straw is supposed of all things to be the most helpless in the water, of course in Holland it must be rendered the main stay against a rushing tide. Huge straw mats are pressed against the embankments, fortified with clay and heavy stone, and once adjusted, the ocean dashes against them in vain.

"Raff Brinker, the father of Gretel and Hans, had for years been employed upon the dykes. It was at the time of a threatened inundation, when in the midst of a terrible storm, in darkness and sleet, the men were laboring at a weak spot in the wall, that he fell and was taken home insensible. From that hour he never worked again; though he lived on, mind and memory were gone.

"Gretel could not remember him otherwise than as the strange, silent man, whose eyes followed her vacantly whichever way she turned; but Hans had recollections of a hearty, cheerful-voiced fa-

ther who was never tired of bearing him upon his shoulder, and whose careless song still seemed echoing near when he lay awake at night and listened."

WATCH FOR THE DOVE.

OPEN the window and take in the dove—
She flies to the ark
With a weary wing;
O'er the waters dark
Not a living thing,
Not a shrub, not a bough,
Not a spray of green—
No cradle of rest
Has the wanderer seen—
Take in the dove.

Open the window and take in the dove—
She flies to the ark
With a lighter wing,
She is coming a message
Of hope to bring
A leaf from the olive,
Sweet token of love;
Green tree-tops are waving
The waters above—
Take in the dove.

Open the window and watch for the dove;
With a joyful wing
She has cleft the air,
Sunshine and gladness
Everywhere;
She returns no more,
For a world of green
In fresh bright beauty
The bird has seen.
We may bid farewell
To the storm-tried ark,
It will float no more
O'er the waters dark;
Turn from the window, and open the door,
Follow the dove and return no more—
Follow the dove!

* * * * * *

Send forth a dove from thy prison of care—
Dark clouds are above thee,
Deep waters below,
Perchance its return
Some token may show;
Send the wish of your heart
On the swift wing of prayer;
There are olive leaves yet,
If we will not despair;
Throw open the window and watch for the dove,
It will gladden you yet with an answer of love—
Watch for the dove!

KRUNA.

PETER THE GREAT.

THE man to whom the great honor was accorded of going down to all time with the title of Peter the Great, was a Russian prince born nearly two hundred years ago. His ambitious half-sister Sophia wished to keep him as long as possible from the succession, and, if practicable, totally unfit him for it. To this end she took pains to encourage all that was evil in his nature, and to give him a very defective education. But the young lion threw off her fetters at length, and by his patient industry acquired various modern languages, and applied himself with the energy of a man who had his bread to earn by his hands to the study of the various mechanical arts, especially to those relating to shipbuilding and commerce.

But not content with learning the principles alone, this young monarch, providing for the safety of his empire, traveled alone as a humble laborer through Germany, Holland, and England, working as a shipwright in the dockyard at Amsterdam, and also in the yard at Deptford, England.

On his return, he gave himself enthusiastically to the improvement of his barbarous people. He gave to the empire its seaports and navy, its commerce and manufactures, and various educational institutions. But with all his greatness he had never learned to govern himself. The slightest opposition irritated him to the greatest ferocity, and his unlimited power gave him the opportunity of exercising great cruelty on those who had offended him. He was a slave to his love of strong drink, a passion his half-sister had taken great care to cultivate in his youth; and, as is the nature of this evil, it grew more aggravated in his last years. His last words were: "I trust that, in view of the good I have tried to do my people, God will forgive my sins." Poor Peter! what a broken reed to lean on when going into eternity! Only the righteousness of Jesus Christ can avail the soul in that solemn hour.

SNOW.

Beautiful snow, sparkling snow
Covers the once flower-spangled lawn,
Shroud of sweet summer now faded and gone,
Sparkling, beautiful snow.

Shining, beautiful, downy snow,
Covering the graves of loved ones laid low,
Lading the tree with a burden of white,
Pearly, beautiful snow.

Soft and pure as an angel's wing,
Bright as the dewdrops of early spring,
Would that my spirit were ever so,
Emblem of purity, beautiful snow.

Evening Star.

UP AND DOING.

Rest not! life is sweeping by;
Do and dare before you die.
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

WILD OATS.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER II.—TROUBLE AHEAD.

TWO years have flown lightly over Johnny's thoughtless head; and now we will take a second peep at the "Bird's Nest."

The comfortable kitchen has undergone no change, except the addition of a corn-popper and a paring-machine. The room is permeated with the odor of coffee which Mrs. Merry is roasting in the oven. It is half-past eight of a bright morning in February, and the children are seated near the south window, deeply engaged in a game of checkers. They always play with corn and beans, on a light stand which has an oil-cloth cover, painted in squares like a chess-board.

Both faces were rather eager, for it was likely to prove a drawn game. Johnny's dark curls were not as smooth as they ought to have been at that hour of the morning; but Brownie's straight hair was glossy, her dress tidy, and the ruffle about her neck showed a spotless whiteness. Brownie never forgot the proprieties of the toilet; whereas Johnny seldom remembered them, and even had to be reminded sometimes that he had two hands and ten finger-nails to keep in order.

"Come," said Johnny, "you crown my king, Brownie."

Brownie was about to obey this lordly request by adding a split bean to the "king" aforesaid, when she accidentally hit the oil-cloth cover and displaced a few kernels of corn.

"Well, that's smart," cried Johnny, with an ungentlemanly grimace.

"I can fix 'em again," said Brownie; "I remember how they were placed—I was just setting a trap."

"You can't remember, either. Three-score men and three-score more couldn't set 'em as they were before. The game is up. What a dunce you are!"

"It's *you* that are a dunce," said Brownie, "for shaking up the men and spoiling our game."

"Yes, *you're* a dunce," retorted Johnny; "you own it's you."

"I said *you*, Johnny."

"Yes, *you*, to be sure, Brownie."

"Children!" said a mild, authoritative voice from out a cloud of steaming coffee, "aren't you ashamed to wrangle so foolishly over a

game of checkers? Johnny, go and brush your hair at once—it's time you were ready for school. Brownie, there's some one knocking at the side door."

Mrs. Merry set the children's light stand against the wall, and brushed into a large pill-box the two dozen split beans and kernels of corn.

By that time Brownie had ushered into the room her young friend, Ada Foster. Johnny said "Good-morning" rather sheepishly. He had entirely recovered his good-humor, but was ashamed to be caught before the glass brushing his hair.

Ada was a delicate young girl of Brownie's age, but looked much older. Her transparent complexion and tiny hands and feet were Johnny's admiration; he thought they were traceable to the fact of her being a city girl born and bred. She was a motherless child, and her father, a wealthy merchant of Boston, finding his housekeeper was poisoning her with pastry and preserves, had sent her into the country for her health. She had lived for the last nine months with her aunt, Mrs. Stockwell.

"Ada," said Mrs. Merry, kissing the child, "your cheeks are certainly growing rosier."

"That is because Lyman is such a nice place to live in," replied Ada, clapping her hands, which were encased in red mittens. "It's splendid to live where you can slide and pick strawberries!"

Johnny puckered his lips into a whistling position as he thought of sliding down hill over red strawberries; but he had too much gallantry to ridicule Ada.

"Johnny," said Mrs. Merry, in a discouraged tone, "what is it you have got on the knees of your pants?"

"I don't know, mother—but perhaps it may be tar."

"And what in the world have you been doing with tar?"

"Mending my boots," was the triumphant reply.

"What new fancy have you taken into your head, child? You keep me continually scraping and scrubbing. What did possess you to meddle with tar?"

"Oh, me and Nat Pillsbury were down to the wagon-shop this morning, and heard 'em tell about a kind of cement that sticks things together real neat, I tell you. It's made of rosin and tar—and I don't know what all."

"So you thought you'd stick your boots together, did you?"

Here Ada and Brownie got quite interested.

'Yes," replied Johnny, looking around upon his audience with in-

creasing animation; "you know there was a thumping big hole in the toe. Now look—I'll bet you can't see it."

"I can see a lump of tar," said Brownie.

"It's all over your hands," cried Ada, in dismay.

"Try to draw off your boot, my son," proposed Mrs. Merry.

Johnny gave a vigorous pull, and off came boot, stocking and all! He was utterly dismayed. The new scientific experiment began to look ridiculous.

"Just as you might have expected if you had only stopped to think, child. Put on your boot again, and when you come home, we will try to pull out your sock."

"Mother," said Brownie, roguishly, "let's have some of that new cement rubbed into his *mittens*, to keep him from losing them so."

"It would be good to mend broken resolutions," said Mrs. Merry, laughing; and following her boy into the entry with the shoe-knife and a bit of lard, "Johnny," said she, rubbing and scraping his pants while he moved restlessly toward the door, "you see how much trouble you make for me."

"I don't mean to, mother."

"I know it, dear; but you are always in such a tearing hurry. Try for this one day to keep out of mischief. There is one thing that troubles me very much just now."

"What is that, mother? I'll be good, and do it, whatever it is, for your sake."

"I wish you'd be more obedient to your teacher."

Johnny's eyes darkened and flashed. "I hate him!"

"Johnny!"

"Yes, I do—right up and down, and no mistake!"

"Hate is a word I do not allow you to use."

"Abominate, then—detest—despise!"

"Why, Johnny!"

"Old winter-killed Higgins!"

"My son!"

"Well, he *is* winter-killed. He's been froze and thawed. His hair looks like carrots, and his face is all dough!"

"Johnny, for your mother's sake, speak respectfully of your teacher."

This was all Mrs. Merry could say conscientiously, for in her heart she had little liking for Mr. Higgins.

"Who put him in teacher? It was that stupid Mr. Stackpole, and he don't know how to do anything but drive oxen, Mr. Stackpole

don't. Did you ever hear him holler to his oxen—'Gee up, Star, and Bright *also?*' Oh, he's a smart one—and so's Mr. Higgins."

There was a rattling of the door-latch, and Brownie and Ada stepped into the entry, looking as sweet as a couple of pink apple-blossoms. Johnny gazed at his sticky hands, and felt as meek as a sprig of chickweed.

"Now remember my counsel, Johnny," added Mrs. Merry, giving a parting scrape with the shoe-knife. "I had a letter last week from your Uncle Drummond, and he speaks very affectionately of you—says that he feels that you are going to be the pride of the family."

As the three children walked to school together, Johnny's unwonted meekness evaporated quickly. He forgot tar and rosin, and could barely keep himself from breaking into a "jolly round trot."

"Yes," thought he, "that is it. Uncle Drummond is a brick. He can see with half an eye that I'm a smart boy. Be the Pride of the Family? Of course I shall! And I'm bound to make my mark young."

"Look here, Ada," said he, thinking he ought to make himself sociable, "don't you think the master is a terrible old spooney?"

"I don't know what you mean by spooney; but he's just as hateful as he can live—everybody knows that."

"An outrageous coward, sir," said Johnny, clenching his sticky fist. "Takes us small fellows out, and shakes us till the teeth rattle, sir; but the big boys on the back seats can chew gum, and whisper, and giggle right out."

"The big *girls* giggle the most; but we younger ones never dare to smile," cried Brownie, standing on her tiptoes and wrathfully knocking the heels of her boots together.

"They send slates across to the boys," growled Johnny.

"That's so," responded Brownie.

"Snap paper balls," continued Johnny.

"Crack nuts," suggested Ada, "eat acorns, and snap apple-seeds."

"Yes," cried Master Johnny, canting his head and putting on an insinuating simper, intended to be exactly like Mr. Higgins'; "will you oblige me, Miss Jenney Penney, by raising your melodious voice just three octaves higher? Abner Doolittle and Seth Peabody, if you want to whisper and make a row, I'm perfectly willing!"

"Oh, Johnny Merry, you're such a funny mimic," said Ada, in a convulsion of laughter; "I'll leave it to Brownie now, if your face wasn't the image of the master when he talks to the big scholars?"

"Then I must be a beauty! I'll tell you what it is, Ada Foster, if that old winter-killed thing calls you out again, I'll—I'll—"

"Oh, hush, Johnny! you won't, you know you won't."

"But I will—now you see. Do you suppose I'd see you or my sister Brownie abused? I'll step out and say, 'There, Mr. Higgins, that girl isn't to be touched, sir. Ferule me, if it'll do you any good, sir; but if you touch her, you'll find your hair coming out by the roots, sir!'"

The girls did not appear as profoundly grateful as perhaps they ought to have been for Johnny's imaginary championship.

"You talk about ferulings as if they didn't hurt," said Brownie; "you ought to be ashamed to have 'em so often."

"Guess how many I've had."

The girls declared they could form no calculation.

"Thirty-six!" said the young martyr, proudly, "counting in the switchings."

"Why, that's one every other day, you bad boy," said Brownie.

"Yes," returned Johnny, with much satisfaction, "I'll bet there isn't another fellow in school that has had so many by a dozen."

Here they reached the school-house. Mr. Higgins, a sallow, puffy-faced man, stood by one of the windows striking on the sash with a clumsy ferule to call in the pupils. The big bell which stood on the desk was dumb and useless; its tongue had been extracted by one of the boys, although as yet the thief had not been discovered. It was evident, from certain lines about the mouth, that Mr. Higgins was in a particularly savage humor. The poor man was dyspeptic and irritable, and had none of the requisites of a good teacher. His face was seldom visited by a smile, but sometimes varied in the depth of its frowns. The trembling children had learned "to trace the day's disaster in his morning face."

"We've got to take it this time," said Johnny *sotto voce* to Ada and Brownie.

The pupils, fifty in number, rushed in and took their seats with very little regard to order or propriety. After a chapter in the New Testament had been read, Mr. Higgins strode the floor in evident excitement, peeling a birch switch as he walked. Ada and Brownie, who sat together, were certain that his wrathful eyes were fixed upon them, and their hearts tapped wildly against their sides. But if Mr. Higgins had anything on his mind, he deferred giving expression to it till some future moment.

While the first class were reading, Johnny amused himself by

cracking an acorn between his teeth. The noise attracted the teacher's attention.

"Who did that?" cried he.

"John Merry," spoke up Seth Peabody, who was supposed to have eyes in the back of his head, and never scrupled to tell all he knew, unless it concerned his crony, Abner Doolittle.

Johnny was marched down the aisle forthwith, and made to stand with his arms extended and a book in each hand. He did not overmuch relish the punishment, having just given Abner a fine apple (by request), a "Baldwin," which he knew the sly wretch was intending to eat at the first safe moment, with his slate before his mouth. As Johnny stood in his irksome position, and remembered various similar trials, his wrath was kindled.

"Couldn't I tell a thumping story on Seth?" mused he, "only I'd scorn to do it."

In all Johnny's cogitations, it is worthy of remark that he never once remembered his mother's warning to be a good boy that day, and to treat his teacher with respect. Otherwise he would never have done what he did a few minutes later.

After our hero had held out the heavy books till he was nearly exhausted, the teacher tapped on the desk to command silence, and with an air of importance called out—

"Ada Foster and Brown Merry may step into the floor."

He always said "into the floor," as if it had a trap-door, the boys said.

The girls timidly obeyed. Mr. Higgins planted one on each side of him, and then held them up to view the missing tongue of his bell.

"I wish the whole school to know," said he, "what these wicked children have been doing. They staid last night to sweep the schoolhouse, and most audaciously stole the tongue out of this bell, *my* bell, the *school* bell. I did not believe them capable of such unprincipled conduct till I found the tongue in their desk this morning. This speaks for itself."

The man evidently believed he was telling the truth, and was so exceedingly angry that the poor innocent little girls were sadly frightened, though they did not fail to assert their innocence in agonized whispers.

"It is such an insult to me," cried Mr. Higgins, "such an outrage to the school, that I can scarcely devise a punishment severe enough for the offenders."

There was a sudden crash. The books Johnny had upheld were dashed to the floor, and he stepped forth with all the boldness of a young tiger.

"It's no such a thing," roared he, "and I should think Seth Peabody 'd be ashamed to sit there and see two girls imposed upon, I should! Abner Doolittle stole the tongue his own self, and Seth Peabody knows it."

"Impossible, you young rascal!" replied the teacher, true to his principles, that the large boys "could do no wrong." "Abner would never descend to such meanness."

"Should think not," responded Seth Peabody, impudently, and with a side glance at the school, which they understood very well.

"It is perfectly evident," continued Mr. Higgins, nervously, "perfectly evident that these girls are the culprits; but I will deal with John Merry first. What do you mean by springing out at me in that impertinent manner, you mendacious little villain?"

"I'm not a villain, sir—but I won't stand it to see girls abused. You may ferule *me*, if you like, but—"

Whiz came the hard wood ruler down upon the boy's outstretched palm. Mr. Higgins never neglected an opportunity to wield it; and this he considered an aggravated case.

"Now," said he, "take back your impudent and mendacious language, John Merry!"

"I wasn't mendacious, and I'll not take it back, not if you beat me black and blue," cried Johnny, stoutly.

[to be continued.]

TO MY BABY BROTHER.

BY SUSIE CALDWELL.

Thou art sleeping, sweetly sleeping,
Little darling baby boy,
And a smile is softly creeping
To thy face, a smile of joy.

Do the angels whisper lightly
In thy ear sweet tales of joy?
Do they picture to thee brightly
Of their home, dear darling boy?

Thy little hand is straying,
Straying softly to thy face,
And in thy curls it is playing,
Playing there with winning grace.

May that hand, dear darling brother,
Help others evermore,
In the cause of *right* be ready,
And all wickedness abhor.

A little boy on his death-bed, urging his father to repentance, said, "Father, I am going to heaven; what shall I tell Jesus is the reason why you won't love him?"

SOUTH AMERICAN BIRDS.

IN those vast forests which lie about the equator, in our own continent, are thousands of wonderful birds whose notes have never been heard beyond that land of the sun. There is one which travelers have named the Organ-bird, which alone seems to attract the attention of the stolid Indians. You may be passing along in the forest, when in some adjoining thicket you will hear a burst of merry music, which you feel assured comes from the lips of a happy child who has strayed into those depths. While you turn aside to look for the little wanderer, all at once you hear the tones of a flageolet, so clear and distinct you feel almost as though the place were bewitched. Then comes a sudden pause, and then a click or two, "like a barrel-organ out of wind and time."

There is a somewhat similar bird who carries a tall organ-pipe on his head, and at times rings out a loud, clear note like the ring of a dinner-bell, a very tantalizing sound to a hungry traveler a dozen miles distant from his base of supplies.

Here are sometimes seen the pretty Love-birds, who cuddle down as close to each other as possible, as they sit side by side, one laying her head affectionately in the soft feathers of her mate's bosom. They are a kind of parrot, but are so shy as to be seldom observed and never captured. If seen alone, it is a melancholy, moping bird,

apparently pining for the sympathy which seems so necessary to its existence.

It is enough to make one superstitious to hear of a sudden, in the depths of the wood, a loud, screaming laugh, a real elfish "ha, ha, ha." But there is no cause for alarm; it is only the cheerful call of the Laughing Falcon to his distant mate, announcing, perhaps, the discovery of an especially fine fat snake for their morning repast.

Coming away toward the snow-capped Andes we find the giant Condor, whose strength is so great that a pair of them will bear off a cow in their talons. This bird delights to dwell away in those upper regions where all vegetation ceases, and where the air is so rarefied, no other beings can breathe it. Not content still, it soars away into the far upper depths of most intense coldness, never stooping his wing to the earth except when impelled by hunger. Yet so keen is his telescopic eye, that he can discern his prey even at those vast heights, and fly as straight as an arrow's course to the spot it has marked.

How wonderfully the Creator has fitted all his creatures for the stations in which he has placed them. "All thy works praise thee, O Lord!"

THE COTTAGER AND HIS LANDLORD.

[FROM THE LATIN OF MILTON.]

A PEASANT to his lord paid yearly court,
Presenting pippins of so rich a sort,
That he, displeased to have a part alone,
Removed the tree, that all might be his own.
The tree, too old to travel, though before
So fruitful, withered, and would yield no more.
The squire, perceiving all his labor void,
Cursed his own pains so foolishly employed;
And "Oh!" he cried, "that I had lived content
With tribute small indeed, but kindly meant!
My avarice has expensive proved to me,
And cost me both my pippins and my tree."

ONLY in serving God, in doing good, in laying hold of the higher life, we secure joys that never lose their sweetness, lay up treasures that wax not old, and busy ourselves with thoughts and aims which shall never outgrow, world without end.

THE LOST WILL.

THE snow lay heavy on the ground,
And heavy on the poor man's hut;
But something heavier on his heart
The door of hope had well-nigh shut.
It was not that no kindly word,
No smile of love was left him still;
It was not that his friends were lost—
It *was*—that he had lost *his will*.

His will, which in his better moods
Said, "Wife and home are sacred yet;
And I *will* leave the tempting cup—
My face against it firmly set."
His will—which when before him stood
The sparkling poison, quick gave way,
Found him at morn a cringing slave—
Worse than a slave at close of day.

The cheerful bells this New Year's morn
Ring out to peaceful homes good cheer,
And glad response from happy hearts
Spring up to meet the opening year.
"The curséd bells! how bland their tone
To those who meet in love and joy!
Or is it *I*—a curséd *man*—
Whose waking conscience they annoy?

"I think of one whose blushing cheeks,
Once rosy as the buds of June,
Long washed by bitter tears, are bleached,
And all her nature out of tune;
"From wearying years of hope deferred—
Of anguish tongue can never tell—
Till sorrow *hopes* for no relief—
All from this one accurséd spell!

"It shall not be! I *will* those cheeks
Again to bloom—those eyes to glow;
I'll take a New Year's gift to her—
Fit time such favor to bestow.
"With silver it will not be bought—
There's not a penny in my purse;
But I will take to her—*myself*—
A blessing, and *no more* a curse.

"And I will come with steady step,
And ready speech and kindly word,
And bring new hope, and kindle joy,
Where happy tones are seldom heard."
He sought his home with love for all,
For they had been a sorrowing band—
Said to his wife, "A New Year's gift"—
And placed a paper in her hand.

A pledge! and well she knew who wrote
The name so boldly signed below;
"I thought that I had lost my will,"
Was added, "that 'tis found I'll show."
That New Year's gift, what joy it brought
To six tried souls I may not tell!
Husbands restored, and fathers saved—
Their wives, *their* children know it well.

The snow lies heavy on the ground,
And heavy on the poor man's hut;
Oh, ye who pity human woes,
Leave not the door of hope quite shut!
Say not the drunkard's doom is sealed—
That fancy, only, paints him saved;
A word, a look, a tear, a prayer, [ed,
May break the chain that long enslav
Seek out the man by many scorned—
Plead with him—he is human still;
'Tis *not* all fancy; many *have*,
And many more *may* find their will!

KRUNA.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

E have so much to say about the MerryConvention, and so many letters from the Chatterers, which we would like to publish, that we know not where to commence.

The idea seems to have prevailed that the manipulator froze up during the recent cold "snap," but you will find it only sharpened its edge and made it "eager for the fray."

The Convention was duly held according to programme, and was a decided success.

The arrangements of the enterprising Committee were complete and perfect, and a pleasanter evening we have seldom spent.

During the day the out-of-town Cousins began to arrive; Roguish Kate, Oddity, Forestina, Flib, Jersey, Saucy Nell, and others were cordially welcomed.

The very inclement weather kept many away, and yet at an early hour the Merrys began to assemble, and we had a lively company and a very pleasant time. The Committee have just handed in their report, which will give you some account of the proceedings.

THE CONVENTION.

The Committee on the Convention thinking that those Cousins who were not present at our Merry gathering would like to know who were there and what was done, have written the following:

The Cousins assembled quite early. It was really agreeable to see the many pleasant surprises, to shake by the hand those with whom one was acquainted but had never met, to see so many "strange familiar faces."

One after another the Cousins came in, till there was, as one might say, a Merry crowd. At last, after we were all introduced, and had performed considerable music with the lower part of our faces, Uncle Merry, the Head Center, and Aunt Sue, the Heart Center, of the MUSEUM Senate, with Uncle William, arrived on the scene. This was the signal for opening the ball. Jasper called the meeting to order, and Uncle Merry nominated Uncle William as chairman, who was unanimously elected. This gentleman appeared rather bashful, so a committee of six ladies was appointed, who escorted him to the chair. As is customary, he was called upon for a speech. He seemed to be quite embarrassed, but after a few minutes collected his thoughts, and said that he had received some intimation of this meeting, but the notice had been rather sudden, as he had found it out only three months ago! and hence was quite unprepared.

Of course the Merrys couldn't resist this, and burst forth with one of their merriest peals, when Uncle reminded them that he considered it a very short time, as he knew some young gentlemen who had been preparing a speech for two years, and hadn't delivered it yet.

Jasper nominated Aunt Sue for Vice-President, when Uncle Robert jumped up and said: that as there seemed to be so much *vice* in the President, he didn't think it was necessary.

Uncle William returned to his subject, and said that he was afraid of filling the chair with too much dignity, and that his position reminded him of "a little story," which he related as follows:

There was once a deacon who was afraid of not filling the deaconship with all due dignity. The neighbors noticed that as soon as he had been appointed he was altogether a different man.

One morning he went into a field to mow, but instead of the quick, lively swing of the scythe it was his wont to give, he began with a slow, stately, and measured step to mow from one part of the field to the other. Presently his scythe struck a bumble-bee's nest. This little animal, as is well known, is very insinuating, and also very sharp in its practice. The bee was very angry at being thus disturbed, and lost no time in making itself felt in a stinging way upon the person of the offender. The deacon must preserve his dignity (of course), so laying his scythe down at his side he proceeded to catch the "little varmint," which had by this time worked itself well into his innermost feelings. When he had secured it nicely between the thumb and fore-finger of his left hand, he took a pin from his coat and soliloquized thus to himself: "Now, you uncircumcised son of a Philistine, I'll teach you there's a power in Israel" (dignified to the last).

Uncle William remarked that he didn't wish to be quite as dignified as the deacon. (The Merrys thought there was no danger.)

Aunt Sue was then elected chair*woman*, to keep the chair*man* straight.

Jasper was elected secretary; and as this gentleman also seemed rather weak in the knees, a committee of eight ladies was appointed, who didn't escort him.

The Secretary read letters of regret from Cousins W. A. R., Jolly Jingle, Nell of B., A. N., Pertine, Tommy, and Cousin Jennie, who were greatly pitied by those present on account of not being able to participate in the pleasures of the evening.

Aunt Sue sang a very comic song, entitled, "Have you ever been in love? If you haven't, I have," which, as the chorus truly said, was "werry pecoolyer." Many other things were said and done, too numerous to mention—for particulars inquire of those who were there.

In the latter part of the evening the Merrys appeared to be drinking a cold-water toast—those inside the ring say it was—

"Ye Merrye Konventione," "may there be manye happye returnes of ye daye"

Which would truly convey the sentiment of all the Merrys present.

IN THE CORNER.

We also give the following extracts from letters received, and which were read to the Convention. The "manipulator" has kindly consented that the hatchet should be the Cutter for this occasion. Here are the letters, after making the acquaintance of the hatchet.

TROY, *Dec.* 25, '65. *Time—Midnight.*

COZ JASPER:—

The fun is over, lights are shed—
I'd be in clover were I in bed,
But must stay up to wail.

Alas! that human expectations should be so frail, and that the good things of life should not be shared by all—I—even I—W. A. R.—chief among 20,000, and the one altogether lovely, can not come.

I think I see you now in your loveliness and comfort, shaking hands with all the boy Cousins and squeezing the hands of the damsels; it's a good thing I'm not one of the committee of disarrangements, or the foregoing of such said squeezing, and gazing into the liquid depths of sunny eyes, would send me to bed instanter, there to forget my disappointments, by lying awake an hour or two.

But to speak soberly—which I can do sometimes—when I became a Merry Coz, at the suggestion of my late friend, H. A. Danker, I had no idea of the pleasure and wealth of friendship to be derived from it—it is one of those bright spots in my life that can never grow dim. Even as I love the scenes of my boyhood and the happy hours spent with those good old books, PARLEY'S MAGAZINE and MERRY'S MUSEUM—so in my *old age* I love the Chat and my Merry Correspondence. True, there's much in it which is light and airy—windy, I should say; for instance, see my confusions; but with some our cousinly acquaintance has ripened into friendship; think of this, all ye people! old and young, from all parts of our country, connected in the bonds of friendship, for only one

dollar and a half per year, postage stamps extra.

It grieves me much at this time to be unable to meet you, as there will be some present for whom I've a more than cousinly regard, and from whom I've received many words; still, I've no doubt, they, like the grave-digger who said he'd bury his best friend for a dollar, would sell me at the first opportunity.

Also, this being the first gathering of the kind, it's a glorious opportunity to render the Merry Association a settled, progressive institution by a complete organization, with the usual red-tape arrangements attendant to all great bodies. Above all, don't let this be the last meeting of this kind, even should most of the Cousins follow my illustrious example and stay at home. There's another day coming, and as I've no particular spite against the company, I'm insured in hoping my absence will not cause any of the fair Cousins to weep. I am yours for a Convention next year. Your sleepy Coz,

W. A. R.

FRANKLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE, *Dec.* 25, '65.

It would be pleasant to see so many strange familiar faces, to meet so many old, new friends; to cluster around the Head Center of the Merry Republic, Uncle Robert, and its Heart Center, Aunt Sue; to have a chat uninterrupted by Our Mutual Friend, the manipulator; to speak with tender regrets of those who would have been with us had they lived; to toast (in a dry way, I suppose) the "scarred veterans" of the war of Queens, and behold Daniel in a den of "lions" whose mouths are *not* shut; to greet as friends once more our Southern foes; and, above all, to pay chief honor to the Merry Volunteers, living and dead, who fought that we all *might* be united in an honest friendship.

With my best wishes for this particularly Merry Christmas, I am, yours,

A. N.

BRUNSWICK, *Dec.* 18.

COUSINS JASPER, SID, ETC.:—I must beg permission to write a word, offering my most hearty congratulations to those whom auspicious circumstances will permit to be in New York next week, and see tens, perhaps hundreds, and even a larger number of Merrys. It is a happy idea, that of meeting, at least once, those who can, and although before thought upon, and even hinted at, yet never decided upon. To whom must we give the credit of pressing the matter so far as to be a reality in the future? 'Way down here in Maine as I am, my thoughts, and not the only ones, will be with you, imagining everything pleasant, and hope that in the February number we shall get a report in full, and don't, for our sakes, let Uncle Robert curtail and condense; but I know he will gratify us as to length for once.

Well, if I can not be with you, I can wear my badge, which I have been so fortunate as to possess for two years, and never yet have I seen a second. I wonder how many there are worn. Wonder if Uncle R—— has an account of these things.

I know your hearts will be full of remembrance for those who are gone—give one little thought to the absent.

In haste, and the bonds of *cousinship*,

NELL OF B.

BROOKLYN, O., *Dec.* 19, 1865.

DEAR UNCLES AND COUSINS:—How I would like to be with you at your Merry gathering next week! but we far-off Cousins must content ourselves with a report of your proceedings. What hearty hand-shaking, surprised glances, friendly chatting and smiling there will be among you! Pray do not forget those of us who are with you but in spirit. Let the names of those who have passed from our happy circle to their long home be tenderly spoken; and fail not to give all honor to those brave boys who are spared to return to their homes and enjoy once more the blessings of peace. I am sure that your meeting will be one of profit and enjoyment to all. I think that Tennesseean is slightly mistaken as to my being unwilling to "make friends" with him. That his present principles should be right and just is all that I ask. I am glad that he "has quit everything disloyal," for that, and that *only*, would place him on *my* list of friends. Thanks to Sigma for his hearty greeting, and many good wishes for the happiness and prosperity of all. Yours truly,

COUSIN JENNIE.

CONCORD, N. H.

A Jingle from Jolly.

YE DEAR MERRY COUSINS, ONE AND ALL, AND EVERYBODY:—Alack! alack! Witness the uncertainty of human events and condole with me!

Madam Fortune, doubtless with her eyes shut, hath had the unkindness to decree, by a little twist of her wheel, that the part of her programme, Convention-ally speaking, assigned to Jolly Jingle, was emphatically to stay at home.

Being therefore under the painful necessity of absenting myself bodily from your Merryfication, all that appears to remain is to be with you in spirit. (No allusion made here to a ghostly visitation.)

Soberly, seriously, and honestly, I hope the 20,000 will have a gloriously grand time Wednesday evening December 27th. May there be such a wonderful "feast of reason," and such a gorgeous "flow of soul," in fact, so much of everything nice, that everybody may be pleased with everybody, and everybody desirous of trying it again. With greetings, and *lots* of love for the Uncles, Aunts, Cousins (and for all I know, grandmothers and grandfathers); yours, as ever, truly, affectionately, and *Merrily*.

JOLLY JINGLE.

CLINTON, CONN., *Dec.* 23, 1865.

MY DEAR COUSINS: — Circumstances render it impossible for me to attend the Merry Convention. I thank you most heartily for your kind invitation—believe me, it has not fallen on stony ground. With much love to you all, and hoping that you will have a royal time, that it may be the *merriest* night of your lives, and that you will be blessed with a Happy New Year, I remain your Cousin,

PERTINE.

NEW YORK, *Dec.* 29, 1865.

One more Merry greeting to ye, Merry host, before the old year's gone; many pleasant meetings in the near-coming one. Can I wish you a happier New Year? Those who attended the Convention can answer—poor I can not. I went out of town for a frolic round a family Christmas tree, had it, and could not return in time. I was so disappointed! Dear Aunty, please accept my very *bestest* love for your kind remembrance.

Daisy W., what has become of you? Ditto, Maple Shade?

Where are you, Min-ne-ha-ha? I personated you one evening this week.

Coy, Admiral, A. W., and others, my address is Station L., New York P. O. A warm welcome to all the new Cousins —"the more the merrier."

Yes, Uncle, I heard that whisper. Chatterers, a hasty adieu. SANS SOUCI.

STAMFORD, *Jan.* 10, 1866.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:—I am very sorry that circumstances prevented my being present at your grand "coming together." It would have given me great pleasure to see and interchange cousinly greetings with you all, whose names are so familiar, and I hope that the absent Cousins were not so entirely forgotten—that there was not a little place left for

NINA GORDON.

WHITE HOUSE STATION, *Jan.* 1, 1866.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT:—I am waiting ever so patiently to hear the result of the Merry Convention, as I was deprived of being a participator of the Merry proceedings, owing to the severe inclemency of the weather. I expect a letter from Rouguish Kate soon, wherein I anticipate finding a glowing description from her pen "all alive" of the Merry meeting. Hoping you will receive me kindly into your Merry circle, I sign myself, your Merry niece, BLACK-EYED ANNIE.

At a late hour the Merry party separated, having organized an association with Uncle William for President, and the Committee continued with power to add to their number and call future Conventions.

We give Saucy Nell's "impression" of the Convention, and agree with her that it will ever be an evening long to be remembered with delight by all present.

NEW YORK, *Dec.*, 1865.

Dear All of the 20,000 who weren't there, I pity you! I sympathize with you sincerely, deeply, in that you were not able to attend the Merry Convention! Oh, we had a glorious time! Didn't we, Flib, Jasper, Rubie, Sid? Such a feast of reason and flow of nonsense has rarely been served up in the presence of yours truly!

"Each with each other vied"—
the rest may be implied! But didn't we have a jolly time?

Oh, Jolly J., when your melancholy letter was read for the benefit of us—the more fortunate ones—a mingled wail of horror and indignation arose (like incense from the (h)altar of sacrifice!), for it seemed—like the conduct of "Mith Julia"—"though very pecooliar"—that you couldn't be with us bodily. "After a storm succeeds a calm," and yet we could not be-calmed. Like a cooling

shower came the token of regret from Nell of Bath. We raised our heads, and with moistened eyes and attentive ears drank, *ear*nestly, in "each sentence with melody fraught." We had all been Magnet-ically inclined, yet were doomed to disappointment there, and from the flowers of rhetoric we missed sweet Kitty Clover. And, Queen Fleta, we looked in vain for you, yet, in a manner worthy of Spartan imitation, did we conceal all appearance of grief and entered into the gaiety of the hour. (Jasper took the minutes!)

Echo and memory bring again the merry bonmots of Uncles Robert and Will; again in my ear ring the songs of Aunt Sue, the hum and buzz of conversation, the rippling laughter, and the waves of melody which bore us so happily on. The years will come and go, the forms and faces then seen in the blush of youth grow bowed and furrowed with age, yet will our hearts be ever young with this Merry remembrance.

No, never till life and its memories shall end, can I ever forget the Merry Convention held December 27th, of the year '65. Jubilantly yours,

SAUCY NELL.

December 12, 1365.

DEAR MERRYS ALL:—Do not think I have forgotten you during my long absence, for I have read every MUSEUM regularly, and taken note of all that has transpired among our Merry circle.

Sid, I can readily sympathize with you, for every one has treated me the same way they have you, but I think I can compete with you in regard to the monthly self-denials. Let me ask you to correspond with me, although I am fearful you will refuse. I would also like to X with you.

Elfelda, do write me a long letter immediately, and send me one of those half-dozen pictures, and I'll reciprocate by return mail. I am devoted to long letters.

I extend the hand of welcome to our Southern friends, C. C. B., and all new Merryites.

Cis, Sigma, Iowa Boy, Larkspur, and other Western Cousins, why can not we have a Convention too, as well as those of our number who are going to have one in Brooklyn?

Jasper, I am sorry that I am so far away that I am not able to attend the Convention. Will you not send an account of your proceedings to the MUSEUM, so that those of us who can not be present may know what took place?

Merrys all, attend! My address is P. O. Box 167, Jefferson City, Mo., and all letters, photos, etc., will be *joyfully* received, and will meet with prompt attention. Yours Merryly,

"MOSS ROSEBUD."

HOMER.

"MERRYS' ALL:—I have been a "Merry" for one year, and am not at all inclined to give up my place in the parlor.

Romance, how do you like "cooking?" I think that you liked it while it lasted.

Jolly Jingle, will you admit another to your circle? for I like poetry as well as any of the "Merryites."

Flib, you are a gay one, and I like you, and will you X c's de v.

Northern Star, will you help me? for I am going to make an attack on that enemy of all "Merrys," the manipulator, and want all the "Merrys" to assist. All the "Merrys" that want to see a photo of this daring little fellow, just send an epistle and photo to Box 226, Homer, Cortland Co., N. Y.

Yours Merryly, LEWELLYN LEE.

DEAR FOLKS:—Pardon my audacity in coming again so soon, but the Chat has charms for me that I can not resist.

Jasper, In the Corner, Rubie Linden, write to me and send cartes, and I will return. Uncle has my address.

Jasper, your nominations are in favor with this person.

Snowbird says that this letter will fall in the basket; but I hope not.

Welcome, Patronia.

Cousin Jennie, you deserve the ferule. For shame!

Snowbird sends all her love. Goodbye, folks. COUSIN MAY.

"CRESCENT CITY."

Good-afternoon, all ye Cousins dear. Having come to the conclusion that I have been silent long enough, I begin this.

Jolly Jingle, you seem terribly excited. I would recommend a large dose of "soothing syrup."

Iago, what do you mean? Are you and "Golden Arrow" one and the same? Certainly I will follow you back, if so. So Cupid has entered with bold threats, so we will be compelled to guard well our hearts.

"Mouse Merry," *I* love Tennyson as well as Longfellow.

Bertina, here's a welcome from May.

Juno, will you write to me?

Kitty Clover, do you intend treating my letter with "silent contempt?" It has that appearance now.

Fleta must think some of us need to have the virtue patience cultivated; at least I judge so by the work she has given us. MAY CLAYTON.

Once more do I push my way into the charmed circle, and give Merry greeting to all.

Sigma, I should love to correspond and exchange, but I want you to write and send to me first. You and all others that will, send to Galesburg, Illinois, Box 486.

Lockwood, I am an Illinois Cousin, you see.

Blue-Bell, did you ever go to school in G———? If you did, I know you.

Etta, please write. Love to all.

SNELL.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, O., *Dec.* 18, 1865.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT:—Many years ago, a little child, I used to look eagerly for the coming of the MUSEUM. Older now, I believe I feel even more interest in it than ever, and I see a remembrancer of my own childish interest in its pages, in the eyes of my two little girls who now claim the MUSEUM as theirs. I hope you may be allowed to interest them as long as you have me—twenty years.

It is a long while since I looked in at Chat time, and I feel almost a stranger. So many changes—some gone forever—many new faces.

Pertine, where are you? Please drop me a word of information. I will thank you much for it. BLACK-EYES.

Your "Black Eyes" do not look strange in the Chat, and never will so long as Uncle Robert is at the helm. You must not entirely desert us, but look in upon our circle as often as your other duties will allow.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR MERRYS:—Another Cousin desires admission to your company; can you not stretch your circle just a little and let me in? I'll not take up much room! Love to all, from

TAGHCONIC.

Extracted Essences.

VINCENT acknowledges the receipt of "photos" from Aunt Sue and Sigma, and informs the Merrys that all "cartes and letters to Box 34, Fall River, Mass., will be thankfully received."

SNOWDRIFT says he passes much of his time upon the Cattskill and other mountains, and desires the address of Admiral. We saw him drifting down toward New York but a short time ago, but he soon vanished from our sight.

ROBBIE H., send your c. de v., and we will exchange.

EM. MOORE, of Pella, Iowa, desires to see the "plain-looking" photo referred to by Lizzie E. N., and will send hers in return.

RUBIE LINDEN, we did not notice the stupidity.

PEACE brings Christmas greetings from Ogdensburg, and has been waiting for a letter from A. Van A. and Pontiac. We trust Peace will be preserved on the *borders* of our land, and reign supreme for ever in our Merry circle.

KITTY CLOVER, have you deserted "everything and everybody?"

ELFELDA, the Convention and other matters unfortunately crowd out your good letter. Come again soon.

THEO. is admitted—hear the little fellow.

"In Merry Christmas times you see
Another little one would Merry be."

That sounds all right, and we hope you will put your *Theory* into practice.

LONE STAR, the Convention severely tried the steel of the manipulator, but the attempt to *steal* it was unsuccessful. Let your light shine again.

NEB, do you always express thanks for Christmas presents, especially if accompanied by an original "Poem?"

NEW YORK AND NEWPORT.—Another new steamboat has just been completed for this popular route, called the OLD COLONY, which with the EMPIRE STATE

form the winter line between Boston and New York.

We had the pleasure of being one of a large party of excursionists on her trial trip, and seldom have we passed a pleasanter night.

The steamer is lighted by gas and heated by steam, the cabins and state-rooms elegantly fitted up, and everything about the boat in the highest style of luxury and comfort. The hull, built by John Englis & Son, who stand at the head of shipbuilding in this country, is 325 feet long, 42 feet beam, and measures 2,000 tons burden. She has 130 state-rooms of two berths each, and 394 berths

Mr. Erastus Littlefield, the enterprising manager of the line, understands and provides for the convenience and comfort of passengers.

SABBATH-SCHOOL SCRAP-BOOK, containing Anniversary Dialogues, Addresses, Recitations, Sabbath-School Hymns, etc. By John J. Reed. Published by Tibbals and Whiting, New York.

This volume, of 360 pages, is a valuable addition to our Sunday-school literature, and well adapted to the purpose for which it is designed. Those schools which have Recitations and Dialogues will find this book a great aid in their work of preparation.

THE KEMPTONS. By H. K. P., Author of "Robert, the Cabin Boy." New York, M. W. Dodd.

This is a Temperance story of thrilling interest, and should have a wide circulation among children and youth. The blessings of a life of Temperance and the evil of Intemperance are graphically described by this charming writer, and we trust the book will find its way into every family and Sunday-school library in the land.

THE YOUTH'S TEMPERANCE BANNER.—This is the name of a new paper for boys and girls, just published by the National Temperance Society and Publication House.

It is issued monthly in a neat and attractive form, filled with choice stories beautifully illustrated, and should be placed in the hands of every child, and taken by every Sunday-school in the country. Price, 40 cents; 10 copies, $3 50; 50 copies, $12. J. N. Stearns, publisher, 111 Fulton Street, New York.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE. is also published monthly, as above, at $1 per year. This paper will be edited by the best talent in the country, and will be a bold advocate of the cause of Temperance in all its bearings, and worthy of the patronage of all good men.

Fleta Forrester's Puzzle Drawer.

The Prize Contest.

THE particulars of the Prize Contest are reserved until the March number, when there will be space to accommodate them; but as you will all be impatient to learn the results of it, I subjoin the decision with regard to prizes.

It has been adjudged that

The 1ST PRIZE should be equally divided between *Roguish Kate and Oddity* and *May Clayton.*

The 2D PRIZE is awarded to *Sigma.*

The 3D PRIZE " " " *Roguish Kate and Oddity.*

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

320. My first is in flesh, though never in meat! [heat!
My second hates fire, yet revels in
My third, though quite slender, is still in good health!
My fourth rolls in riches, a stranger to wealth!
My fifth dwells with many, disdaining the few!
My sixth, though not old, takes delight in the new!
My seventh, if you're bright, you may guess when you're brighter;
My whole is the name of a famed English writer. *Aubrey.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

321. An invitation to travel. *Florence.*

322. Not imaginary peepers. *Fred.*

323. Clever divisions. *Remus.*

324. Thomas swallowed one of the vowels! *Prairie Boy.*

325. Cut Alice in two? *Stupid Harp.*

BATTLES FOR THE UNION.

326. A plant, a stream, and thwarting.

327. Agreeable, and an eminence.

328. A small fish, oblique, and public highways.

329. A haven and a river in the Middle States.
(The above occurred in Louisiana.) *Geo. T. McKinney.*

330. Take the last letter from a boy's name, and find you can by that act make it larger. *Bruce.*

331. 05550. *Euclid.*

332. Behead a boy's name and leave a joke. *Sigma.*

333. A file and a fruit (*botanical*). *In the Corner.*

334. A Latin pronoun and its English synonym form a group of islands in one of the great oceans. *Florence.*

ANAGRAMS.

335. Ned hurt? *Curly.*

336. Let Ironsides tip. *Franc.*

337. Fry horn cushion. *Forrest.*

338. Sane sport. *Gertie N.*

339. Can't I beat all, C.? *Double-you-see.*

340. 1, A venomous serpent. 2, A girl's nickname. 3, A verb meaning frequently visited. My initials, central letters, and final letters form the name of three colors. *Uncle Abe.*

QUESTIONS, ETC., IN NOVEMBER NO.

answers 16 out of the 28. QUAKER *answers* 15, *and is entitled to his first prize.* Fred* answers 14; Remus, 14; Florence, 13; Keystone, 13; C. W. J., 12; Merrimac, 11; Geo. T. McKinney, 9; Cis, 8; Euclid, 8; E. P. L., 6; Willie Watron, 1; Cousin May, 1.

* A graduate.

Answers to Questions in Dec. No.

answers 18 out of the 21, and wins his first prize.

273. Swallow, wallow, allow. (*Myron R. S.* says "Thistle-down."

274. Leopard, parole. (*Merrimac* says "Tak, ay.")

275. Lamb, balm.

276. Daisy, daïs.

277. St-rife, fire.

278. Ai. (Jeremiah, 49 chap., 3d verse.)

279. Cataline (C, 80, *line*).

280. Metempsychosis.

281. Antistrophe.

282. Widowers.

283. Heresiographers.

284. Across.

285. Freedman.

286. File, life.

287. Lobster, bolster. ("Flea, leaf," "notes, stones," and some others are as good.)

288. Artists, straits.

289. Climate.

290. Scare-crow. (*Merrimac* says "Breakfast.")

291. Princess Alexandra.

292. Baby-fender.

293. Fear, ear, era.

Of the above 21 puzzles, Remus answers 18; Fred, 17; Forrest, 17; Willie W. Perry, 17; Merrimac, 16; Double-you-see, 15; Roguish Kate and Oddity, 15; Keystone, 14; Quaker, 13; Florence, 13; Bittersweet, 13; J. E. T., 13; Hero, 12; Snell, 11; Carlos, 9; Geo. T. McKinney, 8; Myron R. S., 8; Cis, 5; Rubie Linden, 3; Cousin May, 3; R. C. Loesch, Jun., 3.

THANKS FOR ENIGMAS, ETC., to Roguish Kate and Oddity, Forrest, G. T. McKinney, Bittersweet, Myron R. S., Double-you-see, Cousin May, W. W. Perry, Fred, Carlos, Whist, Euclid.

SHADOWS.

"OH! that is the shadow of me, mother—
Oh! that is the shadow of me!"
And sweet Nellie kissed the dark face on the wall
Which had wakened her childish glee.

Then back to the table she ran again,
As she quickly slid from my knee,
And holding a bit of cake to the wall,
"'*Tis dood* for the shadow of me!"

'Tis only a shadow, and very small—
But, oh! it is dear to me,
For I know it would never be there at all
But for sweet little Nellie, of three!

And I sometimes think, as she follows me 'round
So close that I never am free,
That my dear little Nellie, to use her own words,
Is only the shadow of me!

But *I* get, when I print a warm kiss on her cheek,
What *she* never gets from the wall;
And I find if I put up the cake to her lips,
That *mine* is no shadow at all!

Oh, a mother's heart may be burdened with care,
Till weary as weary can be,
But she'd double them all before she would spare
One sweet little "shadow of me!"

For I've been in a room where *no small shadows* fall,
Where they often had fallen before—
And *one* shadow, great, and without any form,
Seemed settled o'er all, evermore!

And my heart has glowed with the tenderest love
For the friend who forever must be,
Looking up to the wall, and yet looking in vain
For one little "shadow of me." KRUNA.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

'Tis "noon of night,"
The bright moon sheds her silvery light o'er hill and dale,
The soft clouds float like white-winged angels
In the mystic light.

'Tis moon of night,
And I am sitting by my window,
Lost in midnight revery.
Thoughts of days "lang syne" float o'er my memory,
Sad, melancholy as the music of the breeze,
Sighing amid the leafless branches of the trees.

Bright days of yore,
Oh, happy days, forever gone, gone to return no more,
And with thee Time's relentless wings have borne
Dear friends to the eternal shore.

Gone, are they? Yea!
Who once were cheerful, happy, gay,
The merry laugh, the bright blue eye, the graceful form,
Are all inclosed within that narrow resting-place, the tomb.

'Tis ever thus;
Years hence, when time shall have passed away,
Fair nature's bowers will bloom as brightly as to-day,
When one low mound will mark our resting-place.

EVENING STAR.

WOMEN OF THE NILE.

A TRIP DOWN THE NILE.

IF you start with me upon this journey, you must give up all idea of the civilized comforts you have been accustomed to in traveling. First of all, we must hire our own boat, which will turn out a long, narrow affair, with an awning overhead, and a cabin large enough for two people to curl themselves up in at night, but by no means large enough to stand up in. Then we must look out for our own beds and cooking utensils; for if you can not take care of yourself here, you may depend nobody else will.

Ah! here comes the most important appendage of all—a personage who is to be our master throughout the journey. In other countries he might be called a servant, as he is to do our cooking and general housework; but we shall soon find ourselves so completely at his mercy, that we shall be very thankful if he proves a tolerable master.

Now we are gliding lazily, gently down this noble river through a wonderful region rich in its associations with the venerable past. There is much to interest in the busy life scenes on the banks. Here a group of Egyptian women come down to fill their water-jars, which they bear away on their heads. Here are others busy with their

washing, stooping over their extensive washtub, which is the river itself, and altogether doing everything at a disadvantage, as it appears to our eyes. How a modern washing-machine and "Universal clothes-wringer" would make them open their eyes! We see none in that group who reminds us of Pharaoh's daughter, or even her servant-maids who brought the famed basket of rushes to her. The scene is very pleasant to us as we float along, but we safely conclude

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

If we stop, for instance, and wade through the powder-like dust up to one of those pretty villages half hid in its forest of graceful palm-trees, we shall find it only a squalid collection of mud hovels; and the women are not half so picturesque as they appeared on the river's bank, busy with their various duties.

Now we are rounding the point of a little island on which the Pasha has built him a cosy summer house, and where he has laid out beautiful gardens. Here are never-fading palms, and orange groves laden with golden fruit. In the cool shadows of the rather cumbrous-looking lodge its owner is resting, while various attendants come and go at his pleasure. What a wonderful region of luxurious fertility lying in the heart of a trackless, burning desert! It is the

SUMMER HOUSE ON THE NILE.

noble river which has reclaimed it from the hungry, driving sands which are forever striving to win it back. Its annual overflow deposits on the land the richest fertilizing elements, and answers the purpose of the early and latter rain with us.

There, in the distance, we see one of the mighty pyramids, probably the oldest work of man upon the globe, and doubtless the one that will be most enduring. Standing at its base and gazing up its mountainous sides, the vastness of the work is overpowering. They were doubtless heaped up in the vain hope of preserving the fame of their great builders, but all memory even of their names has passed away. Yet the name and history of the simple Hebrew boy who was sold as a slave to one of these proud taskmasters lives in the memory of every Christian heart, and will go down to the end of time. How much better to make a name by our good deeds than by merely great ones!

J. E. McC.

ABOUT SLUGGARDS.

We don't like sluggards at our house—don't think they amount to much—don't keep them on hand, and don't want any. So we sing something like this, when we get up in the morning. Sing away, girls and boys!

I won't be a lag-a-bed,
No, not I;
But as soon as the sun rises
Up in the sky,
I'll open my eyes
And lift up my head,
And jump with alacrity
Out of my bed.

And when I get up,
I'll make such a noise
As to wake all the lag-a-beds,
Girls and boys;
I'll get dressed in good order,
And hurry down stairs,
And not be behind time
When father has prayers.

Then in double quick time
To our breakfast we'll run,
To our hash, and potatoes;
And won't it be fun
To get through with our breakfast
Some time ahead
Of the lazy old sleepy-heads
Snoring in bed? Backwoods.

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous. These are very plain and important truths, too little heeded by gluttons, spendthrifts, bookworms, and hypocrites.

The best armor is that which is worn inside the bosom.

WILD OATS.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER III.—A NEW STEP.

WE left Johnny in a most trying position, his right hand outstretched, receiving blow after blow dealt by an angry man. With all Johnny's chivalry toward two unprotected little damsels, we must still confess that he had done very wrong. He had rebelled against authority, and had treated his teacher in an insulting manner.

Mr. Higgins struck with cruel force; but not a sound or sign escaped Johnny's tightly drawn lips, save now and then a suppressed breath. The pupils looked on in awful silence; you might have heard "the unfolding of a lady's pocket-handkerchief." Some of the boys looked pleased; they liked anything for excitement, and the state of affairs elegantly termed "a row," has charms for a certain class of minds. The girls were frightened—some of them in tears; but the whole school, as with one mind, were on Johnny's side. The boy was something of a favorite, whereas the poor dyspeptic teacher had hardly made a single friend.

At length the blows ceased; the relenting ferule was poised in air, and Mr. Higgins said, in a shaking, husky voice:

"Young man, either confess that you have done wrong, or take your books and go home! This instant, sir! and do you never darken these doors again!—that is, while I am master of the premises."

This was a most mortifying alternative for a respectable boy. Turned out of school! Had it come to this? Poor Brownie peeped with drenched eyes through her shaking fingers, and cast on her brother a look of anguish and entreaty; but Johnny did not see it.

"What would mother say?" was Brownie's uppermost thought. "Wouldn't her heart break when she should learn that her son had been turned out of doors? Oh, dear! oh, dear."

As for Ada, in her terror and distress she had repeated the Lord's Prayer no less than five times, and now added, with heartfelt earnestness, "Oh, Heavenly Father, do make Johnny sorry!"

But the culprit was not sorry. He thought fast, but his thoughts were very few, and flew around in a circle. Firstly, he hadn't done wrong; secondly, he had done just right; and thirdly, if he were in the same place he should do just so again.

"Well, sir," replied Johnny, almost immediately, "I guess I'll go home."

"As you please," responded Mr. Higgins, not without some surprise.

The boy strode proudly to his desk, deliberately piled up his books, and with a swelling heart marched like a lord out of the schoolroom.

"What does this mean?" said Mrs. Merry, as he crept into the house crimson and crestfallen, about half-past ten. "Are you sick, my son?"

"No, mother, but my hands are blistered."

"Blistered? I'm afraid there was some poison in that cement you made."

Johnny exhibited his poor swollen hands. They were a sight to touch a mother's heart.

"Does that look like cement? See the knuckle of my thumb, will you? Didn't he give it a whackin'?"

"Johnny, oh, Johnny, you haven't been feruled again?"

"Should think I had, mother, all of that."

The boy's face showed an odd mixture of expressions. Mortification, anger, and grief were struggling together in his breast. Tears were in his eyes, but fire was there too. His lips trembled, but words rushed out headlong.

"Winter-killed Higgins, mother, your beautiful Higgins, *he* did that. Smart man, don't you think he is, to whip a small boy like me? He's the strongest, or he couldn't have done it, let me tell you! Didn't I want to get hold of his hair and pull it out like a bunch of carrots? He'd have feruled me till now, only he saw the skin was coming off the inside of my hand. He didn't dare commit murder, so he stopped. Oh, my gracious!"

Mrs. Merry looked really alarmed.

"My darling boy! What had you done to merit such a punishment?"

She knew that Johnny usually made light of such trifles as whipping; she had never heard him complain before.

"What did I do? Oh, mother," he cried, suddenly rushing for the door, "he's feruling those girls; I came off so quick that I entirely forgot to see to those girls!"

Mrs. Merry seized Johnny by the shoulder; she began to be afraid he was hurt on the head somewhere and was a little insane.

"Stop, my son," said she, "you are not to go out of the house till I know what all this means."

Johnny quietly walked back and hung up his cap. It had occurred

to him upon reflection that a journey to the school-house could do the girls no good, since he had been forbidden by the teacher ever to "darken those doors again."

Then he began at the beginning, and told his mother the whole story. Sorry as she was, she had one consolation in hearing it—she knew her boy was telling the truth.

The truth so far as he was able. After an affair like this, during which he had been so much excited, and the remembrance of which made him still so indignant, it was hardly to be expected that he would talk calmly.

"Abner Doolittle, mother, he took a notion to do something to plague the master—so he stole the tongue out of the bell. Nobody cared for that, I hope! Good enough for old Higgins!"

"My son!"

"For *Mr.* Higgins. Served him right. But what did Abner do, all so sly, but go and put that tongue in Brownie's desk, and there 'twas found this morning. What think o' that?"

"How do you know it was Abner's work?"

"Seth Peabody told me. Abner staid away from school like a sneak, and Seth wouldn't tell of him. He wouldn't tell tales on Abner if it was to save somebody's life. But he's a regular tattler, though, you'd better believe; got me into the floor just for cracking an acorn! And I'd given him a Baldwin apple, too."

"Well, what about the bell? What had *you* to do with it?"

"The blame fell on Brownie and Ada, and old ——— *Mr.* Higgins asked no questions. Now, mother, what kind of a *gentleman* should I be to sit still and see two girls abused? Now, answer me that."

It took a deal of reasoning, and some solitary reflection, to convince Johnny that he had done wrong. But before he slept that night he made this admission:

"May-be 'twould have been better if I hadn't torn round quite so fierce. I might have stood up for justice, and not been so impudent, either."

"I thought you would come to your senses, my boy."

"Oh, mother, I'm not *much* sorry. I don't feel so bad as you wish I did; I'm tickled after all to get rid of going to school."

Johnny's wrath had been greatly appeased upon learning that Brownie and Ada had escaped the threatened punishment.

Ada had sent her gallant defender a box of figs, with a tear-blistered note:

"*Dear Johnny:* You were just as kind as you could be; but, oh, I

wish you hadn't got so mad! Oh, it is awful! Won't you ask the teacher to forgive you? I am afraid folks will think you are a bad boy. ADA."

The contents of the little box were soon disposed of; but the box itself, a very pretty one, was carefully laid away, together with the note, among Johnny's treasures.

He had unwittingly taken a bold step, which was to influence his whole future. He was now to be classed henceforth among "headstrong boys." His mother began to think seriously of sending him away from home. Uncle Drummond had long been writing about the Preston school for boys, urging his sister-in-law to send Johnny as a boarding pupil. Indeed, he offered to pay all expenses from his own purse for the first six months.

Mr. Preston, he said, was a man who had a wonderful tact for managing "headstrong" youths. He not only grounded them thoroughly in their studies, but also gave great attention to their morals and manners.

"For a boy like Johnny," added Uncle Drummond, "I know of no better place. From what you have written me this winter, I conclude that he is getting the upper hand of his teacher. This is a bad experience for the child. I would not risk it any longer. Besides, a small village like Lyman is a wretched place in which to bring up a lively boy."

This was written before the outbreak. After that the words had all the more force. If a mother ever had at heart the good of her child, it was Mrs. Merry. After much wavering she decided to send him away from her. What else could she do, she thought, since he had become openly rebellious against his teacher? She should always be afraid after this to let him go to the district school.

I think Mrs. Merry made a mistake. Johnny loved his mother, and her gentle influence day by day was just what he most needed. He was more deeply moved by her counsels than she imagined. She did not half know her power.

However, the decision was made; and one morning in April, Johnny, with a large carpet-bag, set out in a yellow stage-coach to begin his journey to Boston.

"Crack went the whip, round went the wheels;" was ever boy so sad? He had hardly known before how dear was the old home. He secretly wiped a tear from his eye with one corner of his spotted handkerchief; then heroically kissed his hand to his mother and sister who stood weeping at the gate.

Alas! he would not see these dear relations for the long, long space of six months; still the excitement of a first journey to Boston was an excellent tonic. Johnny's spirits gradually rose. By the time he had completed the twelve miles by stage, and had taken his seat in the cars, he was as light of heart as ever. Looking about him for adventures, his attention was attracted by a very stylish-looking youth who had, like himself, a ticket for Lincoln, the site of the Preston school. What influence this chance meeting was to have upon our hero, time will show.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TWO BROTHERS; AND WHAT ECHO SAID TO THEM.

ONCE on a time, two little boys,
And naughty ones you'll say,
Resolved, before they'd go to school,
That they would go and play.

The spot they chose to linger at,
And seat themselves to chat,
Re-echoed, or sent back the voice,—
But they did not know that.

Says William to his brother Dick,
"We shall not be found out."
But Echo heard the naughty boy,
And answered, "*Be found out.*"

"I fear," said Dick to little Will,
"That some one overhears;"
He looked to see, and Echo then
Cried, "*Some one overhears.*"

"Oh! never mind," said William then,
"Come, do not be afraid!"
So when they both began to play,
Said Echo, "*Be afraid!*"

"What can it be?" said William;
"Oh, let us go to school,"
For he began to be afraid;
Said Echo, "*Go to school!*"

Then, softly whispering, they said,
"Oh, if our master knows;"
But Echo hearing every word,
Said, softly, "*Master knows.*"

"What shall we do?" then William said;
"We must not tell a fib." [

And then they heard the Echo's voice
Say, "*Must not tell a fib.*"

So Dick began to cry, and said,
"William, you brought me here;"
Said Echo, in a mournful tone,
"*William, you brought me here!*"

"I never will do this again,
If master will forgive,"
Said Will to Dick; and then the voice
Said, "*Master will forgive.*"

"Then let us go," said little Will;
"Come, Dicky, do not cry."
And in the same tone Echo said,
"*Come, Dicky, do not cry.*"

"We shall not be so very late,
If we make haste away;"
And Echo, with a warning voice,
Cried out, "*Make haste away.*"

Then Dicky dried his tears, and said,
"I will do so no more;"
And Echo, in a cheerful voice,
Then said, "*Do so no more.*"

"Then we'll be off to school," said they;
And off they quickly ran;
And, happily, were just in time,
Before the school began.

Remember, then, my little friends,
Though Echo nothing knew,
There's One above who always knows
Both what you say and do.

CLAUDE MINOR'S ARMOR.

CLAUDE MINOR was so glad when the new year came. He had been made very happy at Christmas by unexpected gifts, so happy, that he thought he never should feel the temptation to be cross and disagreeable any more.

The new year he thought of, as being just the time to begin to do right, and the night before it came, he lay awake a long time, thinking how clear and fair and bright it looked, and how he would not speak one cross word, nor do one bad act to be written on it.

Then Claude remembered words that his good grandmother had spoken to him before she left the world, about reading his Bible every day, and never beginning or ending the day without "saying his prayers." The new year would be just the time to follow the advice, which the boy felt in his heart to be good; therefore, lying on his pillow and looking out on the moon-lit earth on the last night of the year, Claude resolved that his Bible should be read every day, and his prayers not be omitted night or morning during the year. He was certain that he should feel happy, *if he only did this duty.*

Monday morning came, and with its earliest dawn Claude was up. He read the first chapter of Genesis and repeated his prayers before going down to mingle with his little world, feeling that one day would pass "all right," as he had performed his duty and was armed against all temptations.

A small army of small boys appeared before his breakfast was eaten. They were recruiting for service—the service to be the building of a snow fort in a field near by. Claude was looked up to as a leader in the neighborhood, and he eagerly joined the band. The snow was damp and soft, and just in the state for rolling into huge balls, and the fort progressed finely.

Claude had worked like a hero, making boulders of snow higher than his head, and then lifting "splendidly" to put them in place. The fort was nearly completed; the boys were breathless and panting from their hard, swift labor, when a tumult arose regarding its

name. Claude wished it to be Fort Pillow, because it was so soft and white and yielding; but the strife grew fierce between the combatants for a name. At length it seemed quite decided that it should be Fort Sumter, and Claude, remembering his new resolutions, yielded his preference. How pure and beautiful the fort looked all completed, save the battlements, when the boys went home to their dinner! They lingered lovingly to look back upon it from a distance, and were so proud of its appearance.

Claude staid not a moment longer than necessary at home, but hastened back to the field. What terrible thing has happened? He reached the place in a fury of excitement; not one boulder of the fort lay upon another! it had been torn down by the party who could not carry the name for it, and they were retreating ignominiously to a wider field with a hill in it, just as Claude arrived. Claude was so angry! In that minute I am afraid he was a murderer in his heart, and he never once thought of the dark stain he had made on the fair new year. Soon the little army were mustered again, and two snow forts began to rise—one on the hill, and one on the plain.

Just as the day was dying, there came down from the hill the cry of an attack, and Fort Sumter was assailed. Bravely was it defended to the last, and saved from utter destruction; but Claude Minor forgot all his good resolutions; he forgot everything that he should have remembered in the contest, and seeing one of the boys from the hill fort standing unguarded for an instant, he sent a swift-flying ball directly into his face. That night the boy passed in great pain, for the sharp icy points had hit one of his eyes, and it was many days before he could see again.

Poor Claude Minor lay down on the very first night of the new year utterly miserable. He had thought and meant to do so well, and notwithstanding all the armor that he had put on, had done so ill—and I will tell you why: *he trusted in his armor.* He thought his good works would keep him right; he did not know that we can not do right without the help of our heavenly Father every moment.

As it is in eating and drinking, so it is in reading; for it is not the quantity that we read that makes us wise, but that part of it only that we properly digest.

A KIND-HEARTED deed is pretty sure to meet with a kind-hearted return.

HOW LITTLE MAY HELPED THE BIRDIES.

"WHAT a time those poor little birdies must have hunting horse-hairs and things for their nests!" said sympathizing little May as she watched an old robin tugging away at a string that was wound in and out around some rose-bush twigs. "Let us save some things for them, mother—all your ravelings, and bits of thread, and things that we don't want."

Mother's bright shears were snipping in and out among Winnie's yellow locks, which had grown quite too independent of late. She assented in a quiet way to her little daughter's proposal, though her mind just then was more occupied with the hair-dressing than with the manufacture of bird houses.

"Oh, mother," said May, in the greatest excitement, "please do give me all that hair you have cut away, and let me take it up to the orchard—I know the birds will be so thankful to get it to line their nests with; it is just the thing exactly. Only think, Winnie, wouldn't you be proud to help line a bird's nest? Just think what a soft, nice bed it would make for the little birdies! Won't you please, dear mother, not put it in the stove just this time?"

Who could resist such a little pleader? Not that mother; so she untied the check apron she had tied about the chubby neck, and carefully gathering up the ends, passed it over to the happy May, who tripped off to the orchard with it.

There were plenty of birds' nests in the old apple-trees that summer, it was very certain. Such a concert as you might have heard if you had only got up at three or four o'clock in the morning. There was never anything like it at the Academy of Music, or in any

music hall in the world. May was very curious to know whether any of them had availed themselves of her kind efforts in their behalf, or whether the winds had whipped off the soft yellow hair of her little brother. She was gratified at last, for when the leaves were gone, they found two nests, made almost entirely, except the rough foundation, of little Winnie's curls. Mother kept them a long time. and always regretted their loss, after a removal. It always made little May happy when she thought how she had helped the birdies. And so every act of kindness, however little it may seem, will always bring the same sweet reward with it.

UNCLE GODFREY'S LECTURES.

MOSAICS.

MISS CAROLINE came over to show her neighbors the beautiful mosaic bracelet Uncle Charley brought home for her from his travels, and this afforded a nice text for one of Uncle Godfrey's pleasant home lectures. If he had not traveled far over the face of this green earth with that lame foot of his and his trusty staff, he had made many journeys, both long and short, in the pleasant paths of literature, and had brought back many treasures of art and science for the entertainment and instruction of the young folks.

"When I was in Florence," said Uncle Godfrey, nodding and smiling toward his young auditors—[This was a little convenient fiction Uncle Godfrey sometimes indulged in, when he was sure it would not mislead anybody]—"when I was in Florence, I learned all about the art of making these mosaics. The finest, however, are made in Rome. Now, all observe these little pictures in the different settings of Carrie's bracelet. Each one is made up of hundreds of little atoms of glass, or stone, or colored enamel, all curiously fitted together in a strong cement, so as to represent different scenes. This one is St. Peter's at Rome. That is the ruins of the Coliseum. In very costly mosaics, made for kings and queens, and wedding gifts to princesses, precious stones are cut up and wrought into pictures. Just imagine a mosaic made up of diamonds and rubies and sapphires. It would shine enough to dazzle your eyes. I confess I never saw one in all my travels.

"Large pictures are often copied in mosaic, and then they become more enduring than marble. If smoke or dust should dim their beauty after centuries have passed over them, a little polishing down

renews them to their original beauty. When a painting is to be copied, a plate of metal or stone is prepared and covered by cement. Then the drawing is made on it before the artist commences his work. Atom by atom the work goes on, presenting no beauty to the eye; but the artist knows how it will all come out.

"Is not this a great deal like the life-plan of many of us, children —very rough and unsightly to our eyes? but the great Maker of all sees the end from the beginning, and knows that all will be well at last. His hand can bring out the brightness and beauty.

"When the picture is all completed, the artist leaves it a few weeks to harden, and then the polishing work begins. When the last dust of emery is blown off, the brilliant picture stands out in all its perfection, prepared to stand all the assaults of time, or flood, or fire. The mosaic of St. Mark's, in Venice, has existed nine hundred years, as brilliant and perfect as when it first came from the hand of the artist. This style of painting is largely used in ancient pavements. One is mentioned by Pliny, called the 'Unswept Piece,' which represented precisely the room of a dining-hall covered with crumbs of bread and the fragments of a feast. So exact were the imitations as to deceive the eye of the beholder.

"The old artists exerted themselves to make fantastic and curious pictures sometimes, especially in pavements. One looked, to a person approaching it on one side, like the head of a satyr; but seen another way, was a beautiful landscape. Another could be changed by simply walking around it, from the head of a man to a bundle of herbs.

"It is an old art—two thousand years old, yet modern improvements have made a great deal easier work of it. Little sticks of brilliant enamel cut into thin layers are almost as beautiful as gems, and much easier to polish. A good eye and great patience are the chief requisites for a mosaic painter.

"In one way we are all mosaic workers, working in bits and fragments into our daily life-pictures. Be sure, boys and girls, to make as good a work of it as you can, the brighter the better—the brighter the better;" and Uncle Godfrey gave his shiny snuff-box a tap or two, which showed that the lecture was over.

A Loafer.—A little boy of Williamsburg defines a loafer to be "a fellow who stands at the street corner—chews tobacco—smokes cigars—and spits and swears."

A. Vaud
W. ROBERTS

THE ORPHAN QUEEN.

(CATHARINE I. OF RUSSIA.)

[The following lines have been received from Kruna, suggested by reading the Life of Peter the Great, which was received too late for insertion in our last number with the sketch we gave of that distinguished personage.]

The sounds of coming battle in stillness die away,
No roar of angry cannon, no stirring drum to-day;
No rush of eager soldiers; their floating bridges make
New beauty for the landscape, swaying idly on the lake;
For the people on its borders know their weakness all too well,
And the little town of Marienburg without a battle fell.

When lo! before the Russians were fairly on the ground,
Suddenly there burst upon them a fearful stunning sound;
"Better death than life with slavery"—so he fired the fatal train,
And the daring Swedish ensign was the bravest of the slain,
As the victors and the vanquished fell in fragments o'er the plain.

Then the anger of the Russians, how it burned upon the town!
Every living soul made captive, every building battered down!
Bowing with a bitter anguish, 'mid the train of captives led,
Wept a woman for her husband but a day among the dead—
A day among the dead, and she the day before a bride,
Gazing on her soldier-husband with a fearless tender pride.

Bowing with a bitter anguish, like a reed before the blast,
Thinking not upon the present—living over all the past—
Wondering why the God she trusted led her through a thorny way,
To an open path of roses that must fade ere shut of day.

Ah! the loving Eye that rested on the sad Livonian child
In her orphan grief at Ringen, still kept watch o'er anguish wild.
Bowed in woe, a wretched captive, who would say her humble mien
Told of one who now was marching straight to be an empire's queen?
None but He whose eye can fathom where true value ever lies,
Ne'er deceived by gold or ermine which so blind our earth-dimmed eyes.

Step by step He led her upward, making generals, princes, kings,
Rounds to that high reaching ladder to whose top He safely brings,
While the orphan girl at Ringen, while the widowed captive, known
Empress now of all the Russias, sits upon her royal throne.

Bending 'neath some hidden sorrow, weeping while we pass along,
Many a weary heart we jostle in the ever-hurrying throng,
"Poor," "unfortunate," we call them, if we give a moment's heed,
Or perchance we drop a shilling to supply an unknown need.

Is there not an Eye above them, judging, not by glittering earth,
Whose the fittest brow among us to be shown of royal worth?
He whose Eye unerring seeth every true and precious thing,
To a waiting crown and kingdom many a weeping one shall bring.

KRUNA.

KATE FORD'S COALS.

THERE had been trouble brewing for several days. Archie May and Kate Ford had more than once been observed wending their way to or from school alone, a fact indicative of some dreadful calamity. The storm reached a climax one beautiful June morning, as they were crossing the little bridge a few steps from the schoolhouse. The day was warm, and they stood a moment looking at the water flowing under the bridge, singing over the stones. It was Kate who spoke:

"You think you're better than I am, Archie May, just because you're a rich man's daughter, and I—well, I'm poor! I don't know as it's anything to be ashamed of."

Archie, never too considerate, said, with a sneer—

"Oh, no, certainly not! Moreover, I suppose one can't help being slow about lessons, and all those things. I didn't *blame* you, Kate Ford."

"Oh, Archie!"

"Well, it's quite true. Miss Porter says 'tis very hard to make you understand anything."

Kate stood aghast; this from Archie May! Then she turned around angrily:

"You've learned something new lately, I see."

"What's that?" interested in spite of herself.

"How to treat your friends if they are poorer or less talented than yourself."

Archie blushed—she was losing ground.

"I don't care to talk about it," she said; "of course there must be distinctions." She said that—*she* who had known and loved Kate Ford ever since they were five years old.

"And you've pretended to be my friend!"

"You were so desperately fond of *me*, I couldn't help myself," taking up her bag and starting off. Kate followed.

"Then here's the *end*, Archie?"

"I suppose so."

"And you'll give back the notes I've written you?"

"I'm sure I don't want them."

They had reached the school-house door. Kate held out her hand.

"Well, Archie, we've been friends a good many years, and we've had many good times—now—"

Archie did not give *her* hand. Kate flushed angrily—she *could* not be mild and patient.

"With all your money and fine dresses, Archie May, you're no better than other girls; and it doesn't do any good to ridicule those poorer than yourself, I can tell you that!" And the two entered the school-room.

After the devotional exercises, Miss Porter called the "mental arithmetic class." It happened that during the week Kate had stood at the head of the class; and as it was the day upon which cards were given, no wonder she began the recitation with a flushed face and beating heart. All went smoothly at first, but soon questions were given that required a good memory and quick perception.

Many failed; and at last only four or five—Kate and Archie among them—remained standing. How the problems rattled about their heads! Once, when Kate was fairly stumbling, she saw Archie's lip curled in contempt. She faltered—almost broke down—then finished correctly. The last question came—Kate's heart was beating furiously. How proud her mother would be! The excitement drove the color from her cheeks—she was working nervously with her hands. What a puzzling question it was!—easy enough in itself, but all covered up with words that had no meaning to the poor girl. She asked for the question again—began once or twice—then stopped short.

"I can't! I can't!" she cried; then, in a lower voice, "oh, give me a minute more!"

A bright light shone in Archie's May's eyes. *She* gave the correct solution; cast one look at Kate—a look full of pride and half-suppressed malice. God forgive her! Kate stared wildly in her face; then the truth flashed upon her; she sat down, knowing that she had failed.

At recess every one was talking of it. That Archie May should take any mean advantage of her dearest friend—what could it mean?

"I'd never forgive her as long as I lived!" said Julia Thorn, as she stood by Kate's desk with several others.

"I never shall!" Kate said, angrily. Kate was no saint, and was easily influenced.

"Moreover," suggested mischievous Miss Thorn, "I'd pay her back in her own coin. She's no business to treat you so."

The idea was a new one to Kate; nevertheless it took strong hold upon her.

"I'd let her know she couldn't do it again," put in Julia, walking off to discuss the matter in another quarter. The others followed her, save one, a mild, pleasant-looking girl who stood by Kate's desk.

"Katie!" she said.

"Well, Mary?"

"I hope you'll not do it."

"Do what?"

"What Julia said: return evil for evil."

"She deserves it!" the flood of remembrance rushing over her.

"It is not for us to punish wrong. *We* are commanded to do *good* for evil."

"It's very hard, any way," Kate said, her heart softening a little.

"Very hard indeed—but is it not right?"

"She would not *let* me do her a kindness; we parted this morning—we—we are no longer friends!"

"I'm very sorry, Kate! But do you know that you may win her back? If you love her—and you *do* love her dearly—return good for evil. Now I must go; but be sure," looking back and smiling, "to place 'coals of fire' upon her head—you know what I mean!"

As if to put her to the trial, just then Archie May ran in, all heated by exercise.

"Please some one lend me a grammar! Oh, dear! I've left mine at home, and I recite next hour—oh, *please!*"

Quicker than thought Kate opened her desk, took out the desired book, and held it toward Archie. The two girls looked in each other's faces. The red flushed Archie's cheek; she half turned away, then suddenly took the book. Kate did not know how suddenly the "coals of fire" had blazed.

After school, as Kate was passing Archie's desk, she heard her say, "It is *too* hard! I can't read it at all!" Kate glanced at the well-worn book that the girl was leaning over—a Virgil. Kate had

learned *her* lesson—she could always read correctly, though she seldom equaled Archie's elegant rendering.

"It's a hard lesson, Archie."

No answer—only a bending closer over the book.

"Can't I help you? I think I've got it."

"I don't want help!" growled the girl.

Kate blushed, but went on in her work, sitting down at her side.

"Where is the place, Archie?"

"Here!" without raising her head—only showing that she understood, and would accept the proffered aid.

While Kate was reviewing the passage, Archie looked at her in wonderment. Good in return for evil was perhaps the only thing that could have touched her heart. She was by no means a hardened sinner, and this strange act softened her.

"I didn't think *you'd* help me!" she said.

Kate's heart gave a thrill of pleasure; but she only said, "There! here's the translation—do you see?"

How easy a thing is after it is all explained! Archie only wondered she had not understood all before. There was an awkward pause. Then Archie May held out her hand, her eyes full of tears.

"Will you forgive me, Kate?"

"Forgive? Can you forgive me?"

The only answer was a pressure of hands. Then Archie laughed.

"How silly it was after all, Kate Ford!"

"Silly! Well, it's a lesson to us."

And Archie said: "One kiss to make up, Kate!"

JOLLY JINGLE.

THE WOLF AND THE KID.—A very stupid wolf found a strayed kid. "Little friend," said the rapacious animal, "I have met you very seasonably; you shall make me a delightful supper, for I have neither breakfasted nor dined to-day." "If it must be so," said the kid, "grant me at least one small favor. I have heard say that you are a perfect musician; give me, I pray you, a song before I die." The foolish wolf agreed to the request; but in attempting to sing, he began to howl in a most horrid manner, which immediately drew the shepherd with his dogs to the spot, and he was obliged to take flight with all speed. "Very well," said he to himself, as he ran away, "this will teach me a good lesson; I see now that I had better confine myself to the trade of a butcher instead of imitating that of a musician."

SUNSHINE.

THANK God for sunshine, all ye young and fair,
The glorious sunshine trembling through the air.
See how its gleams illumine hill and dale,
Now flashing bright, now growing soft and pale,
Now lighting up grey towers and castles tall,
Then peeping in each nook where shadows fall;
Now gilding yonder rocks all brown and bare,
Then picturing on the water forms so rare;
Now dancing 'mong the forest leaves of green,
Then playing o'er the flowers with silvered sheen;
Oft stealing through the lowly cottage door,
And brightly shining on the polished floor.
It gives the stately mansion a new grace,
And beams with tender kindness on the face
And hoary head of him who walks life's way
With old age's tottering steps; and sends a ray
Of gladness to cheer manhood's busy prime,
And lift the burdens of that earnest time.
The ardent youth steps lighter when *he* sees
Rich sunshine glancing on the forest trees,
And hopes his *life* may be as gay and bright
And free from gloom as God's own glad sunlight.
The happy child, with merry, winsome glee
And eager fluttering hands, oft tries to see
If the sparkling beam as a prize he can gain.
But the bright thing is off o'er land and o'er main
To gladden all hearts with its message of love,
A heaven-sent gift from our Father above. COUSIN JENNIE.

THE HUNTER AND HIS BOW.—A sportsman had once an excellent bow of ebony, with which he could shoot very far, and with a sure aim, and which, therefore, he greatly esteemed. But one day, when he happened to look at it attentively, he said, "My good bow, you certainly shoot very well, and you look, too, very nice and smooth; I think, however, a little ornament would greatly improve you. I will see if I can not remedy this defect." So he carved a picture of a complete chase on his bow, and what could be more appropriate than such a picture? The sportsman was delighted. "Thou has well deserved this ornament, my dear bow," said he. "Now let me try you." He stretched—and the bow broke!

"JOHNNY."

I WONDER if any of the little readers of the MUSEUM would like to hear the "life and adventures" of a soldier's cat? I shall have to begin with pussy's owners.

Two years ago, when a certain Connecticut regiment was stationed near New Orleans, private Harry Mitchell, of Company K, was sent to the hospital sick. For several weeks he lay very ill, and was nursed with the greatest care and attention by a young lady from Massachusetts, who had charge of his ward. One day after he grew better, as he lay listlessly looking around the ward, he noticed a tiny gray kitten following the slender nurse wherever she went. She sat down to write a letter for one of the men, and the kitten, perched on his bed, watched all her motions with solemn, wide-open eyes, and as she directed the envelope sprang into her lap, and pulling the pen away from her, leaped to the floor and ran off into a corner with it, growling savageously. On being pursued, it made a frantic plunge on to Harry's bed and sought protection under his pillow. All day long the tiny sprite scoured through the ward; and late at night, when there was no sound save the deep breathing of the weary men and the wind moaning through the pines outside, the little gray specter glided over the floor with soft footfalls and sought some wakeful companion. More than once Harry was wakened by the soft paw on his face and purrings of kitten contentment.

The cat's mistress, being a thorough Abolitionist and Republican, had named him "John C. Fremont," and coming quickly at the call "Johnny," the sound of "Jeff" sent him scampering under the nearest bed in a state of chronic indignation. Especially he devoted himself to Harry, and only his mistress could persuade him to leave Harry's bed.

One fine morning Harry was considered to be convalescent and ordered to report to his captain, and with a picture of Maggie Lyon, the slender nurse, he left the hospital rather reluctantly and returned to camp. Tents were struck that day, and a week's rations served out to the men. Everything indicated that they were going to march some distance, and poor Harry, brave soldier though he was, thought sadly of the quiet hospital ward, and the young nurse who was to be his wife when the war ended. As he sat on a log, musing over his chances of "getting through" in safety, he heard a familiar mew, and looking down saw "Johnny," his gray fur full of dust, evidently overjoyed at seeing his friend. The kitten had followed

him over the dusty road five miles that lay between the city and the camp. Taking the delighted little creature in his arms, he went to his tent, pondering how he might send "Johnny" back to his mistress. But no way presented itself, and as "Johnny" clung to his old friend with all a petted kitten's tenacity, it came to pass that when the regiment left the camp-ground and began their long march westward, "Johnny" went with them, perched on his master's knapsack. He shared the honors of "company pet" with a young squirrel and a solemn owl, and apparently enjoyed his life very much. I can not tell you half his odd pranks, and must pass over six months, during which nothing happened beyond the ordinary routine of camp-life, to a slight skirmish one evening, just at dusk. Harry was wounded in the leg, and lay on the grass for some time, faint from the loss of blood. He was aroused by a soft paw on his face and an impatient pull at his mustache. "Johnny" had sought his master far and wide, and demanded immediate attention. Harry's wound proving to be not very severe, he was soon in the field again, with his cat, and from that time until the close of the war he was not injured.

"Johnny" was wounded once. One dark night, as he was running by the sentry, the stupid fellow fancying a rabbit in the grass, fired, and the ball carried away the tip of the kitten's ear, which brought the whole camp to a pitch of indignation, hardly to be satisfied even when the surgeon declared "Johnny's" life to be in no danger. The squirrel died, and the owl turned rebel, and "Johnny" was left sole darling of the company, and the men petted him as never a kitten was petted before.

Last June, Harry and "Johnny" rode into a little village in Massachusetts, and proceeded to one of the prettiest and quietest of the white houses, where Miss Maggie Lyon sat reading by the open front door, and near her an old gray cat slept on the door-stone. "Johnny," who had resented being shut up in a basket so highly that Harry was forced to give him his old place on his shoulder, no sooner saw the young lady than he gave one spring into her lap. Purring and mewing together, he mounted to her shoulder, alternately kissing her in cat fashion, and pulling at her soft hair with his paws; and when he recognized his mother in the sleepy old cat, his joy passed all bounds. But she would have nothing to do with him, being fully persuaded that she had never seen him before, and, furthermore, that she never wished to again; so on his advances toward friendship, she looked at him scornfully, and with great dignity retreated to the kitchen fire. Her coldness almost broke his heart, and for days he

tried, with great perseverance, to induce the majestic cat to alter her mind. But after the manner of old cats, she remained firm in her conclusions, and he was forced to give up the point, maintaining thereafter an armed neutrality.

Poor "Johnny!" Maggie's wedding-day was saddened by the loss of her pet. In the morning he was bright and active, and at prayers watched with solemn eyes, from his perch on the window-sill, the family party together for the last time. Afterward, being driven from the parlor, he conceived the idea that something worth seeing was going on there, and accordingly watching his chance, stole in and ensconced himself under one of the sofas. There he remained during the wedding service, behaving with praiseworthy propriety and quietness; but as Maggie's friends crowded about her for a farewell, and he saw that she was greatly discomposed, he concluded that something must be done, and sprang from his hiding-place to her shoulder, whence he purred defiance, and gave Harry a sharp little bite as he attempted to remove him. Half an hour later, as the hackman was bringing a heavy trunk down stairs, he lost his hold upon it, and it fell to the hall floor, crushing under its weight poor "Johnny," who had just darted to the foot of the stairs in an eager quest of Maggie. An instant, and Harry had taken it off, but the kitten's life was nearly gone, and as Maggie came down the stairs, he tried to rise and run to meet her, and with a little moan fell back dead. They buried him under a white rose-bush, where the June rose leaves drift high over him, and Maggie's dark eyes look strangely dim when she speaks of her lost pet. M. L. H.

A WORD FOR LITTLE GIRLS. — Who is lovely? It is the little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles as she passes along; who has a kind word of sympathy for every girl or boy she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty; who never scolds, never contends, never teases her mother, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase, her happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, or precious stones, as you pass along the street? But these are the precious stones which can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this, you will be sure to be beloved.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WE are glad to give most of our space this month to the Puzzle Drawer, which is filled with the interesting answers to the Prize offered last year; and can only give a few extracts, and ask all to write again, and we may have more room for their letters.

POINT GREEN, *Feb.*, 1866.

Yes, Merrys, as "Grandfather, Duke de no Account, Daniel Lord Burnham," has bid you, ask your grandmothers, or look into the numbers of the MUSEUM published long years ago, and read the account of the War of the Queens. It is the most bloody(less) war known in history. I see that my brave (?) old opponent flourishes once more in the porkeral region, and wish him to understand that General (Three Stars) Leslie has not yet given up the ghost. Though grown old in wars, and on his breast bearing honorable scars, received on many a hard-fought field, he still lives. No, I am not dead! nor, by the ancient piper whose exquisite melodies so enraptured "Mose" of old, have I been sleeping. And the — so-called — "Rebel Queen" still lives—in California it is true—but surrounded by Star(r)s of the lesser though ever-increasing magnitude. Rub your eyes, thou Duke of other days, and look again; thy long slumber hath made thee "blind." Here is our little dutchess Flib, as sprightly and as brilliant as ever. The old admirers, too, surround her still. And Oliver is here. His voice can be heard above all others when training-day comes round. Boston, however, knows him now no more than any other man. It was too cold for him there; he has found it warmer in the atmosphere surrounding Point Green. There are (Van)-Ice-Sickles there; the sun of love shining upon them melts them, and purifies the air for him.

What has become of Wanderer, that man of ancient neutrality? I know he got between the two fires in our war of the olden time — a chance shot must have carried him off.

Here are new faces, forms that are strange, voices that are not familiar; they are ever coming, ever going.

Oh, Adelbert! what shall do without *thee* now?

And beautiful, lovely Ella, who among those present at Leslie's home *that* night, can ever forget thee?

Dear, bright-eyed little Stranger! The Merrys did not know that even as they read those words in the September number, the heart which prompted them had ceased to beat, the hand which formed them was cold and stiff and still, and the weary little head was resting in that sleep which knows no waking on earth?

Sid, In the Corner, Jasper, Pontiac, the Convention was a perfect success. I have seldom spent a pleasanter evening. I think our Committee shall have to remain in power another year. Those who were not present missed a great deal that was brilliant, beautiful, sparkling, witty, and "werry pecoolyer."

Jolly J., you are with me, I see, on the Mrs. B —— question.

Jingle the sound
The earth around.

Evening Star, I like you. Let me see the light of thy countenance on photoboard, *i. e.*, if *it* is not too brilliant. I need a cheering ray just now. I wish I was a (near) "Sunbeam," "Ino" what I'd do.

Mamie E. M., that's cruel. Who are you?

It is more than a year since I have spoken one word, but I am, as ever,

LESLIE.

TENNESSEE.

To all whom it may concern: Down with the manipulator!—the one "thorn in the flesh" in our Merry body politic! Let all who have suffered from its inflictions join me in a crusade against it! I had an oration duly prepared to deliver to the Convention, faithfully portraying its enormities, but was prevented from attending by various reasons, the principal one being the distance. Now in my few remarks to my belligerent little Cousin Jennie, I was, as I thought, excruciatingly meek; but the manipulator made me so very humble and contrite that I didn't "know myself." And this was not by alteration at all, but by omission, a clear case of "suppressio veri," for which I am guiltless! I take the hint, however. I am not to "'spress my 'pinions" so publicly; I submit—I am resigned even to the castigations I have so unmercifully received (privately) for

"desertion of my cause," "treachery to my friends," etc., etc. I should like to reason the matter with Cousin Jennie—will she write to me, or give her address that I may write to her?

Cupid, are you offended? If so, I will hang myself, for I would deserve it for making such a return for kindness.

I wish all a happy New Year, and hope all of us will grow wiser and better this year, except Aunt Sue, who became "best" long ago, and so can't improve.

TENNESSEAN.

Feb. 6, 1866.

Yes, I was at the Merry Convention, and we had a "grand, good time." All ye Cousins who were present can verify my assertion.

'Twas fun—of the funniest sort—to meet so many strangers, yet it didn't take long for us Merrys to become "acquaint." The hours quickly flew, and soon 'twas time to part; we fain would longer stay, but, alas! "Time waits for no man;" we said good-bye, and—left.

"When shall we meet again?"

All I regretted was, that more of the Cousins did not favor us with a glimpse of their faces.

Ah, Sid! that you should feel the severe cuts of the manipulator; but we Merrys have to learn that that instrument is "no respecter of persons." I'm waiting for that "carte."

You need not think if you are In the Corner you can escape with "nary a word from me. I am still at "Forest Home."

COUSIN FORESTINA.

Jan., 1866.

Once more have I entered thy time-honored walls, oh, Sanctum Sanctorum! And just let me tell all the Cousins, Uncle, how much they miss, if, in passing through New York, they fail to visit 111.

I thank, most heartily, those of the Cousins who aided me so willingly in preparing the "Merry bouquet," by contributions of Merry tresses. I can readily believe that, in the words of Aunt Sue, "there was a kind wish for Uncle Robert in every hair." I *know* that with every flower was woven *love*.

I wish I could say something to all of you, Merrys. My heart and head are both full of messages, but time and the hatchet say, No!

Hattie, Leslie, Jasper, Pontiac, etc., forgive me for leaving you so abruptly before New Year's. I *couldn't* help it.

Saucy, my greatest grief was, that I couldn't see you once more.

Please, Uncle, be indulgent this once, to

FLIB.

BANKS OF THE DELAWARE.

DEAR MERRYS—UNCLES, AUNTS, AND COUSINS:—For a long time I have read the "Chat," and wished ever so much to be snugly esconced in a corner by some of the "Chatterers."

May Clayton so kindly welcomes strangers, that I wish I might sit by her, somewhere near Aunt Sue.

If it should happen that this does not sink into the basket, and consequently into oblivion, please some "*Jolly*" Cousin write to me.

Sid likes my favorite authors, so I like Sid—please write for that.

Uncle dear, please don't nip my correspondence in the bud, but admit your would-be niece,

VIRGINIA.

CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE, *Nov.* 4, 1865

DEAR AUNT, UNCLES, AND COUSINS:—Have you room in the "Merry" parlor for another Cousin? I have waited at the door for four years, but one day it happened to be left open, and it looked so pleasant inside that I thought I should like to go in if Uncle Hi had no objection. So I shall take a seat in some quiet corner beside Pertine and Mermaid, if they will let me.

Forestina, I hope you will be in some place near me.

Forest, make haste to win your three prize-puzzles so that I may have some chance. You should be more gallant, and leave the field for ladies.

What *has* become of all the old "bright particulars?"

Aunt Sue, please accept a great deal of love from your new niece,

DELIA.

WEST HARTFORD, CT., *Nov.*, 1865.

"To be," or "not to be," seems the question. The shout rings out from all Merrydom, "to be"—and in our Americanized Chat the majority rules, doesn't it? Pray let me join Saucy Nell and Grasshopper in the good word to be given for Brooklyn Merrys, ay, and New York Merrys too, for, Sid, I have not forgotten that evening at Phene's F.'s, if I did conclude "discretion the better part of valor" for a while.

By the way, Hattie and Pontiac, I am trying to be sober, nowadays, and people say I succeed very nicely, only the

fun peeps out once in a while when it ought not.

Kitty Clover, can you, *will* you, sympathize?

Leslie, Pertine, Zephyr, Pontiac, and all ye Merrys, I bid you farewell, with the lively hope of greeting you in Brooklyn ere long. FLIB.

OAKLAND.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Will you take me into the Chat and introduce me to all the Cousins? please do.

Are there many handsome ladies in the parlor? I am a great admirer of the beautiful. I am very diffident, Uncle, so please don't place me where Lord Burnham or any of his "age" can squint at me over their "specks." Don't you think the Queen ought to grant all those who served in her cause as active "No Account Dukes," a pension for the remainder of their lives? You know it won't be long, if they all grow old as fast as Burnham, chief of the cavalry, has, since that great W.A.R. CAD.

OUT WEST, *Jan.* 28.

Now please, Uncle, just a minute. It's been a whole year since I bothered you before.

Mamie, "something" is going to happen. Guess!

Sans Soucie, I've lost sight of "Airy Castle;" does it move when you do? I heard back from G.

Jean Du Casse, I'd know you anywhere. Not by *that* picture, though—ha! ha!

Romance, is it *you* or *I?*

Calleta, it's too bad about Carrie K.

BELLE ROSE.

GROVE COTTAGE, *Feb.*

Geraldine, where are you? have you given up the MUSEUM and gone to drinking tea and coffee again?

In the Corner, come out, I know you—used to belong to B. C. P. I.

Loyalty, do you recognize? Formerly of Brooklyn. SELIM.

Extracted Essences.

RUBIE LINDEN desires Elva, Cousin May, and Merry May to write to her.

LIZZIE NORMAN, Box N., Laconia, N. H., is welcome to the "Merriest Circle," and we are glad to take her by the hand and present her to the Cousins. The "Lizzies" and "Nellies" are a host in themselves.

DELIA enters and bids defiance to the "undaunted" manipulator, and boldly says if clipped this time will "return again." We like that, and cordially extend both hands of welcome. Aunt Sue shall have all the love you send. Come again.

EDITH, of New Casco, is admitted to a seat with the Cousins; you will soon get acquainted.

BLUE BELL, of Farmington, Ill., wishes Cousins to send "letters and photos" to Box 59, instead as heretofore.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF HISTORY—A Series of First Things. By Samuel B. Schiefflin. This is one of the most valuable books ever published. It is a brief and condensed history of the World from the Creation to the Christian Era, and contains a vast amount of information in an attractive style, both for the Bible student and the general reader. It covers a wide range of subjects, and is a convenient and valuable book of reference, and we commend it to all our readers. It should be in the hands of every Sunday-school teacher and library in the land. A. D. F. Randolph, Publisher, New York.

Fleta Forrester's Puzzle Drawer.

The Prize Contest.

I AM fairly astonished at the result of my call for the largest list of words *containing only the vowel "e,"* and I have no doubt the rest of the Merry world will share my emotions when I state the fact that ROGUISH KATE AND ODDITY claim to have achieved greatness to the amount of

6,258 WORDS!!!

After this there is nothing more to be said! except that the ten following names are also luminous to the degree affixed to each respectively

Violet Forest, 3,510 words.
Sigma, 3,025 words.
"*Cis*," 2,709 words.
C. W. J., 2,606 words.
May Clayton, 2,472 words.
Forrest, 2,372 words.
Albert G. Robinson, 2,075 words.
Annie N. King, 2,013 words.
Hero, 1,498 words.
Cousin May, 1,013 words.

The labor of collecting, arranging, and copying even the shortest list makes it deserving of commendation and praise. The MSS. of Roguish Kate and Oddity cover 32 finely written pages of foolscap! Each page of their list has an average of 391 words on its face! On sheets of letter-size, Violet Forest has actually written 456 words on one page clearly and neatly in distinct columns! 452 on another, 426 on another, etc.! The list of "*Cis*" is very handsomely gotten up, with illuminated letters and other niceties peculiar to his facile pen.

SENTENCES

were received from

Roguish Kate and Oddity, claiming 1,609 words.
C. W. J., claiming 579 words.
May Clayton, claiming 450 words.
Sigma, claiming 410 words.

I am inclined to think that the task of constructing these was very arduous, as so few undertook it. *Roguish Kate and Oddity* aimed, in any event, to display the greatest number of words, and they certainly succeeded; but whether in all cases the words were properly employed, and the sentences grammatically constructed, or so as to make even passable sense, I am not so ready to affirm. I am almost inconsolable in view of the loss sustained by us through their inflated ambition. What amusing, piquant conceptions, what witty, spicy results would necessarily have followed the laying together of those two fun-loving heads *if* they had undertaken to make us laugh with 500 or so words, instead of groan with 1,609 ditto! *C. W. J.* overlooked the 4th Rule of the Contest, and thus his standing is altered in a manner fatal to his success! *May Clayton* and *Sigma* have done admirably! Their sentences need neither pruning nor criticism.

THE DECISION AND AWARD OF PRIZES.

The result and our decision was made known last month; after due and careful deliberation it was considered the part of impartial justice to divide THE FIRST PRIZE between the first two competitors, ROGUISH KATE AND ODDITY for number of words, and patient, ingenious study, and MAY CLAYTON for superiority of construction and finish.

THE SECOND PRIZE belongs fairly, then, to SIGMA.

THE THIRD PRIZE, offered for a list containing the greatest number of words containing no vowel but "e," undoubtedly belongs to ROGUISH KATE AND ODDITY. Their list after examination, and removal of redundant words to the number of 593, still surpassing all the others.

I add some of the best of the sentences from among those sent by each of the successful contestants.

SENTENCES BY ROGUISH KATE AND ODDITY.

The fleeced herd smelled green-weed, then fled pell-mell when the fervent, defenseless, peerless Ebenezer Embree peppered them!

Eben Erkle deserves the best bed.

The slender, speckled Bet Keene rents seventeen wretched, rejected, deedless, cheerless, cemented tenements.

The brethren bet twelve-pence!

Em Peet, the pretender, pets hens, geese, serpents, wrens, elvers, etc.

Ben Heckner, the beseecher, seeks the clever belle when he fetches fermented stewed greens.

The dense webs deter the cleg's egress.

The elk yerks, the egret screeches, the ferret yelps, when the herder sweeps the tent.

The Medes ceded the scepter.

The self-elected sweetener sweetens the stew.

The deeds were blessed.

The segments of the spheres were shewn

Ceres Wegert swept the deserted center street.

The semptress sewed the sleeper's breeches, then slept eleven sweet Septembers!

The news-vender vends the newest jests.

The wedded schemer screeched.

The western breezes fret the feeble ewes.

Stephen Kemp chewed fern ten weeks.

Peter Scheffer sees the deep element.

When the sneezer sneezes he effects speechlessness.

The detected jeer nettled the etcher.

The vehement cheerers checked themselves.

The eldest seer selected the settled glebes.

The blest preserve meekness.

Eggs depress the reveler.

The ever-revered helpless gent sent the nerveless, heedless, perverse, pert, keen, perplexed Red men helter-skelter!

SENTENCES BY MAY CLAYTON.

The keen messenger trembled lest the tents were deserted.

Gentlemen, the Jew went seven steps, threw the pen, then fell senseless!

When Xerxes entered Greece he sentenced eleven men.

The wretched rebel deserter wept when detected.

The Jezebel sent the pewter helter-skelter, then her henpecked helpmeet fed the geese!

Hester Elsner drew the beer, then peppered the beef stew.

Secrete the jewels, Jesse, between the beds.

She sleeps here—*he* where the Eger enters the Elbe.

The dejected sempstress hemmed peerless Belle's green velvet dress.

The meek peeress rejected the regent's presents.

Erect the temple where, shelterless, he rested when scepterless.

The eldest settler ejected the sheperd's effects.

She eked the length, stretched the hem, then sewed the edge.

The seer selected the theme "Persevere."

She renewed the pledge when her defender tempted her.

The freed wren flew thence.

The recent secret decree (the seventh) elected West End Member, then tendered defenceless Tennessee freedmen the letter-press rent-free!

These excellent bell-peppers excel the preserved beets.

The Frenchmen expelled the Hebrew, then erected the desk themselves!

Let her exert herself lest he detect her feebleness!

SENTENCES BY SIGMA.

Penn respected the Red men!

Peter Brewster brewed the best beer.

Kenneth Retter bred fleet steeds.

The jeweler deemed the gems secreted, yet even there the meddlers peeped!

Ernest Merced presses fresh cheeses, then Fred Keller sells them.

The peerless belle bent her jeweled neck when she wedded the deferent gent!

Greed begets theft.

Heed these precepts well, lest, neglected, we never renew them! "Lewd excesses breed feebleness, sleeplessness, wretchedness!"

The tempter beset the blessed Redeemer. He repelled hell's detested regent—"Get thee hence!"

We respect creeds, yet we detest reverend pretenders!

The pert clerk greets well-dressed gentlemen whenever he meets them, yet never sees helpless neglected wretches!

Jennet Dresser sneered when she beheld Jesse Clement's mended breeches!

When freckled Peg fetched the dessert, Helen Peter's even temper deserted her. "Wench!" she yelled, "fetch the stewed greens!—we need them ere we set the preserves!"

Resplendent jewels deck the tender Jewess. Her fevered cheek reddens when Heber tells her the secret news.

Fletcher Heep sneezed when he felt the sleet!

When Eve remembered Eden she wept.

The Jews reverenced the Temple.

Repent, lest ye be esteemed heedless!

The rebels fled when detected, yet freemen's keen steel checked them!

When Tennessee seceded, the dejected freedmen resented the deed! yet the keepers held them fettered.

Few embezzlers ever settle debts, even when reprehended.

Sweet-scented herbs when scethed smell sweeter!

The etcher drew excellent sketches—the scenes represented were perfect!

Ex-rebels expect we'll re-elect them! Whew! Tell them meckness beseemeth them!

Eldred Weller begged seventeen pewter cents!

one of our graduates, stands highest on the list of credits for answers to January puzzles. QUAKER comes next, and is now entitled to *his second prize.*

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

340. My *first* addeth grace,
Whether broadcloth or lace!
The cradle receives it,—
Old age dies and leaves it!
By the fireside, the camp,
On the ship, on the lamp,
It is found in all stages,
Conditions, and ages!
My *next* your teeth grate,
To. perforce, illustrate,
When some terrible bore
Finds his way to your door!
My *whole* will describe
A beard you can't bribe!
And a choice sort of butter
That would make wildly sputter
Even Teutonic taste
Should it once "thry the baste!"

ANAGRAMS.

341. Lift! oil rises up! *Vincent.*

342. O'er-assuming. *Fred*

343. O, Arab fencer! *Belle Brunt.*

344. Sid in a oil pan (*geographical*). *E. P. L.*

345. Cats learn (*geographical*). *W. C. C.*

346. Red pine (*a river*). *Jim.*

347. *Shoot 'em Opid* if they venture too near the —— *Clepie.*

348. I am a word of five letters, containing—1, a strap; 2, to strike; 3, to wager; 4, an animal; 5, a bundle; 6, to lessen; 7, a meadow; 8, a trench; 9, an exclamation; 10, recent; 11, to consume; 12, a nickname; 13, a liquor; 14, devoured; 15, a bird; 16, a story. *"Cis."*

349. Here three hot heroes rose to shoot terror through the others' hosts! Ere the orb set, three horses bore those heroes to three herses! There the —— rest!

(Fill the blank with the original word from which the others were coined. *In some of them a letter is repeated*). *F. F.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

350. Keep on trying, busy little creatures! *Silver Bugle.*

351. Foolish boy! *Violet Forest.*

352. Question relatives. *Florence.*

353. Sew a fastening. *Hero.*

354. 5—4100019. *Euclid.*

355. 1001100. *Quaker.*

356. Transpose something one tries to do well, into a paper. *Hickory.*

357. Transpose *synod*, *scores*, and *three* into one word. *Fred.*

358. Behead to clip, and leave to clip. *Dick Lazybones.*

359. Behead a girl's name, leave a contest, and transpose into a measure, or behead it and leave one. *Rubie Linden.*

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed.

360. While in Italy, —— lost her —— in the ——. *Merrimac.*

361. When I had read the ——, I —— the book at the ——, and cried ——! *Georgius.*

362. They —— him when the —— came in. *Prairie Boy.*

363. My *first* is part of a lock, and also of a "lock-up;" my *second* is a garment and the way to assume it; my *whole* is a closet, together with its contents. *Mercury.*

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me by the 8th of April.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for the Drawer to "F. F.," Drawer 6, P. O., New Haven, Conn.

Answers to Questions in Jan. No.

294. Surf, furs.

295. Triumphs.

296. Antistrophe.

297. Miscegenation.

298. Parsimonious.

299. Lacustrine. (One puzzler says "centurials.")

300. Righteous.

301. Icthyodorulite.

302. Geraniums.

303. Fluviatic (flue, vie, attic).

304. Hope, Poe.

305. Emu-late.

306. MILton.

307. 1, Reus, ruse; 2, Jena, Jane; 3, Abo, boa; 4, Naples, planes; 5, Orel, lore; 6, Thebes, behest.

308. You ought to excuse and overlook the misunderstandings between us.

309. Mattapony—Mat, Tay, Po, Ny.

310. Get him into a *pickle* as soon as practicable. (*Roguish Kate and Oddity* say, "Get him in *good spirits.*" *Delia* says, "*Attach* him to yourself." *Fred* says, "*Not lend him money!*" *Fred* is a philosopher!)

311. Because all eat of it, but only one *needs* (kneads) it.

312. Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do; doe, Ray, me (they?), Phagh! sol, ("*almost* sold"), la! sea, doe!

313. Conscription.

314. Haggard (hag, guard).

315. Port-folio.

316 Bushel (bush L [half of C]).

317. Haggle (Hag L).

318. Hiawatha, Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

319. A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men.

Of the above 26 puzzles—

FRED* answers all but 296, 301, 311, 312, 314—21.

QUAKER answers all but 297, 301, 307 (1, 5, 6), 309, 310, 311, 312, 314—18½.

Roguish Kate and Oddity answer all but 296, 297, 299, 301, 307 (1, 3, 4), 309, 312, 314, 317—17½.

Ajax answers all but 294, 296, 297, 299, 301, 307, 312, 314, 317—17.

Bittersweet answers all but 296, 297, 299, 301, 307 (1, 3, 4), 309, 311, 312, 314, 317—16½.

Keystone answers all but 294, 296, 297, 299, 301, 304, 307 (1, 3, 5, 6), 309, 310, 311, 312—15½.

Florence answers all but 296, 297, 299, 301, 304, 307 (1, 2, 4, 5, 6), 309, 310, 311, 312, 314—15½.

"*Double-you-see*" answers all but 294, 301, 302, 304, 305, 307, 309, 311, 312, 314, 317—15.

Willie W. Perry answers all but 294, 296, 299, 301, 303, 304, 305, 307, 310, 311, 312, 314—14.

Euclid answers 294, 297, 298, 300, 306, 308, 313, 315, 316, 318, 319—11.

Vincent answers 295, 298, 300, 302, 306, 308, 309, 313, 316, 318, 319—11.

Delia answers 300, 302, 306, 308, 309, 310, 313, 314, 316, 317—10.

Ego Ipse answers 294, 295, 298, 303, 304, 306, 308, 313—8.

George A. Reese answers 306, 308, 313, 315, 316, 317, 319—7.

Myron answers 294, 295, 298, 300, 302, 308, 313—7.

"*Cis*" answers 295, 304, 306, 308, 316, 319—6.

R. E. Loesch, Jr. answers 300, 302, 308, 313—4.

Jno. E. Pyle answers 319—1.

THANKS FOR ENIGMAS, ETC., to "Double-you-see," Euclid, Snowdrift, and Quaker.

MISLAID—*C. W. J.'s* letter containing 13 correct answers to December puzzles; and *Blue Bell's*, containing 11 answers, came to light just too late for credit in the February number, they having been accidentally mislaid.

COLD WATER.

BY HIRAM HATCHET.

You may boast of your brandy and wine as you please,
Gin, cider, and all the rest;
Cold water transcends them in all the degrees;
It is good—it is better—'tis best.

It is good to warm you when you are cold;
Good to cool you when you are hot;
It is good for the young—it is good for the old,
Whatever their outward lot.

It is better than brandy to quicken the blood;
It is better than gin for the colic;
It is better than wine for the generous mood;
Than whisky or rum for a frolic.

'Tis the best of all drinks for quenching your thirst;
'Twill revive you for work or for play;
In sickness or health 'tis the best and the first—
Oh! try it; you'll find it will pay.

WILD OATS.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER IV.—THE PRESTON SCHOOL.

THE youth whom our hero met on his journey had a complexion so dark that Johnny fancied he might be an Indian; still, the foreign beauty of his face and the grace of his manner contradicted such an impression. Johnny had been all along greatly fascinated; but when he saw that the boy had a ticket similar to his own, his interest and curiosity grew intense.

"Will you please tell me how far it is to Lincoln?" said he to the conductor in a voice loud enough to be heard by the interesting stranger.

"Fifteen miles," was the brisk answer.

The handsome Spaniard looked at Johnny, and their eyes met. Alexandrio, for that was his name, arose and came forward to the seat which Johnny occupied alone.

"Did I hear you speak of Lincoln?" said he in a soft, musical voice, with just enough of foreign accent to be charming.

"Yes, I am going there," replied Johnny; "I'm on my way to the Preston School. Do you know anything about it?"

"Do I? Yes, indeed!—know all about it. I've been there for three years;—going back there now!"

"Jolly," replied Mr. John Merry, rubbing his hands. "What kind of a school is it?"

"Tip-top. You get plum-pudding sometimes—and tea and coffee always. First-rate school!"

"Mince-pies?"

"Yes, by the cord."

"Twisted doughnuts?" continued Johnny with increasing interest. He had a weakness for doughnuts and cheese.

"Twisted doughnuts?" repeated the Preston pupil; "don't know as Samantha knows that dodge. Samantha's the cook—she can do you up almost any kind of fixing when she's good-natured and isn't ——"

"Isn't what?"

"Oh, nothing; you'll find out soon enough about Samantha and all the rest of the crowd. If we don't have fun! Now please tell me what your name is—you've got one fastened on to you, I suppose?"

"My name is John Merry; I came from Lyman, in the State of

Maine; stopped over-night in Boston; got an uncle there. He wanted mother to send me off to school; my father's dead!"

"What did you do that was dangerous? Come, I won't tell. You're one of the fast chaps, I'll be bound."

"Wouldn't stand and see a couple of girls whipped—that's all I did," replied valiant Johnny, brushing some crumbs of seed-cake from his pants.

"Three cheers for you! Who's your chum?"

"Chum?"

"Yes—your *pal?*—what fellow are you going to room with?"

"Don't know yet—never saw any of the Preston boys!"

"Except me; present company always excepted. Why don't you ask my name? Alexander Carbello; we call it Alehandrio Carbyo at home. I live in Cuba. My mother is dead; my father's a merchant, and keeps me at school with old Preston."

"A merchant!" Johnny admired the modesty which would not allow his new acquaintance to say "a *rich* merchant;" though very wealthy the man must be, else why was his son so richly dressed and educated at such an expensive school?

Johnny also admired his companion's off-hand way of talking, and was particularly struck, even a little awed, by the words "old Preston." True, the title was hardly reverential, but it implied familiarity with the distinguished teacher, and gave the impression that Aleck was a wide-awake boy, a "regular brick." Johnny was captivated; such magnificent eyes as Aleck's he had never seen; they seemed to magnetize him; and then to think of rich Mr. Carbello, in Cuba, who was no doubt continually sending money to his son! Heigho! How sad it was to be fatherless, and to come from the obscure town of Lyman, with only a small trunk and a luncheon of seed-cakes and apple-pie!

"How much does your mother allow you for spending-money?" asked Aleck, his glance resting for a moment upon Johnny's neat suit of home-made clothes.

"Not much," was the faltering reply; and then Johnny's manhood asserted itself, and he added, honestly and nobly, "My mother is not rich—she is poor; I have an uncle that's well off, but it isn't likely I shall get money to spend like you fellows."

There was true dignity in this speech, and it took a degree of moral courage for Johnny to make it. He did not know that it would raise him in Aleck's esteem, but it did. Aleck knew enough of boys to be aware that not one in ten would have made a similar con-

fession in such a simple and straightforward manner. He perceived at once that there was no cringing about Johnny, that he was not a make-believe or a toady.

"Hurrah! Here we are at Lincoln!" cried Aleck.

"What, this one-horse concern?" said Johnny, stepping with his companion into the depot, followed by a crowd of boys, all shaking hands with Aleck or with one another, talking and laughing at the top of their voices.

These are the Lincoln fellows," explained Aleck; "been home on furlough, most of 'em, to see their beloved parents. Here's a new scholar, boys!—he's a brick, I take it: John, John, the widow's son, cut up a shine and away he run. Ask him how the folks are daown East?"

Johnny took this speech kindly. It was considered a specimen of wit, and would have upset everybody's gravity, if there had been any gravity to upset. As it was, it made the noisy group laugh louder than ever. When boys are in a good-humor they find everything so intensely amusing!

Johnny was very sorry that business had prevented his Uncle Drummond from coming to Lincoln to introduce him to Mr. Preston. The boarding-house was about half a mile from the depot, a "large, motherly-looking building," as Johnny described it, surrounded by any amount of land, which was divided off into a playground, vegetable-garden, flower-garden, pasture, front and back yard—not to mention the spacious and comfortable barn yard, where lowed excellent kine and cackled choice fowls.

Mr. Preston, besides being a teacher, was also an amateur farmer, and took almost as much pride in his brick barn, his overgrown pigs, and luxuriant strawberry-bed as he did in his thirty pupils "from the first families." He was a man of dignified appearance, and there was something in his way of waving his hand and smiling down and around upon people which reminded Johnny of his Uncle Drummond. He thought he should never dare sit on that man's knee; he must be sure to speak his best grammar in addressing such an august individual.

Mrs. Preston was a mild, quiet lady, who seemed to have the sick-headache most of the time, so the boys said; at any rate, she never "interfered" with the boys—scarcely knew them all by name. The real head of the household was Miss Priscilla Preston, the teacher's sister, who petted the boys, helped them out of difficulties, and mended their clothes.

The first supper at this elegant boarding-school mansion was an interesting event to Johnny. He liked the style of the table and its arrangements, though somewhat puzzled to know how to carry himself. He was hungry, however, and quite ready to appreciate the excellent bread and butter, cold chicken, and preserved fruits; besides, it was pleasant as well as odd to look up and see the long rows of boys who seemed to be employed as agreeably as himself.

Aleck was Johnny's next neighbor on the right. On the left sat round-faced Charley Pepper; and across the table was a small boy with flashing eyes, named Henry Pitcher. It was evident that Pitcher's companions stood a little in awe of him, or were careful to keep at arm's length, though Johnny could not yet discover why.

"Look here, Merry," said Aleck after tea, "won't you be my chum? The one I had last term isn't coming back; he's dead, or going to die, poor fellow! There's three of us without mates—you, and I, and Pitcher—and we all of us keep as clear of Pitcher as we would of a grizzly bear."

"Oh, I'd be glad of you as a chum," replied Johnny.

"I didn't speak of it in the cars," continued Aleck, "for you're a new one, and I wanted to have a good look at you, and see if you and I were likely to be friends."

"What a fancy this fellow takes to me!" thought Johnny, rubbing his hands; "such a gentleman as he is, too!"

Mr. Preston called Johnny, who happened to be the only new pupil, into his library, and questioned him a little concerning his studies. He was surprised at the readiness of the boy's replies, although he had before had occasion to remark that children educated in the country are quite likely to excel those who are supposed to enjoy superior advantages. Johnny, although younger than most of Mr. Preston's pupils, was actually ahead of them in the common branches; as for Latin and algebra, however, he had not the slightest knowledge of either.

After patting Johnny's head and assigning him studies for the morrow, Mr. Preston said:

"Now, my fine little fellow, go and play base-ball with the rest, and have as merry a time as you please. We wish our boys to consider the Preston School as a home."

Johnny stammered something; he admired his teacher, but felt tongue-tied in his presence.

The game of base-ball was delightful, and before bedtime Johnny was persuaded that he had come to a "jolly" place.

"Keep dark, Merry," said Aleck, as the boys entered their room. "Pepper and I have a word to say in private. I'll tell you what the row is to-morrow; but we've planned to meet after the lights are out. I'll jump into bed with you, and out again. Just hold your tongue, that's all, and I'll be back in a twinkling."

The reporter came to the door, saw that Aleck and Johnny were both in bed, but did not of course know that one of the two had not been undressed; then he took away the lamp, and continued his round.

Johnny, as Aleck stole softly out on tiptoe, merely said, "Don't be gone all night, my boy," smiled faintly, turned over, wished he could see his mother, hear her nightly prayer, and receive her warm kiss. Then his thoughts wandered to Brownie and Ada, till they finally lost themselves in a mizmaze, and he dropped asleep.

He had slept about half an hour, and was tranquilly living over again his journey in the cars, when "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." It seemed to him that a terrible freshet had suddenly risen, and was carrying off the bridge, carrying off his home, and drowning himself. He sprang up with a gasp, and choking and gurgling, stammered out, "Fire! fire!"

A smothered laugh greeted him. The bed was soaking with water; there was a light in the room, and he could see overhead a huge watering-pot, suspended by a rope. Somebody outside the door was pulling this rope and shaking over him a fine drizzling stream. Angry, mortified, and bewildered, Johnny sprang to his feet, his first thought being—

"Carbello, you'll get your pay for this!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—One cause of President Lincoln's power over the masses was his humanity. It was not general, but particular, as the following incident shows:

Walking one day with his secretary, he stopped at a little shrub, and looked into it; then stooped and put his hand down through the twigs and leaves, as if to take something out. His secretary said to him—

"What do you find there, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Why," said he, "here is a little bird fallen from its nest, and I'm trying to put it back again."

IVAN THE "TERRIBLE."

IVAN IV., the first Czar of Russia, commenced his reign in 1533, when he was a mere youth. Russia had for nearly twenty years been involved in wars with the Poles, the Tartars, and the Novgorodians; and though at the time of Ivan's succession to the throne these wars had ceased, the government was threatened and perplexed by internal dissensions and jealousies for nearly twelve years before peace was finally restored throughout the empire. Ivan was naturally of a violent and hasty disposition; but his wife, Anastasia, a good, kind-hearted woman, had such a happy influence over him, that under her guidance his strong mental powers were employed in advancing the interests and happiness of his subjects. Peace, however, had no charms for his ambitious and impatient nature. He soon perceived that to preserve his power he must annihilate the Tartar dominion. To do this, he felt that his undisciplined army was unequal, and set about its improvement. He established the militia of the Strelitzes, and armed them with muskets instead of the bows they had heretofore carried. He then laid siege to and captured Kazan, taking the khan prisoner. He also defeated Gustavus Vasa, king of Sweden, in a pitched battle near Viborg; and ravaged Livonia, taking Dorpat, Narva, and thirty fortified towns. Thus far

he had been successful in all his campaigns; but Anastasia, his wife, having died, he asked the king of Poland for his daughter in marriage, and was refused. Highly incensed at this refusal, he made war upon the king. In this war he was unsuccessful, and stung by disappointment, and deprived of the controlling influence of Anastasia, he gave way to the unlimited indulgence of his naturally ferocious disposition, and the remaining acts of his life gained for him in the history of his country the surname of "The Terrible." In addition to the many dreadful acts of which he was guilty, he at last, in a paroxysm of rage, killed his own son. He tried in vain to atone for this deed by giving large sums of money to different monasteries, but finally died a prey to the grief and remorse which this fearful crime occasioned him.

As a legislator, Ivan IV. was superior to the monarchs who had reigned before him. With the assistance of his nobles, he established a code of laws for the better government of his people; sent to England for artificers and workmen to come to Russia and instruct the people, and ordered a translation of the Acts and Epistles, and had it disseminated over his dominions. In the memory of the people, the brilliant renown of Ivan survived the recollection of his bad qualities; and the memory of this prince reminded people only of his early conquests. The proofs of his atrocions actions were buried in the public archives, while Kazan, Astrakhan, and Siberia remained in the eyes of the nation as imperishable monuments of his glory. The Russians saw in him the illustrious author of their power and civilization; but history does not pardon wicked princes so easily. Ivan IV. died in 1584, having governed the Russian nation fifty-one years, a longer period than any other monarch.

HOMELESS JOE.

TOMMY WHITE was having a fit of the sulks, and he frowned and pouted until he looked about as ugly and repulsive as a—— well, I don't know what; but at all events, every one gave him a wide berth and wished him in Halifax.

Of course this did not mend matters any, and he sat down in a corner and worked himself up into as sad a fit of ill-humor as one could well imagine. And all about what? Why, there was a corner broken off from his cake!

"Poor Tommy!" said papa. "I'm afraid that's the way he is go-

ing through life; and what a time he will have of it, to be sure! One corner always broken off *his* cake!"

Tommy jerked one way and another without looking up. He really imagined himself a very ill-used boy, and sat muttering, quite audibly, "That's just the way it always is—I get the broken cake and the smallest orange and meanest apple of anybody. I don't care—I think it's real mean."

"Tommy!" said mamma, reprovingly.

But he only pushed his chair farther back and retreated to the corner, quite disgusted with the world in general.

"Isn't he a beauty, though?" laughed Fred, squinting one eye at him provokingly; "wouldn't his lips make neat pot-hooks, though?"

"Oh, what if they should freeze so!" said Lucy, shaking her curls gleefully.

"Hush up! will you?" shouted Tom, quite exasperated; and making a dash for the door, down the street he ran, at full speed, turning corner after corner, until he brought up at the foot of a low street near the North River. It was a bitter cold day, and the wind swept fiercely across the icy stream, bent upon making the acquaintance of every one. How brilliantly he painted people's noses, and pinched their fingers and toes without mercy, never saying as much as "By your leave, sis!"

Tommy began to get somewhat cooled by the time he reached the dock, and he stood clapping his hands for warmth as he watched the brisk workmen unloading a vessel near. But it proved dull work; and as he was turning to leave, a little ragged urchin tumbled out of an old cask at his elbow, and shook himself very much as a dog would after a nap. His frouzy head and tattered garments spoke of poverty and neglect; and his old shoes seemed to cling to his half-frozen feet more from force of habit or old friendship's sake than for any good they did in the way of warmth.

"Halloa, bub! where do you hail from?" said Tom, a little startled at the apparition.

"I didn't hail from anywhere—the cap'n brought me," returned the boy, with a sad look.

"Well, why don't he take care of you, then? what are you doing in that pig's nest?"

"He kept me on his boat awhile, and then brought me here, and left me—and I haven't any father or mother, or anywhere to go."

"How old are you?" said Tommy, beginning to think there *were* boys in the world a *little* worse off than himself.

"Nine years old, I guess — sometimes I forget almost; bein' knocked around so, there don't seem to be any weeks, and I don't always know what day it is; I can't think of anything but hunger and cold."

Tommy's anger was all gone now, and pity was taking its place in his heart. The shades of night were gathering, and the air grew keener and keener, so Tom took the shivering boy by the hand and walked briskly up the street, without any very definite idea of what was to be done with him. He thought of the large family and small means at home, yet no one really in want was turned away. And as they trotted along, he fell into a brown study so deep he did not see the kind face before him, until a pleasant voice awoke him with—

"Why, Tommy, who have you there?" and looking up, there was the very one of all others he most wished to see.

It was Providence sent her there (not chance, as some may think), for she was just the one to take an interest in the friendless boy, one of those who strive to follow our Saviour's example, and are ever going about doing good.

So poor Joe was taken to her pleasant home and well scrubbed, and then clad in a suit her own boy had outgrown; and lo! what a change! Tommy hardly knew him; the brown face had changed color, and the tangled locks turned into shining curls. And when a warm meal was placed before him, he seemed the picture of content. I don't think *he* looked to see if a corner was broken off his cake, either, for he seemed so happy, Tommy began to feel quite ashamed of himself, just to think how ungrateful he was for all the blessings God had given *him*.

It was quite dark when Tom reached home, a different boy from the one that left it a few hours before. His mother's thin face wore a sad look as he drew his arm-chair beside her and prepared to tell his story. But first he told her how sorry he was for his naughtiness, and he hoped he never would be so wicked again.

Poor Joe found a home at last at the Howard Mission, and I suppose he is there now, for Joe is a real live boy, and not a "make-believe," as the children say.

EULA LEE.

LITTLE THINGS.

"THE pebble in the streamlet scant
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dewdrop on the infant plant
Has warped the giant oak forever."

THE PICKET-GUARD.

A LONELY spot! Dark forests dense,
For weary miles outstretch around,
And far the lonely path from hence
That echoes back the wagon's sound.

A dreary night, nor moon, nor star
Scarce yield one ray to cheer the gloom;
Away from camp and comrade far
The picket, where may be his tomb.

The boughs o'erhead low bending grow,
The moss beneath is old and green;
Amid the bushes, crouching low,
He peers, death-still, from forth between.

Three weary hours—or more—are gone;
The midnight must be drawing nigh;
The brooklet at his feet runs on,
He hears its murmuring melody.

A soothing sound! He thinks of home,
Of loved ones, left at duty's call;
And flocking round him there they come,
The same old faces, forms, and all.

Not long! A near, quick, startling crash,
And home and friends and all are lost,
As where he looked for foeman's flash,
The prowling beast steals past his post.

The night wears on—a full hour more
Creeps drearily and slow away;
The moments pass the midnight hour,
And glide into another day.

The winds arise; he hears o'erhead
Their wrestlings in the upper deep;
He knows to-night the Storm-King dread
No common revelry will keep.

The quivering leaves their showers distill,
The swollen stream sweeps madly on,
The north wind low is numbing chill
To him that weary waits the dawn.

It comes at last—oh, beam of hope!
Thank God that doth the day restore;
The sun mounts up the eastern slope,
And, comrades, camp is gained once more.

BE POLITE.—Study the graces; not the graces of the dancing-master, of bowing and scraping; nor the foppish etiquette of a Chesterfield, but benevolence, the graces of the heart, whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. The true secret of politeness is to please, to make happy—flowing from goodness of heart—a fountain of love.

RENT-DAY.

LITTLE Rosy woke up when mother was in the midst of her washing, so sister Ruth took her out of the cradle and cuddled her up in her arms to keep her quiet. Such a little room as it was, and crowded full of their poor furniture. The cradle was one of the few good articles they had saved from the prosperity of former days. It seemed likely that it must go soon, to help cover up those poor bare feet before the biting snows came.

Johnny sat on the floor at his sister's side, and was ready for a romp with dear little baby Rose, even though he had only eaten a salted potato for his breakfast.

"Oh, the landlord is coming!" said Johnny, glancing out of the narrow window. "What will our poor mother do? I know she has not the money, and the rent is due for two months."

"Oh, I am so afraid he will turn us out of these two little rooms—and then where can we go, Johnny? I'd rather go barefoot all winter than lose this snug little home. Mother could never live in those wretched houses in Jay Street, where so many people crowd together, and quarrel, and drink rum." And the children shuddered at the gloomy picture, and Ruth pressed the little one still closer to her breast.

Meantime the landlord had taken his seat and drawn out a small note-book from his pocket. The poor woman stopped her washing and turned her careworn face toward him—such a sad, anxious face! Mr. Duncan took a good survey of the premises, and the result of

his survey was, that he "did not want his rent as bad as he thought he did." So he wrote on a slip of paper a receipt for the rent for the two months past and two more months to come, and having duly signed it, he handed it over and took his leave before the poor woman clearly understood whether it was a summons to quit, or what it was. You may be sure there was a rejoicing in that household, and the prospects of covering the bare toes before the snows came was considerably brightened.

Daniel Duncan was a man of deeds, if not of as many words as some. The next surprise of the poor widow was caused by seeing a load of substantial comforts stop at her door, which a few benevolent people had been induced to put together to "help see her through the winter."

What a pity there are not more landlords like this one in Indianapolis! One home thus rented to the Lord in the person of some poor saint will yield a larger income than a whole block that has no blessing of God upon it.

THE HORSE-SHOE NAIL.

A FARMER once went to market and sold all his corn, filling his purse with gold. In order to reach home before nightfall, he packed his money-bags on his horse's back and set out on his journey. At noon he stopped at a village to rest; and when he was starting again, the hostler, as he led out the horse, said—

"Please you, sir, the left shoe behind has lost a nail."

"Let it go," replied the farmer; "I have still twenty miles to travel—I am in haste."

In the afternoon the farmer stopped again to bait his horse; and as he was sitting in the inn, the stable-boy said—

"Sir, your horse has lost a nail in his left shoe."

"Let him alone," replied the farmer; "I have only six miles to go, and I have no time to lose."

Away rode the farmer; but he had not gone far before the horse began to limp. Soon it stumbled, and at last fell down and broke a leg. Then the farmer had to leave the horse in the road, throw his money-bags over his shoulder, and walk home, where he did not arrive till late at night.

"All my ill luck," said the farmer, "comes from neglect of a horse-shoe nail!"

THE GRAND MUFTI.

BY TRACY TOWNE.

"OH, Janie Reed, hurry just as fast as you can! Here comes the Grand Mufti!"

"I'm coming, Archie;" and Janie hurriedly filled her mother's toothbrush-mug with water.

"Oh, dear, I shall die!" laughed Archie, drawing in his head from the window. "She's such a dumpy little old thing, all dressed in plum color, from top to toe, and such a huge muff!"

"Is that the reason you call her the Grand Mufti?" asked Janie.

"To be sure; just look out a minute, Jane—there's plenty of time; she'll be under the window at least five minutes! Oh, won't it be fun!" And Master Archie leaned back and shook his sides with laughter.

Now, my dear readers, I hope you will be shocked—for you ought to be—when I tell you what Archie and Janie Reed were doing. Their mother was out, making calls, you may be sure; and Mary, the nurse, was in the nursery with two younger children; so Archie had drawn Janie aside, and suggested to her the brilliant plan of throwing water from the window on all the passers-by. It is but just to say that Janie demurred a little, but Archie over-persuaded her, as he always did. Their mother's room was in the third story, and to that they resorted, and had already deluged two gentlemen's hats, and spoiled one lady's bonnet, when the Grand Mufti appeared.

"She's 'most here," said Janie, drawing in her head, after a careful survey; "she has a beautiful face, if she is old, Archie. It's almost a pity, I think, to throw water on her."

"Oh, 'twont hurt her," laughed Archie; "where's the mug? She goes so slow, it's prime! Take your head in quick, Janie—there!"

The mug was empty, and the old lady's bonnet well saturated with water.

"Pester, pester!" exclaimed she, in the pleasantest of tones, as she felt a gentle moisture on the top of her head; who would have thought of it thawing so just here;" and stopping directly under the windows, she took her handkerchief from the "huge muff," and wiped the top of her bonnet carefully.

Drip, drip! Archie was "at it again." It was so tempting, to see her standing right there!

"Dear me, dear me," said the old lady again, in her pleasant mur-

muring tone; "I must hurry on, or I shall be drowned, perhaps. I must tell Jane that she has a rude house." Then she moved on a pace or two till she came to the flight of stone steps leading up to the Reeds' door.

Archie's round chin suddenly drew down into a point, and his small eyes dilated to a wonderful size. "Look out, Janie," he exclaimed, drawing her to the window, "she's coming in here to tell of us—what *shall* we do?"

"Hide?" inquired Janie, anxiously.

"If we should tell Ellen, when she goes to the door," said Archie, not noticing Jane's query, "she'll be sure to tell."

"I know it," sighed Janie.

"If she *does* tell Ellen," began Archie—but at that moment Ellen opened the door.

"A lady in the parlor to see the childers," was all she said.

"I won't go down!" cried Archie, stamping his foot.

"Oh, yes," pleaded Janie; "I don't believe she knows we did it—she didn't look cross a bit."

"You can go if you like, but I shan't stir a step, to be scolded like an abject slave."

At this Janie's face wore a look of great dismay. "I'm sure I don't want to be scolded," she said, "it isn't the greatest pleasure that ever was."

"Well, perhaps she won't scold," said selfish Archie, "but I'm not going down."

"I guess I'll go," said Janie, thoughtfully, "she looked so kind;" and down stairs she tripped.

"And so this is little Jane," said the pleasant old lady, as Janie advanced slowly into the room. "I suppose you don't remember me?"

"No, ma'am," said Janie, bashfully.

"Well, I'm your great-aunt; and I've seen *you* time and time again, but I've been out West these five years, with Esther—my daughter, dear. Do you like candy?"

"Oh, oh!" cried Janie, as out of the great muff came the nicest of Philadelphia candy, followed by parcels of all sorts and sizes, and, "That's for Archie, and that's for Janie, and that's for Matty, and that's for the baby," said the old lady over and over again, till Janie was almost beside herself with joy.

"And now, dear," said the cheery old lady, "I'll take off my bonnet, for I'm going to stay till to-morrow. It thaws badly by your

house, my dear, and I've got my poor old head a little wet, but I guess I'll take no cold."

At this Janie's bright face grew clouded. "Here," said she, heaping all the presents in her great-aunt's lap, "I can't take 'em. It was Archie and I—we poured water on your bonnet."

"Oh, well, well, dear; I don't think I've taken cold, and you wanted a little fun, I dare say; but you must remember what the Bible says about the hoary head, dear, and I guess you'll never do so again."

"Oh, never, never!" cried Janie.

"I guess if she isn't the best aunt that ever was," cried Archie that night, as with mouth and hands full of candy he puffed up to bed; "and I'll tell you what, Janie, I don't think we ought to pour water on ladies again, for fear they might be our great-aunts."

"Or on gentlemen, either," laughed Janie, mischievously, "for they might be our great-uncles, you know; and children might be our cousins, and so I guess we won't try it again, Archie, for fear of troubling our relations."

HARRY'S TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

WHAT is it I see through the window-bars,
Away in the deep blue sky?
I know they are bright little golden stars,
But who hung them up so high?

And where are they gone when the morning comes,
And I see the big round sun?
I hunt for them then all over the sky,
But find not a single one.

I should think they were lost, and forever gone;
But the day no sooner flies,
Than they peep from the sky as they did before,
With their winking little eyes.

I know it is God who made the stars,
And who hung them up so high;
And he keeps them *somewhere* through the day,
All safe for the evening sky.

And I think I shall see them every night,
As long as I live below;
And perhaps I shall learn about them more,
When beyond the stars I go. KRUNA.

DICK ALLEN'S VICTORY.

THE playground of Moss Dale school-house rang with the merry shouts of boys just released from their irksome tasks, while Mr. McArthur, the master, after locking the door, placed the key in his pocket and walked away.

After he had passed out of sight, a small group of boys collected beneath the branches of a spreading maple which shaded the door-step, and began conversing in excited tones about the coming examination and the prizes.

"I was 'most certain of the English prize," exclaimed Frank Derby, a handsome lad of about fourteen, "until Mr. McArthur said arithmetic was to be included; but I don't believe I shall ever work out that last confounded problem he gave us." "Nor I, either," "nor I," "nor I," ran around the circle, every boy expressing himself unable to solve the "confounded problem."

A little apart from this group, on a grassy slope, sat a boy busily engaged with a pencil and paper. For some time he was unnoticed by the other boys, but at last the conversation about prizes lagging, Frank Derby looked around for some other amusement, and spied

the young student. "Holloa! Dick Allen!" he shouted, "what are you about?".

Dick flushed up, and hastily concealing the paper walked away.

"I know what he was doing—he was working out that sum," answered another boy. "He is determined on getting above you, Frank, but I don't believe he will!"

"Not a very hard matter," replied Frank, laughing, "and Dick is such a good scholar that I think he is quite a formidable rival."

Shortly after the boys dispersed, and in half an hour the playground was deserted.

About six o'clock, Dick Allen might have been seen rapidly approaching the school-house. Having lost his penknife, he had returned to search the playground. Notwithstanding a careful examination of the grounds, the penknife was not found, and Dick paused, very much inclined to be angry with somebody—he could not exactly tell whom, or for what reason he should be angry with the unknown personage. A bright idea, however, appeared to strike him.

"I left it on my desk!" he cried, "and if I can once get into the school-room, I'll have it in a jiffy!" saying which he walked slowly around the house and, much to his satisfaction, found one of the shutters open. With the help of an old board he soon found himself on the sill; then, after opening the window, he climbed down, over benches and desks, to the floor. The knife was soon found, exactly where he had left it that forenoon, after cutting a pencil; and then Dick prepared to make his exit the same way in which he had entered. But just as he was about to mount the first bench, a thought passed through his mind which sent the blood from his face, leaving it white as a sheet. He turned around and glanced across the room at Mr. McArthur's desk. Yes—the key was in it. A few steps—a turn of that key—a raising of that lid—and *the answer to that last problem would be before his eyes.* How much work it would save! How much easier than to pore over musty school-books through the long, mild June afternoon, when he might be enjoying himself so much, playing with the other boys! And what would be so very wrong about it? He would find it out anyhow, and there was surely no great harm in knowing the answer a week or two sooner or later. And thus reasoning, Dick walked slowly forward, and raised the lid of the desk. There it was! The little blue book!—the "Key!" He placed his hand on the cover, but louder and louder spoke that still, small voice. In vain he tried to drown it by his wise reasonings. In vain! Hark! What was that? A noise at the door! Could

Mr. McArthur be coming back? He had left his key there, and it might be him. The lid slid from Dick's trembling fingers and fell with a loud crash! He stood still, trembling, listening. The sound was not repeated, and with a long sigh of relief Dick turned from the desk containing the now despised "Key," and walked to the window. So many thoughts were crowding into his head one after the other, that he could hardly think distinctly of any particular thing. One thing he *was* sure of, and that was how very thankful he was that he had not yielded to the tempter's voice and committed that great sin. What he might have done had not the noise startled him, no one can say. But he *had* resisted the temptation. He *had* overcome, and with a lighter heart Dick walked slowly homeward that night. And very pleasant and quiet did the house circle seem to him. Nor was he content till his father, mother, and Mr. McArthur had been made acquainted with the incident and had freely forgiven him.

In conclusion, I will only say that the examination came off at the end of June, realizing the highest anticipations of the boys. Dick Allen won the English prize, having faithfully worked out the difficult problem, a task which no other boy in the school accomplished. And now, man as he is, he is just as thankful for his victory as he was when, a little boy, he walked slowly home through the June twilight.

DELIA.

SMART GIRLS.—"We can all earn our own living, father," was the remark made in a family by one of several young ladies, a short time since. "That is right, my daughter," was the reply of the parent; "that fact I regard as the point of triumph in your education. Able and willing are the two words which, when the proper occasion comes, will insure you success, and vindicate the principle that women should be educated for business and usefulness as well as for ornament and attractiveness. Never fear to work for your support, nor fail to encourage others in so doing."

WHAT YOU CAN NEVER CATCH.—Boys and girls, what is it you can never catch, though you chase after it as on the wings of the wind? You can never catch the word that has once gone out of your lips. Once spoken, it is out of your reach; do your best, you can never recall it. Therefore, take care what you say. Never speak an unkind word, an impure word, a lying word, a profane word.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

A STORMY night drew on, and the little bark which glided out to sea so smoothly in the morning was tossed like an egg-shell on the waves. The tempest waxed more wild and fierce, and now the stout-hearted mariners began to strain their eyes for the light-house —"their pillar of fire by night and of cloud by day." There was a low shelving beach not far to the southward of the dangerous headland on which they hoped to run the vessel aground and save their lives, even if at a loss of all besides. When the grave is yawning just before us, the things of this world in which we were wont to take so deep an interest shrink away into nothingness.

The friendly light-house was spied at last, and a new hope sprang up in every heart. If they could but reach the lower beach they were saved. The masts were cut away, and a signal of distress was hoisted, hoping it might catch the eye of some watcher on shore, and that the blessed life-boat would be sent out for them.

Their hopes were not in vain. Here and there were posted noble watchmen by the foaming sea, and when a vivid flash of lightning lit up the darkening waves for miles around, this little bark was spied. Nearer and nearer to the shore the tossing billows bore it, until at last it struck upon the shifting sands. Far out on every side foamed the angry breakers, but the life-boat brought them all off safe—drenched and chilled, and half-drowned it might be, but they were safe—every man.

Oh, there are moral wrecks all about us which cause us far less anxious fear than such a scene as this. Yet they are far more fearful. When a life-bark is tossed upon the fearful rocks of intemperance, oh, hasten to man the life-boat and go to his rescue. The ruin will be more terrible than the loss of the most richly-freighted ship that ever sailed, for it will be the ruin of both body and soul.

THE NEST IN THE MEADOW.

"Here's a little grassy meadow,
Where I sing my song.
I am Mister Bob-o-linkum,
That I s'pose you know.
Blitsey Seedle is my wife—
She's in the grass below."

AS still as a mouse sat Blitsey, covering the nest full of pearly eggs, merely a chirp or rustle of her russet gown showing how hungry she was.

"The men will be gone pretty soon," said Bob, by a peculiar telegram from his keen, bright eye, "then there will be a chance for us in that jolly cornfield."

Blitsey Seedle turned an egg or two, and tucked in the coverlet of grass a little snugger around a few outsiders, then settled down patiently to wait until the dinner hour should sound out loud and clear over the meadows and grain fields. That cheery blast called more to their noonday meal than the farmer's wife counted on when she laid the plates. The coast was clear at last, and a famous dinner the delighted pair made on the farmer's corn.

Now little Joe had finished his dinner long enough before the rest, and came trudging off to the field searching for hens' nests. Cunning and sly as Bob and his wife had been, little Joe chanced to find their home in a grassy fence corner with its fifteen snow-white eggs. The kind heart of the little boy would not suffer him to rob the nest, but a funny little trick came into his head, and he resolved to play it off on the mother bird. He went back to the house, and brought out four tiny hen's eggs, that were his especial property, and substituted them for four of the bird's eggs from the very heart of the nest.

You may be sure he watched that nest faithfully from time to time; and sure enough, the old bird hatched out four little chicks, quite unlike her own brood. But she was not one to show partiality. Several times Mrs. Blitsey Seedle was seen toiling on with her numerous family; and though the greedy chicks grew so much faster than the little bob-o-links, that they were soon larger than their foster-mother, she showed the same anxiety and distress if they were exposed to danger. They, too, seemed shy and wild, and perhaps in time turned into prairie hens, if they did not fall victims to the gins of the hunters.

WILLIE'S "TO-MORROW."

TWO years ago I went to stay with some friends in a distant city. A few days after my arrival I strolled out alone to enjoy the cool evening air, and soon found myself in a long, shady lane. This led to a small wire gate, which opened on a smooth, green lawn. Peeping out from the large old trees stood a pretty old house, quite covered with ivy and honeysuckle. It looked, in the sunset light, the very picture of peace and loveliness. As I stood there gazing at it, I saw a gentleman leaning on the rails not far from me, but his face wore a sorrowful look, and now and then I saw him wipe away a tear. I wondered what there was in such a peaceful-looking place to make him so sad. Now I know the reason, and no longer wonder that he should feel sad when he looks at this lovely spot.

Years ago, when this gentleman was a boy, this house had been his home. Here he lived with his mother—an only child. When his father was dying, his last words to little Willie were: "Be kind to your mother, my boy—take care of her, for you don't know her value." And Willie always remembered these last words, and would throw his arms round his mother's neck, and promise never, never to grieve her. But the boy had one great fault, which was the cause of much misery to both himself and others. This was *procrastination*, or a habit of *putting off*. Many and many a time would he resolve to leave off this or that bad habit, and to do things which he knew were his duty to do, but these good resolutions were never put into practice—and why? Because Willie thought that "next time" would do just as well, and that it would be easier then. He had a violent and passionate temper, and he knew well how sinful such a spirit is; yet when he felt tempted to give way to it, or to disobey his mother, or to return an unkind, angry answer, instead of praying for that strength without which we can do nothing, he would yield to the momentary temptation, and try to quiet conscience by saying to himself, that to-morrow, or next week, he would begin quite differently. In the same way, Willie was very fond of reading about children of his own age, who loved Jesus, and tried to please Him, and, as he read, he would long and resolve to be like them, but not now—"to-morrow would be time enough." But that to-morrow never came, and Willie went on putting off from day to day, and from week to week, doing what he knew to be right, and avoiding what he knew to be wrong. This often made his mother very sad,

and when he saw the tears in her eyes, he would throw his arms round her, promising never to vex her any more; but still it was "to-morrow," and Willie had a bitter lesson to learn on procrastination.

One afternoon he came running into the room where his mother lay on her sofa, for she was not feeling well. "Oh, mamma!" he cried, "after tea I am going, with George and Ned Wylder, to see the fireworks. It will be such fun; we shan't be home till ever so late; there are to be a dozen of us altogether. George and Ned are going to ride their ponies, and I want you to let me have mine, mamma. May I go and order it now?"

"My dear child"—and his mother stroked his cheek fondly—"I am sorry to deprive you of a pleasure, but I can not allow you to be out so late at night, particularly with those boys. They are so wild, I should be afraid to trust you with them, and you are not so used to riding as they are."

"Oh, but, mamma," said Willie, impatiently, "indeed I must go. You don't know what fun it will be; why, every one is going; there is Dick Harcourt, one—Edward——"

"My dear boy, I have told you I can not consent. Stay at home quietly with me, and we will have a nice little drive together after tea."

Without heeding his mother's kind words, Willie now threw himself into a violent passion, and when he saw that she remained firm—for she had good reason to be so—he declared that "he would go, whether she let him or not;" and, regardless of her tearful face, he rushed out of the room and out of the house, where he found his companions waiting for him, and having got thus far, he was easily persuaded to join their party.

And do you know that was the last time Willie ever saw his mother! He tried to join in the laughter and merriment of his companions, but conscience would give him no rest; and as he stood waiting for the fireworks to begin, he thought of his mother's sorrowful face, and determined to go back, resolving, as he went, that this should be the last time he would ever grieve or disobey his mother, or give way to his passionate temper.

There was an unusual noise in the house when he reached home; the lamp was not lighted in the hall, and people were running about in confusion. He asked for his mother, and was told that *she was—dead!* She had died suddenly about an hour ago, and his name was the last word she said. Oh, can you fancy the agony of that mo-

ment? He had missed the last opportunity he should ever have of showing his love to his mother by obedience to her wishes; he would never, never more hear her voice, never be able to tell her of his repentance, nor hear her say she forgave him. In a few days the black hearse appeared, and the remains of Willie's mother were laid in the grave.

Do you wonder now that Willie, when he grew to be a man, felt very sorrowful on looking at the home where he had lived with his mother, and that he can not think of her without weeping?

My dear children, never, never procrastinate. When you make a good resolution, pray that God will help you to perform it without delay. Never think that it will be easier to do right to-morrow. God may never give you another opportunity. Obey His voice *at once*, as Samuel did, or he may never call you again. The Bible says, "Behold now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." To-morrow may be too late with you, as it was with Willie. E.

WHAT letter is frequently drunk? *Ans.* T.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

YOU will notice that this month the MUSEUM has a change of publishers; and yet the Merrys are so well acquainted with "Eugene," who has been so long one of the Merry family, that we shall still consider it all "in the family," and hardly realize there has been any real change.

You will all recollect the article entitled "Adventures of a Merry Boy," published in the February number of last year, and recognize in the new publisher the hero of those thrilling adventures.

We hope not only to see you all regularly around the monthly table, but that now you will all go to work and bring at least one new Merry subscriber to the MUSEUM, and thus enable the publisher to largely increase the attraction and value of each monthly number. A little exertion on the part of each one would do the business. But here comes the "procession," and we must listen awhile. What do I hear?

By the pricking in my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes;
Open, locks, 'tis I who knocks;

—knocks so loudly at the parlor door.

Bang! bang! ho! ye warder! let me in, or by the knightly powers I'll crush the door. I have just arrived from a journey through dreamland, and with my face dust-begrimed, and my garments soiled with travel, and grasping my plethoric portmanteau convulsively in my hand, I plunge unceremoniously into the parlor. I wake the drowsy slumberers from their naps, and disperse coteries and corner committees. I burst upon their startled visions like a comet bursts forth from its hiding-place in the empyrean, and ye all are surprised, I know.

How are you all? A good hand-shake all around ere I proceed.

As there seems to be some doubt in the minds of the Merrys who were present at the ever-to-be-remembered historical Convention, assembled Dec. 27, 1865, whether they enjoyed themselves or not, and as they are looking at one another askance, and asking each other, with a huge exclamation point at the end of each question, "Didn't we have a nice time?" I will answer.

Most certainly *my* opinion, as one of the memorable committee, is entitled to some regard. My dignity scoffs at the idea of repeating any one's stereotyped opinion, so I will say, hoping all the Merry Cousins will shout assent—"We had a *loud* time!"

We did, Saucy Nell! We *did*, Flib! We did, Jasper! We did, Cousin Forestina! We did, all of ye unfortunate 20,000 who weren't there.

Dan Burnham, what untold agony, in ages past, the poor Queen must have suffered when you afflicted her with your presence as "prime councilor." Know, oh, premature old man, oh, you who have embraced the period of childishness, that torrents of tears have been shed at your downfall—at the ruins of all your greatness. Remember the price of royalty!

Cousin Forestina, the Fates, I am sure, are conspiring to crush me! When sunshine takes the place of heavy clouds, you shall have my picture.

Haven't I been a fine correspondent, Moss Rosebud? Shall I "do so some more?"

Pertine, I have waited long and anxiously for the first words of that confidential chat! I have not vacated the easy chair yet.

Virginia, so you like Sid—and his favorite authors! Good!

Saucy Nell——

"Never till life and its memories shall end,
Shall I ever forget the sweet belles of Ostend."

Adios, SID.

Feb. 12, 1866.

DEAR UNCLE:—Please can't I just come in a little while? I am tired of staying out all alone. The Merrys talk so fast I can't have a chance to speak, unless I come in without ceremony. So I am going to ask Jessie Bell if she thinks patience is a virtue; judging from her long delay, suppose she must.

How I regret my absence from the Convention!

Violet Forest, you are mistaken in

the person, for I do not reside in the place named.

Phene F., you called at my house one day last summer while on a ride to B., though I was unconscious of it at the time.

Pontiac and Leslie, your carte would be (Will)ingly received if sent to my address.

Rubie Linden, Forestina, and all the Merrys that will send me their carte by Uncle Robert, shalt have mine in return, if that is any inducement.

Eugene, hold that horrid machine while my letter glides through.

Merrily yours, SUNBEAM.

The "machine" is not a complete *fail*-ure yet; but spares neither friend nor foe. We warmly receive your p(r)etty face, and tried hard to get a "beam" from you all through March, but either there was a beam in our own eyes or a "fog" in yours. The effort proved a failure.

IN THE CRUET, *Mar.*, '66.

MERRYS ALL:—If you've lost sight of me I have not of you, so here goes.

Tennessean, I'm not a novice, so I'll ask you to correspond—Peace also.

Where in the world is Fiddlesticks? Sloped?

Sans Souci, where is Airy Castle now—in N.?

Tommy, in what locality have you and O. O. hung your shingle on the outer walls? How are Fashions?

Uncle R., I've said a word in your "private ear," because I wish this to be a "letter of mark." I'm afraid this letter looks rather S(e)lim, so I'll ask Snowflake where he *hails* from.

Knowing that the ladies will all fall in love with my name, I'll sign myself thusly, MUSTARD.

The "machine" stands still; your "faith" hath made your letter whole.

IND. ORPH. INST., *Feb*, 19, 1866.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—The Indian girls with me welcome the MUSEUM. They were much interested in "Elva," and it would have done you good to peep into their sitting-room and see them, sewing in hand, clustered around their teacher while she read it to them.

I very much enjoy your interesting "Chat," and as you seem to have no one from among the *Indians* in your circle since Cousin Sallie's death, if the manipulator and hatchet do not between them cut me to pieces, I shall hope for a snug little corner.

With much love to all the Cousins, and hoping that I may be admitted to their Merry circle, I remain,

Your *Ingin* Coz,
TSEE-NEE-LUNG-KEE.

You are right about the expression referred to, though no harm was intended.

Who among the many able Cousins of the Chat do not agree with me when I say it is hard work to commence a letter to said Chat, no matter how much you wish to say before you end?

Rubie Linden, I want to see your "shadow." Will you X "photos?"

Saucy Nell, I would like to exchange a very plain-looking "phiz" for a facsimile of your saucy (?) face.

Uncle, have mercy on this humble epistle, and do not let it share the fate of my last three.

Jolly Jingle, I am afflicted (?) with a desire to see your illustrated face, and would like to exchange.

Merrys all, my address is the same as heretofore, and all letters and *cartes* to said address will be cordially welcomed by VINCENT.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

DEAR ALL-OF-YOU:—I think that it is now my turn to speak a few words.

Uncle, how provoking to make me say "Teresa" for "Teaser" in my last letter.

Admiral, thanks for photo; did you call upon any of the Merrys when you were in Chicago?

Ray, were you in Saratoga Springs last summer? I had reason to think so.

Lizzie E. N., you are too late for Marian; she has engaged to "teach school for one scholar" for life.

Daniel Lord Burnham, I have not forgotten you nor the row you raised in our once quiet Chat, and also with what pleasure I gazed upon your photo when it was exhibited to my wandering eyes by the fortunate possessor of it, and if you wish to know the remarks made upon the occasion, send another to Saratoga Springs.

A kind welcome to all new Cousins, but I hope that the old ones will not be crowded out.

Mamie E. M., pardon—I find that you have the best right to the name of

Your Merry Cousin, MAMIE.

COUSINS JASPER. SID, ETC. :—Why can not we have our long-proposed pic-nic, some sweet May-day, for the benefit of those who could not attend the Convention?

Coz Belle, why did not I hear back from C.? No, in these republican days I've abandoned my old feudal castle. For further information, as also something new in the equestrian art, write to my address in February magazine.

Loyalty, did you receive an explanatory letter in December?—"accidents will happen," etc.

Uncle clipped out a sentence in my last, intended for your ear, Admiral; if you wish to X, send carte; ditto, this to all.

Flib, I was so sorry to miss meeting you at the Convention. I live in hope of a letter.

Jolly J. and Roguish Kate and Oddity will hear of something to their advantage by addressing SANS SOUCI.

It was a "Nap," for the millennium is very far in the distance. Do you understand?

OGDENSBURGH, N. Y., *Feb.* 17, 1866.

W. A. R., excuse my contradicting you, but you are not "chief among 20,000," as you will find by referring to page 62 of the February MUSEUM. Having been duly appointed and crowned by the Head Center of our Merry Circle, I proceed to take *peace*able possession of the throne.

"My right there is none to dispute."

Jasper, I hereby appoint you consul to the *court* of *matrimony*, and Geraldine shall be your assistant. I want some brave, true soldier to command my army, and also a competent naval commander.

Uncle Robert, as you are to be my prime minister, I beg you will suggest some one. Yours *Majestically*,

PEACE REGINA.

We will assign Eugene to the command of the army, and Tommy as naval commander. Both have seen service and are thoroughly competent for the position.

March, 1866.

UNCLES AND COUSINS:—Here comes Frolicking Fan! Is she welcome, or no?

Well, any way I am here; but if I were not here, then I would not be where I am, and if I were where I am not, then I would not be here.

Saucy Nell and Jolly J., won't there be a jolly jingle when we three get together? Hush! Uncle's ste(a)rn voice says; Silence in yonder corner! Of course we must obey, or we shall be expelled.

Queen Fleta, that chestnut stud is very showy; ha! ha! Your badge has betrayed you.

Dan H. B., have seen your picture.

Should be most happy to hear from any of the Cousins. Uncle has my address. Adoo, FROLICKING FAN.

Uncle Robert says welcome; what say the Cousins, shall we have a real old-fashioned "frolic with a Fan?" "Look out for a breeze about this time."

Hark! From the heart of the Wildwood ascends a woeful wail! The time was when friends and Cousins gathered there, but now they have grown false or forgetful, and to them poor Daisy is as if she had never been. *Such is life!*

And before I proceed, let me, in the language of Reginald Bazalgette, declare such conduct "abommannable."

Now, having relieved my mind of its weight of wrath, I feel able to shake hands with some of those Cousins who may remember me, and say how glad I am to be here again. Oh, didn't I weep my eyes out because the fates forbade my attending the Convention? and didn't I repeat the action when I read the glowing accounts of it given by one and all? But I am glad you had such a delightful evening, and hope that I may join you at the next one.

Jolly Jingle, I haven't thanked you yet for your nomination of my humble self for May Queen last year.

Foresţina, I wish very much that you would write to me. I have heard much of you from a "mutual friend," enough to make me desire a better acquaintance. A letter directed to Daisy Wildwood, Providence, R. I., would reach me safely.

Wanderer, have you wandered beyond the reach of our voices?

Oliver Onley, do you wonder when that *c. de v.* is coming? Patience! you are not forgotten.

Tommy, ditto.

Annie E. D., I lately heard of you. Guess how.

Duke de no Account, accept my sympathy.

Yes, Leslie, it is sad, very sad to see so many missing of the "old familiar

faces." Adelbert, Henry Danker, Charlie F. Warren, and many more whom we held dear, have passed from sight forever. New forms press in to fill the vacant seats, but who of them can be to me like bright stars that shone upon me, and dazzled me with their light, when I first entered the Merry circle? Those who remain desert us, like Fleta, our Queen, who is so busy with puzzling her subjects, that she never has time to produce a royal message.

Dear Uncle Robert, if you cherish one spark of regard for your long absent niece, let me go un-manipulated for once.

Uncles all, my love for you and for dear Aunt Sue has suffered no shade of diminution in my absence. Can you say as much regarding me?

Yours ever, DAISY WILDWOOD.

We are glad to introduce to the Chatterers Delia, Lido, Snowbud, Verbena, Ajax, Cookie, and Metacom, and hope they will receive a cordial welcome from all.

A Word with my Patrons.

WITH this number of the MUSEUM my connection as Publisher ceases, and it will hereafter be published by Eugene H. Fales, Esq.

For fifteen years I have been connected with it, and have had an intimate personal acquaintance with very many of the subscribers, and have *felt* acquainted with *all*, though I have never seen them. The connection has been a very pleasant one, and it is with much reluctance and pain that I now relinquish the business part of the MUSEUM. It is not, however, like giving it into new hands. Mr. Fales became connected with the business part of the MUSEUM in the year 1857, and has been with me ever since, with the exception of his services in the army. He knows the entire business of the MUSEUM, and is acquainted with many of the Merry family who have had dealings with the office and the Sanctum.

The subscription list and back debts are now his property, and all business letters and remittances should be addressed to him.

My connection with the MUSEUM, however, will not cease. It will be edited as before, with some additional new writers. Robert Merry will not desert his post, but will be happy to welcome all the Merry family around the table in the Monthly Chat and greet them in the Sanctum. Letters for the Chat may be addressed to "Robert Merry, care of E. H. Fales, 111 Fulton Street, N. Y."

I make this business change to enable me the more effectually to labor for the good of my fellow-men, and especially the children, in the ennobling cause of Temperance, as well as in the cause of right education of the young in the ways of truth and righteousness.

Having accepted the position of Publishing Agent of the National Temperance Society and Publication House, I find it necessary to devote my entire business energies in that direction. I desire to see the children and youth of our land educated to walk in the pleasant paths of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, and the new paper which the Society publishes, called "The Youth's Temperance Banner," is devoted expressly to that object. It will probably be published in the same building with the MUSEUM, so that I shall still feel intimately connected with the dear old magazine.

To those who have not paid for the present year, I would say that they will confer a favor by sending the amount at once to Mr. Fales. He can send you a much better magazine, if you all send the money promptly in advance.

I have been accustomed to send the magazine even if payment was delayed or overlooked for the first three or four months of the year; but you should give him no occasion to do this, for he will need the money in advance to pay the heavy expense necessarily attending the publishing of such a magazine.

Ever your sincere friend,

J. N. STEARNS.

Fleta Forrester's Puzzle Drawer.

answers all but three of the February puzzles, and takes his *second prize*.

☞ We willingly allow the claim of ROGUISH KATE AND ODDITY for solution of 296, January number. They thus have an equal number with QUAKER, and win their *first prize*.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

364. The day is fine, the chase is planned,
The ground is crisp with snow;
The horses paw before the door,
Impatient for the go.

The guests await the tardy host,
And wonder why so long
He keeps them waiting, for the sun
Will soon be high and strong.

"Where is my *first?*" the master cries;
"I can not go without."
My *second* answers to the call,
My *second*, strong and stout.

Now soon my *second* brings my *first*,
And ready is the host;
Loud rings the horn, and in the wood
The huntsmen quick are lost.

Sol's weakened powers and shadows long
The waning day proclaim,
When, just at dark, the hunters come,
Well loaded down with game.

"Where is my *second?*" now they cry,
As through the door they burst;
My *second* quickly brings my *whole*,
And my *whole* removes my *first*.

My *second* then, hung 'fore the fire,
Performs the nightly task;
And greater fun than that night saw,
We surely could not ask.

"*Double-you-see.*"

ANAGRAMS.

365. So, Coy? no!—du tel.! *Aubrey.*

366. L. T., I can stop in at noon.
Roguish Kate and Oddity.

367. Heed, tender Stearns! *Sigma.*

368. Nel, can I go? *Addie W.*

369. Dare train men, E.? *Genevieve.*

370. Try horn cushion, H.! *Forrest.*

371. *One model* ——. (Fill the blank with the italics transposed.) *W.*

372. An animal, and a small stream.
W. C. C.

373. A young lady, and an Indian.
Ego Ipse.

374. A metal and a small cord (botanical). *Rena.*

375. I am composed of 18 letters:
My 1, 15, 5, 5 is used in several games.
My 14, 2, 16, 7, 6 is used by Indians.
My 9, 10, 11, 4, 17, 16 is a town in Indiana.
My 4, 2, 10, 5 pertains to animals, birds, and fishes.
My 15, 11, 12, 5, 18 is a fruit.
My 8, 5, 2, 9 is a kind of boat.
My 11, 2, 3, 13 is part of a fortification.
My whole took place in the early part of the nineteenth century.
"*Keystone.*"

376. My first is to partake; my second is a fixed point of time; my third is a kind of bread; my fourth is to dance; and my whole is more than enough. *Mercury.*

377. Entire, I am a bird; behead me, and I am a friend; curtail me, and I am a passion; again behead, and transpose, and I am an inlet of the sea. *Kittie.*

378. If you approach a cat, who is enjoying my first, and give her my second, will she change color? *Alf.*

379. What is the best key to appetite?
A. Wolf.

380. If a pudding is "*superlatively* nice," what might its *positive* and *comparative* be?
Chairman of the Tasting Committee.

381. I am composed of 12 letters:
My 1, 4, 3, 11 is an animal.
My 7, 3, 5 is a part of the body.
My 2, 9, 11 is a solid substance.
My 6, 7, 12 is a part of a gentleman's dress.
My 8, 10, 11 is an article.
W. M. C.

382. Entire, I am an animal; behead, and you have a direction; behead again and curtail, and leave an adverb. *May of Salem.*

383. Form a rock by joining a certain man to an insect. *A. S. W.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

384. Mother of the canine race. *Blue Bell.*

385. Small garments. *Belle Brunt.*

386. A young lady. *Violet Forest.*

387. Fifty beasts of burden. *Euclid.*

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed.

388. Uncle Robert, will you —— —— among the —— before next ——. *Georgius.*

389. —— the —— been struck by lightning? *Cis.*

390. HIEROGLYPHICAL REBUS.

Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of May.

Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for the Drawer, to "F. F.," Drawer 6, P. O., New Haven, Conn.

CORRECTIONS.—In puzzle 357, March number, "*scores*" should be "*scares.*"

In puzzle 349, same number, "*through*" should be "*thro'.*"

Answers to Questions in Feb No.

320. L-A-T-I-M-E-R.

321. Orange (Oh, range!). ("Commigrate" [Come, migrate!], as sent by *Genevieve* and *Lizzie E. N.*, is very good — perhaps better than the original.)

322. Realize (real eyes).

323. Witticisms (witty schisms).

324. Tomato (Tom ate O).

325. Severally (sever Allie). (Some say "Dividually [divide you Allie?] which I credit.)

326. Cane River Crossing.

327. Pleasant Hill.

328. Sabine Cross-Roads.

329. Port Hudson.

330. Zeke. (Take away "z," *the last letter,** and leave the verb to "*eke.*")

331. Owl.

332. Patrick, a trick.

333. Rasp-berry.

334. Ego-i.

335. Thunder.

336. Stilpnosiderite.

337. ——. (This anagram was stated incorrectly. It is given this month, again, as 370.)

338. Transpose. (This will also resolve itself into "Patroness.")

339. Atlantic cable.

340. Adder, Sue, haunted; initials, ASH; centrals, DUN; finals, RED.

Of the above 21 Puzzles—

"*Double-you-see*" answers all but 336, 337, 340—18.

Quaker answers all but 321, 323, 326, 328, 336, 337, 339—14.

Roguish Kate and Oddity answer all but 320, 321, 323, 326, 328, 336, 337, 339—13.

Bittersweet answers all but 320, 321, 323, 326, 328, 336, 337, 339—13.

Lizzie E. N. answers all but 320, 323, 328, 332, 336, 337, 339, 340—13.

Genevieve answers all but 320, 323, 328, 329, 330, 331, 336, 337—13.

Allie Frank answers all but 321, 323, 326, 328, 330, 334, 336, 337, 339—12.

Florence answers all but 320, 321, 323, 326, 328, 330, 332, 336, 337, 339—11.

(*Fall River, Mass.*†) answers all but 320, 321, 323, 325, 328, 331, 336, 337, 339, 340—11.

Cis answers 322, 324, 327, 328, 329, 331, 332, 333, 335, 340—10.

Keystone answers 322, 324, 325, 329, 333, 334, 335, 338, 340—9.

Euclid answers 322, 324, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 338—9.

C. W. J. answers 322, 324, 327, 329, 333, 335, 338, 340—8.

* Of the alphabet. † No signature.

Johnnie Mack answers 326, 327, 328, 329, 331, 335, 338, 339—8.

Black-eyed Annie answers 322, 324, 327, 329, 334, 335, 338—7.

Georgius answers 322, 324, 325, 327, 329, 335, 338—7.

Vincent answers 322, 324, 326, 329, 333, 335, 338—7.

Ego Ipse answers 322, 324, 327, 329, 335—5.

Myron answers 322, 327, 329, 335, 340—5.

Cousin May answers 327, 329—2.

Notices to Correspondents.

☞ We are glad to see so many new faces flocking in at our monthly gatherings. They are heartily welcome!

☞ We are sorry to write "missing" against so many well-known names. Dear, old, tried friends! don't leave us because you are older to-day than you were a year ago! nor yet because you have won all the prizes and find "no more worlds to conquer!"

New Contributors—I give for your benefit the following hints, which are already familiar to our puzzlers of the past and present:

1*st. All offerings must be* ORIGINAL. (If all would designate, when sending, which puzzles, etc., are "original," and which "copied," many a one would be saved for publication that now is lost through being found in "bad company.")

2*d. Be particular that* EVERY WORD *employed in their construction is* CORRECTLY SPELLED. (A single inaccuracy in this respect would render solution oftentimes impossible. Be accurate, therefore!)

3*d. All offerings must be accompanied by their* ANSWERS.

4*th. For Enigmas*—select short subjects, not containing over 30 or 35 letters; and make them *complete* by using every letter at least *once* Please, also, avoid allusion to, 1, the magazine; 2, its editors; and, 3, the Merry Cousins; and omit the hackneyed items, "*hat*," "*cat*," "*Chat*," "*rat*," and the exclamations, "*O!*" and "*la!*" They have done duty so long that they can now afford to be "honorably dismissed the service!"

Finally—bear in mind that puzzles are always on hand which have been waiting their turn for months and if your offerings have to await *their* turn, try to be patient!

W. D., *Henry S.*, *Lizzie Tipton*, *Ajax*, and many others, we open our ranks to receive you.

Merrimac, *W. A. R.*, *Vincent*, *Lizzie E. N.*, I am not going to send out any more of those *antediluvian* affairs which have heretofore passed for a "graphic" SIMILE of "F. F." When I have achieved anything better in that line you shall hear from me fast enough!

It is but due to myself, however, to inform *Merrimac* that continued ill-health has been the true reason why I have not attended to the matter ere this; and also that my correspondence has been for a similar reason interdicted.

Aunt Sue, ?—280,—?

Genevieve—you see that 320 is not "unguessable." The answer was sent by *Allie Frank* and *Quaker*. The answer to 336 *is* in Webster; ditto, 337, which, as 370, I invite you to attempt again with better chance of success.

"*Roys*"—has not that "sometime" about come?

"*Double-you-see*"—your "protest against the use of words for anagrams which are not to be found in Webster," puts me into a terrible state of confusion (?) for having inserted your anagram, 339, the answer to which appears in this number. I can't help finding "Icthyodorulite" in *my* dictionary, except when I shut both eyes, and open at the wrong page! I *try* to have things correct. I congratulate you on the success you have met with this month.

Ego Ipse—I should suspect you of cultivating Virgil, even if you had not said so,—your charade is so "*bucolic*"-y!

THANKS FOR ENIGMAS, ETC., to Vincent, Ego Ipse, Genevieve, Roguish Kate and Oddity, Euclid, Lizzie E. N., Bittersweet, Henry S., Wib, and W. H. Derrah

EGYPTIAN PASHA.

WHAT great, odd-looking, solemn-faced old fellow is this, sitting so lazily upon his legs? He looks as though he had on my great-grandmother's dressing-gown and Aunt Chloe's bandana handkerchief that she used to wear upon her woolly pate when she made

pies for dinner or swept down the stairs. Yes,—and he has a great sermon or something in his hand that he is looking at very hard; may-be he is a *minister*. I have seen ministers wear gowns in the pulpit; but there is no pulpit here; besides, this old chap would make a very queer figure in a pulpit!

No, my little friend, this is not a minister—unless you might call him a minister of state, which, you know, is a very different thing from a minister of the Gospel. A minister of state is a person who has the direction of the affairs of state, and is sometimes appointed by a king, or queen, or emperor to govern a province. He is called governor, or bey, or pasha. A pasha is a Turkish governor of a province, or military and naval commander of high rank. Pashas of the first rank are called pashas of three tails—that number of horse-tails being carried before them as a standard when they appear in public. Before those of inferior rank, two horse-tails are borne.

This strange-looking gentleman that you see in the picture before you is an Egyptian pasha. Egypt is a dependency of the Turkish empire, and is governed by a pasha of the family of Mehemet Ali, with whom the Turkish Sultan made a treaty in 1841, by which it was agreed that the government of the province should be confirmed to him, and in succession to the then living members of his family. A tribute is annually sent to the Sultan, and all appointments above the rank of major have to be referred to him for confirmation.

You see, my little friend, you must be very careful what you say about this queer-looking individual whose picture you have before you, for he is quite a distinguished personage—he is an Egyptian pasha; and he is not in such a very undignified attitude as you may suppose—he is not squat upon the floor as he seems to be—he is sitting upon a divan. A divan such as this fine gentleman would consider suitable for his dignity is a kind of stage raised about a foot above the floor of the apartment, covered with rich tapestry, and furnished with a number of embroidered cushions leaning against the wall. It is very elegant, and if you could see the rich and beautiful colors and magnificent embroidery, you would think it too grand to place foot upon.

But if you could see this man's foot that is somewhere under the folds of that great robe, you would find it dressed in very elegant fashion too. You would not find a polished black leathern boot, such as gentlemen wear in this country; but you would see a shoe or moccasin made of very fine morocco, or other soft material, and beautifully embroidered with gold thread or cord.

The style of shoe worn in the East is very different from that worn in this country. That worn by Egyptians of the higher class, and many other Eastern people, is pointed and turned up at the toes. Some wear two pairs of shoes, the outer shoe being removed when they enter a house or step upon a floor or carpet. They do not defile their houses with the dirt from the streets as Americans do, who wear the same shoes in doors and out. In many Eastern countries the sandal is worn, which is a kind of shoe with simply a sole, and a strap above with which to secure it to the foot. It is easily removed upon entering a house, and the feet are washed, which I think is a wholesome custom; servants usually perform this duty for guests.

You see the robe which this gentleman wears is very different from the coats worn in our country. Shall I describe the usual style of dress worn by Egyptian men of the higher class? First, a pair of full drawers of linen or cotton, tied around the body with a string or band, the ends of which are embroidered with colored silks. Next is worn a shirt made of muslin or linen or silk, or a mixture of silk and cotton in stripes, but all white. Over the shirt is worn a long garment that reaches to the ankles, with long sleeves extending a few inches beyond the fingers' end, but open from a point a little above the wrist, so that the hand is generally exposed, though it may be concealed by the sleeve when necessary; for it is customary to cover the hands in the presence of a person of high rank. Round this is wound the girdle, which is a colored shawl, or a long piece of white figured muslin. Some persons also wear another robe above all, with very ample sleeves; it is probably a robe of ceremony. It is something like the one you see in the picture. Of course the pasha, and other persons of very high rank, wear more elegant and expensive dress, which is profusely ornamented. All classes wear the turban—that cap-like arrangement that covers the head. It consists first of a close-fitting cotton cap, which is often changed; next a "tarboosh," which is a red cloth cap with a tassel of silk at the crown; lastly, a long piece of figured white muslin which is wound around the "tarboosh." There are a great many different styles and modes of wearing them; but I fear my little friends will tire of any more talk, and as I would be pleased to have a hearing again, I will desist for the present.

PEARL PEVERIL.

THE tongue is like a race-horse, it runs the faster the less weight it carries.

LITTLE EMMA'S PRESENT.

BY MRS. J. E. McCONAUGHY.

DAME MABEL'S little house was built of very rough stone, and you would not have thought it very cheerful inside, the windows were so small and few. But it had a good wide doorway, and in it the old lady used to spin and knit away all the bright summer hours. Twice every year she whitewashed her two little rooms, keeping them sweet and white, and this made the room a great deal lighter.

"Don't you ever get lonely?" said little Emma Day, as she brought her a little pail of new milk one morning.

"Not very," said the old lady, "though it does a body's heart good to see a little bright face like yours once in a while. Tabby is a sensible cat here in the corner, and she and I understand each other amazingly. The swallows over the door are a sight of company too. They are up at three o'clock in the morning twittering away, and it's a great pleasure to hear them when you have nobody in the house to

speak to. Still, I've many a pleasant thought to keep me company, dear, and my Bible talks to me every day. Thank you kindly for this nice basin of milk; it will be a treat indeed. My appetite is but poorly nowadays, and I often think a sup of milk with my porridge or a soft egg would make me a feast."

Little Emma had a bright thought in her head, but she kept it to herself until she could communicate it to her mother.

"Yes, indeed," said mother. "You are welcome to carry her a quart of milk every morning, now Whity gives such a brimming pailful; and a pair of chickens would never be missed from our poultry-yard. I think we will send her three of those yellow ones. John can catch them to-night, and take over a sack of corn with them."

How happy little Emma was! It seemed as if the chickens were never so wide awake before; they did not hurry off to their perch when it did grow dark. But her pleasure was hardly equal to that of the good old lady when she found herself the mistress of such a fine flock. Now she had something to care for, and to interest her all the while. In process of time the flock increased, and she had plenty of eggs to sell, and many a pair of plump chickens to send to market on new year's. With her few wants and frugal ways her chickens were half her living. How much good came of Emma's little act of kindness!

But that is the way with acts of love and kindness. They always grow and widen, and you can not even guess to what they may come at last.

FIRST LESSON OF CYRUS.—It is reported of Cyrus, king of Persia, that being asked what was the first thing he learned, he replied: "To tell the truth." Truth is one of the most amiable qualities that adorn the mind. It is a simple but valuable ornament; and he who is not possessed of it, let his rank and station be what they may, will forever be despicable in the eyes of the wise and the good.

NOT TO BE TRUSTED.—A distinguished merchant, a great judge of character, once said, "When I see one of my apprentices or clerks riding out on the Sabbath, on Monday I dismiss him; such a one can not be trusted." Remember this, boys, and form the habit of keeping the Sabbath, not only because God commands it—which should indeed be the chief reason, but also because it will be for your best temporal interest.

SPRING SONG.

SHOUT!
Throw your banners out!
Spring-time is coming.
Heard ye the robin singing on his tree,
Merrily merrily?
Heard ye the farmer whistling on the lea,
Cheerily, cheerily?
Shout!
Throw your banners out!
Spring-time is coming.

Sing!
Bright birds are on the wing;
Spring-time is coming.
See here the farmer plowing the land,
Steadily, steadily;
Know all is given by God's own hand,
Readily, readily.
Shout!
Throw all your banners out!
Spring-time is coming.

Look!
Over the stones flows the babbling brook;
Spring-time is coming—
Leaps and dashes and sings as it flows
Wildly and cheerily;
So sing our lives with their joys or their woes,
Sadly or merrily.
Shout!
Throw your banners out!
Spring-time is coming.

JOLLY JINGLE.

IF the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty and in autumn no fruit; so if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

WILD OATS.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER V.—GOING TO THE CORNER.

THIS "hazing," of which Johnny had been the victim, was a disgraceful practical joke which the Preston boys were in the habit of perpetrating upon every new scholar. To do the teacher justice, he really was not aware to what an extent this foolish hazing was carried. Miss Priscilla, who had more curiosity than her brother, and who was less engrossed in pigs and poultry, might have enlightened him somewhat. But Mr. Preston was so absent-minded and so weakly good-natured, that after a few attempts at making him understand the wild pranks of the boys, Miss Priscilla had given it up in despair.

In this instance, the fine shower-bath which Master Johnny received in bed was followed by no serious consequences, thanks to his vigorous constitution. The poor, dripping victim had been at first determined upon revenge; but, like many another hero, he found the odds fearfully against him. What could he do with a dozen good-natured, rollicking youths who stood ready to laugh derisively at any attempt of his to defend himself? So he wisely swallowed his wrath, and put as good a face on the matter as possible, though he certainly did "laugh on the wrong side of his mouth."

His best friend on this occasion was little Pitcher, the boy whom Carbello had likened to a grizzly bear. He came forward with dry garments, and also gave Johnny half of his bed. The fascinating Spaniard crept in with Charlie Pepper and Philip Hatch; and before midnight everybody was fast asleep.

How did it happen that when Dolly, the chambermaid, saw the drenched bed next morning, she only laughed and put it to drying, without saying a word to Miss Priscilla, or even to Samantha, the cook?

Perhaps if you were to peep into Dolly's treasure-casket, which was nothing less than a cigar-box adorned with pictures and gilt paper, you would perceive the cause of her silence. You would see there various trumpery rings, and pins, and buckles, which had been given her from time to time by the Preston boys, together with several bright pieces of silver. Dolly had no very clear ideas of right and wrong, and was not above being bribed.

It took several days of mature reflection for Johnny's secret indigna-

tion to wear away; but, by that time, he had concluded that it would not be worth while to "pay Carbello." He would only be laughed at for his pains, and might perhaps bring upon himself a second shower-bath, or something worse; whereas if he kept cool and good-natured, he need fear no further attacks.

He was a little afraid of these boys; they had a certain appearance of city breeding which filled him with despair. Some of them owned silver napkin-rings, fruit-knives, and gold watches, which they sported with an air of complete indifference, as if they had all their lives been accustomed to such luxuries.

Johnny, who was conscious that his own manners needed a little polishing, supposed if he had been a city youth he might have been "genteel" like the others. The most lady-like little girl he had ever seen was Ada Foster, and he had no doubt her natural grace and sense of propriety were owing to the fact that she was born in Boston! Perhaps other country boys have had similar notions.

Johnny's first Sunday at Lincoln was something peculiar, like all his other experiences. It was odd to march in rank and file headed by Mr. Preston, and to sit straight and stiff in a pew with nine other boys, under the watchful eye of a monitor. Johnny found a chance to whisper to Carbello behind the hymn-book—

"It's like being in court, in a prisoner's box."

Ah, did any of that group of thirty well-dressed boys for a moment suppose that one of their number might ever see the inside of a prisoner's box? The sermon was a practical one, from the text: "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

Whether Mr. Dwight had the Preston boys particularly in mind I can not say, but his searching eyes glanced that way quite often from under his gray, shaggy brows; and as the school were not required to attend church in the afternoon, it is quite probable that the excellent pastor desired to adapt his morning services to their need.

Johnny looked about him and counted the nails, cobwebs, and even the folds in the pulpit curtain. It might have been well if he had listened; he would perhaps have been more careful not to "touch pitch."

"What do you do all Sunday afternoon?" said he to Carbello, as they walked home.

"Oh, we stay in our rooms and reflect upon our sins."

"It seems queer you're not allowed to go to church!"

"Not *allowed?* Now that's a good joke for a green one! Look

here, Pepper, this Merry fellow thinks of asking permission to go to 'meetin'' this afternoon."

Johnny soon found that "reflecting upon their sins" was anything but a solemn business. The boys, under pretense of learning their Bible lessons, contrived to meet and have considerable subdued fun over maps, charts, and question-books.

Mr. Preston and Miss Priscilla attended afternoon service, and Johnny knew his mother would expect him to go too; but it was not one of the requirements, and he would probably be laughed at; so after debating the question a few minutes, he decided that he had not the courage. None of the boys went but Pitcher and Jennings. Jennings was called a "Puritan," and as for Pitcher, sermons didn't seem to improve his temper.

The second Sabbath at Lincoln gave Johnny less uneasiness; he was growing accustomed to the ways of the boys, and began to wonder if his mother had not brought him up rather too strictly.

"I do declare," said Carbello, "this is what I call Egyptian bondage—shutting a fellow up this way Sunday!"

"Oh, ho! rather rough, I should think," laughed Johnny, sniffing the air, which was fragrant with the odor of boiling molasses. "I suppose it's what you call a work of necessity, Samantha's making candy Sunday."

"Stop preaching, old fellow. The better the day the better the deed, as you'd know if you read the Bible! Fact is, I want plaguily to go a gunning, and there's no stirring out of the house! Jerusa*lem!*"

"Gunning on Sunday, Carbello?"

"Why not? I won't mope here another Sabbath, see if I do."

"Carbello, what did you pay for that gun?"

"Don't know, Squire Yankee; never inquired. 'Twas a present from the Governor. Why?"

"I wish I had one, that's all. What's that pounding?"

"Pepper cracking butternuts. Why don't you buy a gun?"

"Haven't got the money."

"Ask your uncle for it."

"He's too kind already."

"Poh! I never heard of anybody *too kind* except the man that whipped his boy, all *for his good;* that was being 'too kind' with a vengeance."

"But Uncle Drummond don't think a fellow ought to cut much of

a swell," said Johnny, mournfully. "Oh, hum! if I was a man I'd rattle the chink!"

"Hallo! Merry, that candy must be done by the smell; I want some, I do *candidly*."

"I'll tell you what it is, Merry," said Carbello, as these victims of "Egyptian bondage" stole down stairs and into the kitchen, "I know of somebody that's got a gun."

"That won't do *me* any good, though."

"Yes, 'twill, too. It's Sam Tinkham, down to the Corner. He's a great admirer of mine. Wait awhile, I'll make a plan. Oh, goody gracious, Samantha, you're a jewel! This candy is done tip-top. '*Sweet* day of sacred rest!'" hummed Carbello piously; then added, under his breath: "You'll find a bottle of something or other behind the summer-house, Samantha; accept for my sake, and 'keep dark,' as they said to the nigger."

That night, at supper, the toast was burnt in streaks; it was what Pepper called "pictorial toast;" and as for the butter, it turned out to be cheese. Once before Johnny had observed like peculiarities at the table; now it suddenly occurred to him that Carbello's bottle of "something or other" might in some way be the cause of these mistakes. He was confirmed in this shrewd conjecture by the singular appearance of Samantha, who looked quite bewildered when summoned and asked to bring a plate of butter.

"Samantha is subject to extraordinary fits of absence of mind," remarked Mr. Preston, thoughtfully.

Johnny began to perceive that study was not the only business carried on at the Preston school. He was not taken into full confidence, being considered as yet a little "unsophisticated;" still, he had sharp eyes, and could not help seeing that there was such a thing as wine in circulation among some of the boys. Johnny had been trained to principles of total abstinence, and was accordingly very much shocked, but he kept his knowledge to himself.

One Saturday morning he sat in his room writing a very elaborate letter to his little friend Ada Foster, when Carbello came in with his usual cat-like tread.

"Now, Merry," said he, "I wonder who the person is you are writing to that is worth taking so much pains for?"

"Oh, one of my acquaintances," replied Johnny, with an air of importance, at the same time covering the words "Dear Ada" with a bit of blotting-paper lest his room-mate should happen to joke him.

But Carbello was intent upon something quite different. "You're

a donkey to be writing to-day," said he. "Don't you know it's Saturday? You remember what I told you about a gun? Well, don't say I'm not your best friend, Merry, for I've seen Tinkham, and he says you may have his for a song. It's a prime one, and you needn't pay till you please."

Johnny sprang up and shouted. It was the height of his ambition to own a gun.

"But that would be running in debt, wouldn't it?" said he, the next moment, shaking his head.

"Well, what of it? My father ran in debt, and it was the making of him. His first business transaction was to give his note—so I've heard him say."

"Give his note!" Johnny liked the sound of that. "For value received I promise to pay," said Master Johnny, musingly; "that sounds old, don't it, though?"

"Now look here," said Carbello, suddenly, as if the idea had just occurred to him. "Suppose you go down to the Corner to-day and look at the gun."

"Where is the Corner?"

"About four miles from here, on the Groton road."

"We couldn't get back to dinner," objected Johnny.

"So we couldn't," replied Carbello, thoughtfully, as he consulted his watch. "Ah, I have it—let's take a lunch."

"Good! agreed!" cried Johnny, giving a lingering glance at his letter, which he proceeded to lock up in his trunk. "You're a trump! 'Twill do no harm to *look* at the gun, though I certainly shan't buy it. Mother would have a double and twisted indigo fit if she knew I ever went within six rods of a gun."

"Poh," said Carbello; "your mamma's an old fidget. Come, you go ahead and ask General Preston if we can go. You're just the one; he thinks you are such an innocent child! Don't mention the gun. Only say it's a fine day, and a few of us boys would like a walk to the Corner."

"Who's *us boys?*"

"Oh, Pepper and Hatch, and two or three more. Let's have a party of it while we're about it, and a high old time. Don't you say so?"

Mr. Preston gave immediate consent to the little recreation of a walk, and even told the boys where they would find a nice shady glen in which to eat their lunch. The delegation of six next proceeded to Samantha, clamorous for sandwiches, pies, and boiled eggs. The speed

with which the good-natured cook prepared these viands and put them up in a covered basket, would have excited in a more experienced mind than Johnny's the suspicion that she had had some previous warning of this excursion to the Corner.

But our hero was so straightforward himself that he was not on the look-out for double-dealing in others. He set out on the walk, whistling with all the buoyancy of a happy school-boy, and ready to laugh at the dullest of jokes.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

BOYS' POCKETS.

DID you ever turn a boy's pockets inside out and examine the contents? Jemima! what a collection! An old junk shop isn't a circumstance to it. Here are buttons and cord, nails, cards, spools, tops, bits of tin, glass, and leather, slate pencils, kite tails, and a pretty smart sprinkling of cake crumbs—all in one inextricable snarl. And then to see the affection the boy has for these same treasures! He watches them as a miser does his gold. If his coat or inexpressibles have a rent in them, as they *occasionally* do, and are in danger of falling into mamma's hands for repairs, what a flutter he is in! Every identical thing is turned upon the carpet, crumbs and all (much to Betty's annoyance), and the choicest ones culled out; but he's never anything to throw away, not he,—so there's not much left for Betty's benefit but the aforesaid crumbs, and she never fails to grumble over those, and votes boys a nuisance generally. Tommy takes it all very coolly if his treasures are secured; a slight scolding does not disturb his equanimity in the least, and he goes off whistling briskly, to show his manly independence. But if some one steals a march upon him, and relieves his pockets of their extra lading, it alters the case amazingly; then look out for a storm. It's not the least use in the world to tell him they're not good for anything—doesn't he know better, and doesn't he want to use every one of them—some time? So there is no peace until they are all forthcoming, and his much-abused pockets stuffed again, like a greedy pouter's crop.

Oh, boys! boys! what rude remnants of barbarism ye are! ever opposed to law and order, wild as unbroken colts—

Noisy, breezy, free and easy,
Full of fancy, full of fun;
Care for mother, teasing brother,
"Born to trouble" every one.

EULA LEE.

WHAT DOES B, C, D SPELL?

IT was a great pleasure to teach little Harry to read—a pleasure, and no trouble at all. It is not so with *every* little boy, and Harry's mother had not found it so with all her children. But Harry *must* read. He could hardly wait patiently to use the little letters one by one, he so longed to know all about the pictures in the beautiful red-covered book which his Aunt Agnes gave him at Christmas. He was not like *some* little boys who want their mothers always to read *to* them; though he liked that better than nothing, and he was very fond of stories, so they must either be *read* or *told* to him, till he could read them himself.

"Aunt Aggie wouldn't have given me so big and nice a book if she hadn't thought I ought to know how to read it, and I *shall*, too, very soon," he would say, as, standing before his mother at the table, or seated on her lap, he would almost make out the sweet little stories alone. Harry never began in the old-fashioned, regular way to read. The first letter he knew was W, and he did not learn that out of a spelling-book. You would almost laugh to know where he did learn it. His little oft-repeated "What's that?" receiving an answer forgotten in a moment, taught him many letters before his mother had an idea of it.

One evening, when not quite two years old, as she undressed him for bed, and sat holding his little pink toes for a good-night warming before the open stove, he pointed to a letter on the front of the stove, and said, "That 'double-oo.'" And so *all* the letters got into his little head in some way before he ever saw them in a long prim row, beginning with A and ending with Z, in a spelling-book. No, he could spell o-x, and c-a-t, and d-o-v-e, even before he had seen an alphabet; and his mother was much amused the first time she thought

of this. Harry had taken up a spelling-book, and as his eye fell on the long row of letters, he pointed with his finger to them, and asked, "What does b, c, d spell?" "Nothing," replied his mother. "And what does e, f, g spell?" "Nothing." "Well, then, why do they *have 'em* so?" This was Harry's triumph over the alphabet. Even his mother was surprised when she tried him "*up* and *down*, and *every way*," to see that she couldn't puzzle him on one of them. And now he was going on in the same way with his reading. No wonder his grandmother, with baby Fannie in her arms, loved to steal up behind them and listen to Harry's reading and comments. For you may be sure Harry understood what he read, and by his remarks threw a good deal of light both on the stories and into his

mother's face. He was reading one morning about the bees getting their honey from little syrup-cups hid away in the bottom of the sweet clover blossoms. "Are the syrup-cups hid in the *pop-corn clover*, mother, that we found all over the field the other day?" he asked. "Yes; in the red clovers and the pop-corn blossoms too," replied his mother. His grandmother smiled at Harry's talk, and comforted herself with the thought that when Harry's books grew a little larger, and her hair a little grayer, she should have some one to read many a page, with comments, to her; perhaps from the dear old Bible, which she hoped Harry would learn to love as well as she did. And I do not think his grandmother will be disappointed in her hopes.

When Harry first went to school, his teacher looked a little bit

sober when she first called him up to read. "Another A, B, C scholar," she thought; but Harry, in his nice blue jacket, with snow-white ruffle in his neck, walked timidly up to her desk, to give her a very agreeable surprise by way of reading off his lines in words of one syllable in a clear manly voice. Not that the teacher did not dearly love little folks; but it is quite a task for teachers who have a great many classes in a great many studies, to have little children filling up all the spare minutes with their A, B, C, D; and then, between times, sitting so restless and weary, or restless and mischievous, that she could only pity them as well as herself. But Harry's mother had been a teacher too; and then it was that she made one resolution in her own mind, which, duly expressed, ran thus, *Resolved*, that no child should be sent to school before it knew all its its letters, and was fairly started in the way of Little Readers. And it is to be hoped that, for the sake of both teachers and children, all mothers will one day adopt this wise resolution. Then we think that many little folks besides Harry would know all their letters, and have *afterward* the pleasure of asking, as he did, "What does B, C, D spell?" and see what a very nice thing it is to know all the alphabet before once having seen it. KRUNA.

THE NOBLE CHOICE.

A CURLY-HEADED little fellow,
With roguish lip and bright blue eye,
Who laid his head upon the pillow,
Just when the sun had left the sky,
Was asked one day, by some one near him,
"And what do you intend to be?"
And I was pleased and touched to hear him
Answer with sweet simplicity,
As if he knew what he should fancy,
Wee laughing baby as he was,
Of all the thousand occupations
This wide, wide world to offer has.
He fixed his eye upon the speaker,
And slightly tossed his curly head,
As with a voice as sweet as eager,
"I'm going to be a man," he said.

GOING TO SEEK THEIR FORTUNE.

BY MRS. J. E. McCONAUGHY.

A VERY curious trio set out to seek their fortune together. It is not for me to say how such a company got together; but it is often the case that very strange people form societies by themselves. They resolved to share together whatever good luck they might meet with in the grand oasis their tall friend was forever harping about.

"Ah!" said the camel, "here is a fine spring. Let us take in supplies;" and then he stooped his lofty head and drank, and drank, until the poor patient ass half wondered if he would not drink the little spring dry. The buffalo then took his turn; and drank just enough to slake his thirst, as did also his humble companion. The camel then led the way at a good round pace—away off to the desert. His broad spongy feet were just suited for walking over its surface; but his less favored companions buried their hoofs deep in the sand at every step. By-and-by poor dobbin began to look anxiously from side to side for a refreshing thistle-top or nettle; and poor old buff lowered his horns and bellowed pitifully for his accustomed fields of tall waving grasses. He began to find his shaggy hide a most uncomfortable burden on those burning plains. The camel promised them all they desired in the distant bright oasis toward which they were journeying; but they soon began to feel that their lofty friend would possess the brave country alone for all of them. They must perish by the way long before they reached it.

"How foolish we were," said the ass, "not to 'let well enough alone' instead of coming off here to seek our fortune in that distant oasis our friend pictures out as so fine! It is my counsel that we make haste back again as fast as we can, or else we shall leave our bones to bleach on these sands, as so many have done before us."

His shaggy friend was convinced of the justness of this speech; and so, to the great contempt of their haughty companion, they turned "about face" as fast as their feet would allow—for the despised land they had left. Here they went their several ways, rejoicing in the common comforts they had once thought so lightly of, and effectually cured from all desires of ever going again to seek their fortune.

NEVER drink the first glass, and you will never be a drunkard.

THE AUTHOR'S CHILDREN.

AT the date of our story there was still standing in B—— Street, New York, a large, old-fashioned house, once the home of wealth, beauty, and fashion, but now, in common with its neighbors, given up for a "tenement house," and filled with a motley crowd of "poor humanity."

The second floor front room was plainly and scantily provided with furniture, which had evidently, long since, seen its better days.

On a wide old lounge at one side of the room a man was lying, turned partly over, and with one arm thrown up in such a way as to entirely conceal his face. In the center of the room was a small round table with a white cloth upon it, and the necessary provision for a simple meal. At the table sat a young girl and a boy or youth, for he could not yet be called a young man.

"Dear Edward," said the girl, "I am sorry you can not eat. And how distressed you look! What is the matter?"

"The old trouble, Annie. Nothing more!" he replied.

Annie sighed. "Ah, well, that can't be helped, and we must try to keep up our strength. So eat, dear brother. This bread and milk is very good."

"Nothing is good to me while I see my own father lying *drunk* before my eyes!"

"Oh, Edward! you should not speak so!"

"Well, it is true! why should I not speak? We have both known it, and have kept silence long enough! Now the time has come when I can bear it no longer!"

"Be patient, dear brother!"

"No, I will not be patient! Annie, you are a girl—you have a tender heart—you have borne with him, and toiled for him, and shielded his miserable weakness long enough. I have loved and admired you for it; I still love you for it, but I can not allow it any longer!"

"Oh, Edward, what *can* you mean?"

"I mean, dear sister, that you and I will seek another home. We will not live in this vile place any longer. I know of a very decent boarding-house where we can live for three dollars a week apiece, and you know that together we can earn more than that now—while, if we were relieved from the care and anxiety and labor of doing the house-work here, and taking care of your father, we would soon earn as much as we wished."

"But we could not take him there?"

"No, indeed!"

"What, then, could we do with him?"

The boy did not answer; he looked at his sister, then rose and walked up and down the room; at last Annie spoke in a low, sad tone,

"You surely do not mean, Edward, that we could *desert* our father?"

"No, Annie, not that; but we need not live here with him; we could pay his rent, and we could come often to see that he wanted for nothing; we could help him in many ways."

"If we could do this away from him, we surely can do it with him!"

"But, Annie, the disgrace! Oh, it mortifies me beyond expression to see him come reeling and staggering home—to come in and find him lying on the lounge in a beastly, drunken sleep—to look at his face when he arouses, and search there in vain for a trace of *my father!*"

"Do not think of it, dear brother."

"But I must think of it! I can not keep the subject from my mind!"

"You are worried to-night, dear Edward; come, eat your supper and let us go to work—then, for a time, we will forget our troubles!"

"No, no! I can not eat! You may put it away, little sister. I will work for you, but I have no appetite."

Then Annie rose, and placing her arm around her brother's waist, walked the room with him.

"Annie," said he, "you remember, don't you, that pretty little cottage with the garden all round, on the banks of the Hudson, where we used to live?"

"Yes, yes! I remember!" she replied.

"Of course you do, for you are older than I. How happy we were there! We played in the garden or down on the beach all day after lessons were done; and our dear mother loved us so much and dressed us so sweetly, and taught us to love and honor our dear father, who wrote such wonderful books; and so many nice people came to see us, and they gave us children money and beautiful toys, and kisses and kind words! Now all is changed, and he is the cause of it all!"

"Hush, Edward, hush!" sobbed Annie, whose tears were falling fast. "He is our father, and we must love and obey and honor him still."

"How gladly would I do so if I could! But when I think of our mother—how her life was embittered and shortened—how she used every argument to induce him to give up his dreadful habits—how, on her death-bed, she implored him——." Here Edward broke down, he could speak no more; he threw himself on the floor and great sobs burst from his overcharged breast. Annie, with streaming eyes, set away the tea-things, changing the white cloth for an old blue one; then she placed on the table writing materials and some sheets of MSS., and then wet a towel with water, and sitting down by Edward bathed his head and eyes.

After a while she spoke. "Dear brother, I sympathize with you in your feelings; all these things try me very much as they do you—yet not just the same, for I will not leave father. However we might try to look after him and help him, he would want for so many little comforts; he would be so helpless without me that I can not go. Why, he might freeze to death some night, and then how would we feel—like murderers! But it is not right that all your future should be sacrificed in this way. Go, my dear brother, and live at the house you spoke of; then you will have some society, and you can work your way up in the world. I will remain here, and what money you can spare for us let me have, and I will try to coax father to work more than he has done lately. There is no need of both staying here, and you had better go."

"No, never! dear Annie. What, go and leave you in this den, with such a man! I will not do it! And, indeed, I could not enjoy *any* place unless my dear sister was with me. You must go when I go!"

"Have patience, then, and may-be something better will come. If you stay with me you must stay here, for I will not leave my father."

"Well, I will stay until I can induce you to change your mind. I hope it will not be long first! Let us go to work now. What is it to-night, copying?"

"Not our regular copying; this is a story which father sent to the editor of the "R——." They have always taken his pieces and paid for them, as you know; but they sent this back with word that it must be altered, corrected, and copied, for it was written so carelessly, and in so slovenly a style, that they can not publish it as it is. See, the editor has made some of the alterations he wished, and here are his instructions for the rest."

"But can we do it?"

"I think we can. I will look it carefully over and revise it, and

when I have laid down the first page, you can begin to copy, and when I have finished my part, I will copy too. Then we shall get it done and receive the money in time for our next quarter's rent."

"Very well; but, Annie, the ink-bottle is empty!"

"So it is; I had forgotten; you must go for some now."

"And you come with me, won't you?—the little walk will do you good."

"Yes," said Annie, as she rose and tied on her bonnet. "We'll walk round the square for a breath of fresh air. But we must not stay longer than ten minutes."

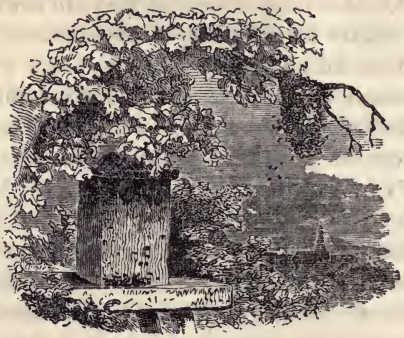
Annie closed the door of the room softly, not to disturb her father; but they were no sooner gone than he set up and looked at the little table. There were traces of tears on his haggard, bloated face—tears rose afresh to his eyes as he surveyed the shaded lamp, the writing materials, and the two chairs, which showed that his children meant to work hard that night before they slept. With difficulty he made his way to the wash-stand in the little bed-room, where he drank a quantity of water and bathed his head, then he came to the table and sat down.

There was about a penful of ink left, and with it he scrawled these words:

"*My dear Children*—I heard all you said, for I was awake when Edward came to his tea. God helping me, I *will* reform. If I don't return to-morrow, you can ask my address of the editor of the "R——." If I live, I will yet be a father to you. JAMES H."

When Edward and Annie returned, they were much surprised to find this note on the table, and their father gone. But conjectures were useless, and soon they set to work at the manuscript. The next day Edward learned at the office of the "R——" that their father was at the house of a kind old friend who would take care of him until, to use his own expression, "he was *fit* to present himself before his children." In the mean time they must not try to find him, but use the money obtained by the sale of his manuscript, and what more they could get for their remnants of furniture, to dress themselves and help pay for living in a more comfortable home. This was done; and now from time to time they received a kind note from their father, generally with money in it, while they also had the pleasure of occasionally reading an excellent story over his well-known signature. At last a year had passed by, when, one evening, he called to see them—so changed—so gentlemanly—refined—handsome a man that tears of joy flowed from their eyes as they looked upon their

father! He had gone on that night to the house of an old friend, an excellent physician, who, having heard his story and his promises for the future, had taken care of him, reclaimed him, and restored him to his children and society. And now they could all live together again, happy as before they had been miserable. DUDLEY.



THE BEE AND THE MISER.

AN old miser counted his gold while a bee buzzed out and in at the window. "Poor creature!" he said, as he locked his treasure away; "silly thing! don't you know that you are toiling all your lifetime for man?"

The bee stopped on her way. "Old man," she said, "small though I look, I am old too, and I know how happy the life of a bee is. True, we work for man, but man works for us."

"Works for you!" exclaimed the miser; "what does he do for you, except eat your honey?"

"In the far Indies," said the bee, "man toils among the sugar-canes for us. He eats our honey, but we eat his sugar. It is true that I have sometimes thought he might leave us a little more of our honey than he does; but, in the main, he treats us well. Nay, he values us so much that, if a cold season comes and we have no honey to give, he feeds us all winter through for nothing. But if your store, old man, were to fail, who would feed you? Who? who?" And the bee buzzed away to her hive, humming these old words as she went: "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."

TRUTH is the most powerful thing in the world.

UNCLE GODFREY'S LECTURES.

THE STORM KING.

A THUNDER-STORM came up just as the family were sitting down to tea one evening, and the first thing anybody knew, grandma had gathered up all the tea-spoons, the forks, butter-knife, and even the shiny milk-pitcher, and set them away on the hearth-stone. She said "such things were very apt to draw the lightning," and they could better afford to do without them than to run any risks. The children did not say much at the time, while the lightning was darting through the sky so fearfully and the thunder rolling out such dreadful peals. But when the evening sun shone out again on the jeweled blades of grass, they were disposed to smile over it as one of grandma's notions.

"It was very good philosophy, though," said Uncle Godfrey. "It is astonishing how the lightning will hunt out its favorite substances, even when they are hidden under a great mass of other materials! It burst through a solid piece of masonry at one time, and knocked about the stones, just for the purpose of getting its fingers on a gun-barrel on the other side.

"It scents out metals buried in massive stone-work, and tumbles down church-steeples just for its fun. It was even so ungallant as to whip off a gold bracelet from a lady's arm as she was closing a window during a storm. Of course she was very much shocked at its conduct. Another lady had her bonnet burnt on her head, without seriously injuring her, however. The wire frame was the particular attraction in this case. I can tell you girls," said Uncle Godfrey nodding gravely at his nieces, "the less of steel bands and gold fetters you have about you in a thunder-storm the better.

"A flash once struck a prison, and in a room where there were twenty men, but one was struck; he, poor fellow, was chained about the waist.

"Lightning has a fancy for the fine gilding of picture-frames; it even knows there is metal on the backs of looking-glasses, and sometimes follows along the route of the bell-wire until it meets with an interruption, and then a terrible explosion takes place. It is astonishing what a power it has! Great tree trunks are often cut into thin laths by it, or are splintered into brown brush. It makes no more of the iron-bound masts of a ship than of reeds in the marsh when it sees fit to shiver them. And yet when this foe is treated cautiously, he can be prevailed on to make his journey to the earth in a very

mild, peaceable way. The Thracians shot their metal-tipped arrows at the thunder-cloud, and the Etruscans were said to have a secret of drawing down the lightning. But however great their success may have been, we know that we have a trusty friend we can rely on to help disarm these fearful warriors. Always remember to bless the memory of the good Dr. Franklin for his invention of the lightning-rod. Simple as the instrument seems to be, and familiar as it has always been to us, yet it is one of the best gifts science has ever given to man." Uncle Godfrey reached up his hand for a book, and after turning a few leaves, read—

"All honor, then, to the invention which can shield the gallant ship at sea and the stately building on shore with equal effect from the deadly bolt—which can guide the hissing shaft from the sky and bury it deep in the earth a powerless and extinguished thing—which can strip the burdened cloud of its perilous freight and carry its lightnings in silent and unseen streams to the earth, and which, plucking the fiery sting from the spirit of the storm, can leave it to pursue its course muttering a few empty menaces, or dissipating its wrath in harmless fulminations."

LEARNING MANNERS.

WHEN I was quite young, there came to our school a grown-up girl from the country that had never been outside her own neighborhood, and of course knew very little of the usages of polite society. The teacher, in questioning her about her studies, asked her what branches she wished to take up. "Well, I don't hardly know, but I guess I need to learn manners as much as anything."

The scholars all laughed, as school-girls will at one another's blunders, although we all know it's as rude as rude can be, and ill-bred in the extreme. So it seemed we all needed a lesson in manners as well as she, and I'm not sure but a school of that kind is needed, one meets so many unmannerly children, so much unkindness, and disregard for the feelings of others, and—must I say it?—wicked deception nowadays. (Of course, this isn't intended for grown-up people.)

There is something refining and elevating in the common courtesies of life: the pleasant greeting; the quiet waiting until another has ceased speaking; the polite "Thank you," and "If you please," as well as the regretful "Excuse me," for any little inadvertency. And when I meet a child, I like an honest, frank look, right square in the face—

none of that hang-dog avoidance of the eye that seems to betoken guilt; but then I know it doesn't *always*, for there are *some* bashful children in the world, though I'm inclined to think the race is nearly extinct.

I like an honest, manly, noble, kind, considerate boy; what if he is noisy! it isn't wicked to laugh and shout, though it may be slightly distracting at times, and mamma may not have the strongest nerves in the world; but, you see, the considerate boy looks out for that, and doesn't forget to care for others.

But there's one thing I've noticed about ever so many young folks, that I hardly think they are aware of themselves—that is, their leaving all their smiles, pleasant words, and polite manners outside their own doors; they seem to slide right off like a cloak,—and isn't it a pity? for there isn't a place in the wide world where they are as much needed; and besides, if they are in constant use there, they will be sure to set easily, and come naturally always.

And now, boys and girls, I want to ask you a question: Don't you think if your hearts were quite right with God,—if Christ, the corner-stone, were admitted there, it would be the best foundation for building a complete character upon? Then your motives would be right, and there would be no such word as fail. A true Christian is always a true gentle-man and -woman too. God grant there may be the most perfect symmetry in the formation of your characters, that you may grow to the perfect stature of men and women in Christ Jesus.

EULA LEE.

LYING LIPS BRING SORROW.

WHEN you have been guilty of a fault,
Oh! lie not to conceal it;
For it will happen, soon or late,
That something will reveal it.

And then, whate'er the deed has been,
However great your trouble,
The faults, the sorrow, and the sin
Will all be rendered double.

But when at once the truth you've told,
Away with all your sadness;
The sense of having done what's right,
Must fill the heart with gladness.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

"MERRY, merry May" has again come—the month of beautiful flowers, sweet song of merry birds and happy children. Here we meet at our monthly gathering, surrounded by "Violets," "Tulips," "May Blossoms," "Verbenas," and "Jolly Jingles."

How glad and happy should we be in pleasant, sunny spring-time, when all nature around us is merry and joyous! The early birds cheerily sing in melodious notes their Maker's praise, while all the fields and flowers join in the glorious anthem.

Let us all unite in the joyful chorus; all nature tells us of a joy and beauty in a brighter and a better home, where flowers bloom in beauty bright and vernal and spring eternal, where joys are not transient and beauty does not fade, where neither autumn nor winter decay, nor death can ever enter. Now, while health and strength are ours, in the spring-time of life is the time of preparation for that eternal home. Then will true joy beam in the heart, and we may be truly *merry* in every sense of the word.

March 14, '66.

MERRYS ALL :—Spring has come again, and I with it.

Roguish Kate and Oddity, please inform me what books you used in preparing your list of words for the Prize Puzzle.

Merrimac, have you light brown curly hair? I have a particular reason for asking this, so please answer it.

I like you, Delia, but it is my opinion that you have some more formidable rivals among the puzzlers than Forrest.

Elva, did you mean me by Violet? I should be glad to exchange *cartes* with you, but I have none at present. If you will be so kind as to send me yours, I will return the favor as soon as I have any taken.

Verbena, if you still desire a line from me, please write, and I will reply immediately. Uncle Merry has my address.

Brown-Eyes, Black-Eyes, Leslie, Daniel Burnham, etc., glad to see you back again; Daniel, remember, "pride must have a fall."

Kate M., where are you?

Virginia, Belle Rose, and all ye new Cousins, come again; the more the merrier. No more at present from

VIOLET FOREST.

BROOKLYN, *April* 7, 1866.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I write to ask you to give me a right to call you by this name, and join in the Chat with the other Cousins. I have wanted to write some time, but have not had the courage, and now, tired of looking in at the window, I knock and ask a welcome. I want to ask you, too, if I wrote anything for the MUSEUM, to whom could I send it? If you let me in, please introduce me to some of the Cousins.

MAY MARTIN.

May is welcome this merry month, and I hope will introduce herself to the Cousins. You can direct articles for the MUSEUM to the publisher.

COUSINS ALL :—April showers bring forth May flowers. Tu-lips comes but once a year, so give me a nice little place among the other flowers.

Tiny Wild Rose, your photo is received—will send as soon as I have some taken.

Hero, unless you take pity on Mamie, Cupid will never have a stray arrow for her.

Daniel Lord Burnham, Duke de no Account, is rightly named—who gave it to you?

How is it? did Uncle Merry ask his Cousins to let him go? No, he deserted. Then fetch him back, have a court-martial, and try him before Queen Fleta, and see whether we will have such things going on without our consent. No, not if we knew it.

For fear the horrid hatchet will clip off my head, I will close.

Yours Merryly, TU-LIPS.

DEAR COUSINS :—Uncle, please let me speak a word or two.

Rubie Linden, won't you correspond with me? Uncle Merry has my address.

Brown-Eyes, won't you sit with me?

Won't some one speak to me? I feel lonesome..

Violet Forest, where have you gone to?

Uncle Hiram, you have clipped my other letters, but please spare this one.

VERBENA.

BROOKLYN, O., *April* 9, 1866.

DEAR MERRYS:—Please make room for me again in your happy circle, which has such an irresistible attraction for so many of us. Uncle Merry, we are very thankful that you are not going to leave the editorial chair—we should be lost without you there. Our friend Eugene may be assured that I extend to him a welcoming hand, and that he has my *best* wishes for his success. I do not forget that he has nobly defended our homes.

Dear Aunt Sue, what has become of you? please make us a call occasionally; you don't know with what satisfaction I pause at a certain photo in my album.

Mamie, don't think that I fail to appreciate your kind sympathy because I neglected to speak of it before. Thanks, my Cousin, for your loving assurance; you and I will be the best friends, I know. I should not be sorry to receive a letter from you *via* Uncle Robert. But who is this Cousin May, that grandly informs me that I deserve the ferule. Ha! ha! it would be a joke to see my humble self getting feruled. Pray who is to administer the castigation?

Tennesseean, I suppose this was suggested in your behalf, and perhaps the performance will devolve upon you. How do you like the idea of feruling a Yankee girl? Shall I hold out my hand? Mind you, only "make believe" strike, for if you don't, your "*little*" Cousin will get belligerent sure enough, and never a word will she "reason the matter" with her Southern brother. But good-bye all, for I am sure the manipulator is coming. Yours truly,

COUSIN JENNIE.

April 11, '66.

UNCLE MERRY:—Did you notice how "pecoolyer" and rather ridiculous you made my last letter to the Chat appear, by having me to address all of the Cousins, and then omitting to give my remarks to them? I did, if you did not.

Uncle Hi, can you tell me who is it that lives in a house of Gothic style, in a very pleasant place, just out of the city? And if it is not too much trouble, please ask J——n (not Jonathan) C. for me, if he ever heard of a "Sunday-school hobby?"

Cousin Eugene, I congratulate you on having risen to the office of publisher, and at the same time bid Mr. Stearns a kind farewell, believing that he has left his long occupied post to labor in a noble cause, and trust that he will be the means of doing much good.

Gussie W. K., little did we know that the wish which you made last summer, while we were sitting on the sea-weed at the edge of the water, was so soon to be realized.

Sid, by the reading of your letters, I should judge you were rather a "wild" youth. On one point, however, we agree, and that is in liking Longfellow. I think there is much originality in his works, and then, too, they all flow along in such "happy metre."

Tiny Wild Rose and Sigma, my promises to you are fresh in my memory, but fear I will be unable to fulfill them as soon as I intended. Cultivate patience.

ADDIE W.

You are not the only one who has had messages to the Cousins cut off "root and branch." The entire MUSEUM would not contain the half of what are written. The "hatchet" has "grown gray" in the service, but is yet as sharp and keen as ever, and always ready for a "brush."

March 3, 1866.

DEAR COUSINS ALL:—Some months have I been desirous of inscribing my name on the tablets of the MUSEUM, but something has prevented; but now nothing shall prevent, unless it is that manipulator that we read so much of—for

"A woman when she will, she will,
You may depend on it,
And when she won't, she won't,
And that is the end of it."

Will Double-you-see and Merrimac communicate by way of pen and ink with

PHE?

That would be the "end of it," whether "she will" or "she won't," if you come within reach of the manipulator; so look out.

ALBION, N. Y., *Feb.* 26, 1866.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—Pray, sir, do not think it impertinent in me to write to you.

I have long been a very much interested reader of your beautiful MUSEUM, and when I read the "Chit-Chat"—perhaps it is wrong—but I *do* envy the Merry Cousins *so* much, and would really like to know if I can be admitted into the cousinship. Then you will be *my* Uncle Merry, and I know your are real clever, your picture looks so good—and my father says so. Please do not say no, for I can cuddle *so* quietly in the corner that you needn't know it.

Humbly, your admirer,

MISS DIGNITY.

UNCLE ROBERT:—Will you have pity on me and allow me to enter the Merry Circle? I will try to be very quiet, although if I should overflow with mischief once in a while, you must not mind it, as I shall not hurt any one.

Delia, as we are both new-comers, can't we become better acquainted?

Sigma, I tried to speak to you once before, but without success. Please write. Uncle has my address. The same request to all the Cousins.

Mustard, what's in a name?

METACOM.

A NEW METHOD OF KEEPING THE PEACE! Make a frantic dash for a throne, if the last queen happens to be out; jump into the royal robes, snatch up the scepter, and kindly appoint consuls, naval commanders, army generals, and I don't know what all! "Majestic Regina," in classic speech, "I don't see it!" "Your right there *is one* to dispute!" My theory is this: Our good Queen Fleta, when she left the throne, transmitted her power, as became a wise queen, to Iva MacGregor, who hath shown herself—shall any one gainsay it?—every inch a queen. Therefore, by lawful *succession*—let it be also by common consent—the throne belongs to Iva. Down with "Majestic Regina!" Long live Queen Iva!!

Fannie Frolic, your plan "sits smiling to my heart." We'll have a jovial "*howl*," and I'll *jingle* my prettiest!

May Clayton, I've taken your dose, and feel "wusser." What next?

Mouse Merry and Lewellyn Lee, pray join our "Literary Coterie!" And Merry Mouse, bring with you Tennyson—grand, beautiful singer! As to my being "cattish," there's no danger; *I's precious good!*

Jasper, would you drive my yellow hairs to an early grave? My curiosity is "a killin of me!" What awful thing do you know about me?

"Reading Club," dangers threaten us! Saucy Nell (who has had the goodness to assure us that hereafter she will appear as Sober Ellen) has declared it her intention to "spoil our fun." Juno, sound the trumpet! Let us arise and *blot Miss Ellen out!* Let us turn the flood of our wrath upon Iago & Co.! Fight for our rights, our circle, our—everything! Yours, ferociously for Queen Iva, Reading Club, and Fun,

JOLLY JINGLE.

I hope your "jingle" will be heard by "Queen Iva," and bring her out of her chosen hiding-place, whether it be among the "shady elms" or "stone castles," and once more resume her place in the Merry circle. She has been absent much too long, and her subjects are getting frollicking and Jolly.

RUBIE LINDEN would be pleased to hear from Edith, Belle Rose, Liberty, Frolicking Fan, Sunbeam, and all the rest of the "sisterhood." She also wishes to know why Elva and Merry May neglect her.

COUSIN NELLIE, of Orange Co., is welcome to a front seat and pleasant greetings. Willie H. C. is too busy with household matters to attend to your call.

WINNIE, we are glad to see your handwriting once more, and know you yet think of old friends and remember old times. You have never been forgotten by those left behind, who now hope to hear often from your far-off home.

COUSIN MAY agrees with Sans Souci, and thinks the idea of a pic-nic a splendid one.

Removal.

After the 1st of May the office of the MUSEUM will be at 172 William Street, near Beekman, where all letters should be addressed.

Fleta Forrester's Puzzle Drawer.

answers all but two of the March Puzzles, and is entitled to her *third prize.* FRED,* who won his third prize last September, and is always near the head of the list, is only one behind this month.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

391. (In the following sum in long division, each letter stands for a figure. What are the figures?)

G) E F A F (D B D $\frac{E}{G}$
E G
E A
E C
E F
E G
E

392. I am composed of 17 letters :
My 1, 3, 17, 7, 2 are of great use to a speaker.
My 13, 5, 16, 6, 12, 7 is a kind of dance.
My 4, 5, 15, 9, 10, 11, 5, 16 is often seen in rainy weather.
My 13, 11, 10, 8, 16 is a noisy quarrel.
My 15, 14, 7, 7, 12, 10 can always be found in the Chat.
My whole is one of the finest varieties of the rose family.
Bennie T.

ANAGRAMS.

393. Cunning to say, I. *Fred W. C. C.*
394. And O! I sent Çi. *Rubie Linden.*
395. N., kiss Ned. *Euclid.*
396. O! nice tramp. *Ego Ipse.*
397. Lo, a lamb, R! *Snowdrop.*
398. Shall buy poems. *Franc.*
399. Neat piles (geographical). *E. P. L.*
400. My second is a snare, and my whole is a covering for my first.
Forestina.

PLANTS.

401. My first is a reptile; my second is a fragment; my third is a pronoun. *Fred.*
402. My first is an animal; my second is a vegetable. *Somebody.*
403. A vehicle and to decay.
Prairie Boy.
404. I am something smooth; behead and curtail me and leave a woman's name.
Roguish Kate and Oddity.
405. I am composed of 17 letters :
My 1, 5, 12, 9, 7 is a bulbous plant, much cultivated for the beauty of its flowers.
My 11, 16, 15 is the Latin name for a certain class of animals.
My 4, 2, 3, 12, 7, 14 is a lake in the United States.
My 13, 6 is a river of Asia.
My 17, 9, 10, 8 is an animal highly valued for its handsome fur.
My whole is a flower, the fruit of which resembles the pumpkin.
Peter.
406. Behead an assembly, and leave what you might feel if you were in it. *Blue Bell.*
407. Entire, I am a word meaning to authorize; remove my head, transpose, and I am worn in religious ceremonies; behead again, transpose, and I am a religious ceremony; behead once more, transpose, and I am an article of gentlemen's wear. *Cis.*
408. My first is a tool used for cutting; my second is an article much used in France; my whole is a kind of tree. *Loyalty.*
409. 1000150500. *Bittersweet.*

Fill the following blanks with the same word transposed.

410. Were —— —— of them?
411. —— is a city located somewhere on the ——. *Belle Brunt.*
412. On the topmost shelf of the cupboard
My *first* was carefully placed,
Lest a bunch of foraging digits
Should find it,—and then, of course, taste!

But a raider more subtle than fingers,
In the "wee sma' hours o' the night"
Made a hole in my *first* in the cupboard,—
'Twas my *second!*—Be sure you guess right!

My neighbor, Miss Susannah Simpkins,
Has had an idea—(*very rare!*)
That to make lavish use of my *second*
Will add to the looks of her hair!
On the deck of a bold pirate ship
My *whole* almost always is found;
Though a gibbet holds it up sometimes
As a warning to others around!

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

413. A fairy covering for the head.

414. Squeeze Rebecca between your fingers. *Kate M.*

415. Repair a large town. *A. R. T.*

416. Perish, sight! *Bittersweet.*

417. 1001. *Addie W.*

418. Why would transposition annihilate "*a colored person?*" *Alf.*

419. I am composed of 7 letters:
My 5, 7, 6, 2, 3 is often heard in the night.
My 1, 3, 4 is a decoction.
My whole is a crime. *Cricket.*

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of June.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "F. F.," Drawer 6, P. O., New Haven, Conn.

Answers to Puzzles in March No.

340. Caprid. (No one answered this. Why? Is not a "butter" one who "*butts?*" And is not a goat the only animal besides man which can boast a "beard?")

341. Pistilliferous.

342. Ignoramuses.

343. Forbearance.

344. Indianapolis.

345. Lancaster.

346. Dneiper.

347. Opisthodome.

348. Bleat (or Table); 1, belt; 2, beat; 3, bet; 4, bat; 5, bale; 6, bate; 7, lea; 8, leat; 9, la! 10, late; 11, eat; 12, Abe; 13, ale; 14, ate; 15, teal; 16, tale.

349. BROTHERS. (*Phe* says "Hot Robs.")

350. Perseverance (persevere ants!).

351. Sillabub (silly Bub!).

352. Pumpkin. (*Florence* is the only one who sent this answer; all the others say, "Askance [ask Aunts].")

353. Hemlock. (Several send "Unity [unite, tie].")

354. Feminine. (Take IV (4) from FIVE and FE will be left.)

355. Exotic (X,O,I C). (Quite a number answer "I owe none I see;" not good enough to be credited. *Edward's* answer, "Between two seas I stand," is ingenious.)

356. Appear, a paper.

357. Idiosyncrasies (III, = "*three*").

358. Snip, nip.

359. Grace, race, acre, ace.

360. Nora, roan, Arno.

361. Acts, cast, cats, scat!

362. Tied, tide.

363. Ward-robe.

Of the above 24 Puzzles—

Addie W. answers all but 340, 357—22.

*Fred** answers all but 340, 347, 355—21.

M. T. answers all but 340, 347, 357—21.

"*Rush*" answers all but 340, 341, 349, 357, 361—19.

Florence answers all but 340, 341, 342, 347, 349, 355, 357.—17.

Forrest answers all but 340, 342, 347, 349, 350, 356, 357, 359.—16

Allie Frank answers all but 340, 342, 343, 347, 355, 356, 357, 362—16.

Roguish Kate and Oddity answer all but 340, 341, 342, 343, 347, 355, 356, 357, 362—15.

Quaker answers all but 340, 341, 342, 343, 347, 349, 352, 356, 361—15.

Bittersweet answers all but 340, 341, 342, 343, 347, 355, 356, 357, 362—15.

Genevieve answers all but 340, 341, 347, 349, 354, 355, 357, 360, 361—15.

Edward answers all but 340, 341, 342, 343, 347, 349, 355, 357, 360, 361, 363, —13.

Euclid answers all but 340, 341, 342, 347, 349, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360—13.

Phe answers all but 340, 341, 342, 343, 347, 349, 353, 355, 356, 357, 362—13.

Delia answers all but 340, 341, 342, 343, 345, 347, 354, 356, 357, 360, 361, 362—12.

Rubie Linden answers 346, 348, 350, 351, 352, 353, 358, 363—8.

Ego Ipse answers 346, 348, 349, 351, 352, 361, 362, 363—8.

Myron answers 345, 346, 348, 349, 351, 352, 355, 363—8

Hero answers 346, 349, 350, 352, 353, 363—6.

Elmer answers 346, 350, 352, 363—4.

Dwight answers 354, 358, 359, 363—4.

Jack answers 346—1.

Notices to Correspondents.

Delia, thank you for your pleasant letter.

"*Rush*," you come with a rush; let us hope you will not go with a rush! I should think you *had* "met with success" in obtaining the answers—rather! We hope you will stay among us now that you are in.

Dwight thinks the Drawer almost "too hard for common folks." Why, Dwight, it makes us feel "pecoolyer" to say it—but the Merrys are famously "uncommon folks!" I think you look as if you could be *one* of them, if you tried!

C. K. W., your rebus is too simple for our Drawer. We are glad that you are interested in puzzles, all the same, and advise you to try your hand at something else. It costs so much to get a Hieroglyphical Rebus engraved, that Uncle can afford to accept only the best, and those, generally, the work of some skillful brain and hand. This explanation will also suffice for others sent us at various times, and answer several inquiries in reference to them.

Forrest, I received a list of answers this month without signature, and credit them to you. Was I right?

Addie W., Where's your hand? You come back to achieve new successes, as *vide* the wreath! I hope you will come again. Yes, it would be a good subject. I can not see its adaptation to 340, though!

Oh, *W. A. R.!* what *is* bad enough to say to you? *I*, "AUNTIE FLETA," *I!?*—because as I "won't be *ante* diluvian, you know of no other *Ante*-like name that will befit my majesty!" If you go on this way, I shall display in a dreadful fashion my avenging spirit!

I am delighted to welcome back my good *Lord Burnham*, Duke de no Account; I fully indorse him, and authorize him to take any steps he pleases, provided they are not *miss*teps. As *Sid* is eager for a(f)fray and is never *afraid*, I intrust to him the demolition of that crockery doll, *Peace Regina!* Let him charge on with his "plethoric portmanteau" and shiver her into so many *pieces* that she may never recollect *which* one is her embodied self!

"*Myron*" (Redding Ridge, Fairfield Co., Conn.) and *Ego Ipse* (same P. O.) bespeak a fair share of photo patronage and correspondence.

Edward (*C. W.*), you are especially and warmly greeted.

Quaker, I know it; but all will be made right in a short time, I hope.

Kate M., ditto. You are *very* welcome.

M. T., *Elmer*, and *A. R. T.*, are you not new-comers? *Snowdrop* and *Cricket* I *know* are. We are very glad you came. Come often.

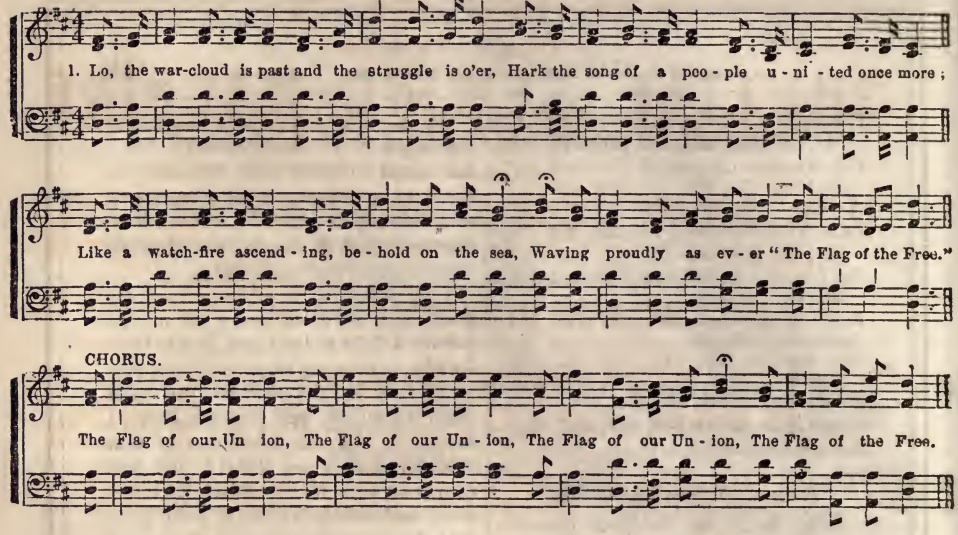
Silvertooth ought to know that my name is *not* "Flora Fleetwood," and that I like to have persons who address me write with a pen and ink; it is but little more trouble, and far more *civil!* The enigma and letter should also have been written on different slips of paper; as they were, they could not be separated, and so went together into the basket.

W. A. R., I forgot to say to you above that you *may* "send along a cord or two."

THANKS FOR ENIGMAS, ETC., to Jack, Fred, Snowdrop, Dwight, "Rush," Cricket, A. R. T., Rubie Linden, Quaker, M. T., Bittersweet, Ego Ipse, Forrest, Kate M., Elmer, Addie W., Delia, Allie Frank, Edward, Alf, Grace de L., Bruce, and Curly.

THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY. T. E. PERKINS.


1. Lo, the war-cloud is past and the struggle is o'er, Hark the song of a peo - ple u - ni - ted once more;
Like a watch-fire ascend - ing, be - hold on the sea, Waving proudly as ev - er "The Flag of the Free."
CHORUS.
The Flag of our Un ion, The Flag of our Un - ion, The Flag of our Un - ion, The Flag of the Free.

2 Oh, Columbia, Columbia, how tranquil and bright,
Was the morning that dawned on thy perilous night
When the angel of peace spread her wings o'er the sea,
And she blessed the old standard, "The Flag of the Free."

3 Now the day-star of hope in its glory appears,
Then awake from thy sorrow and banish thy fears·
For thy heroes have planted o'er land and o'er sea
Waving proudly as ever "The Flag of the Free."

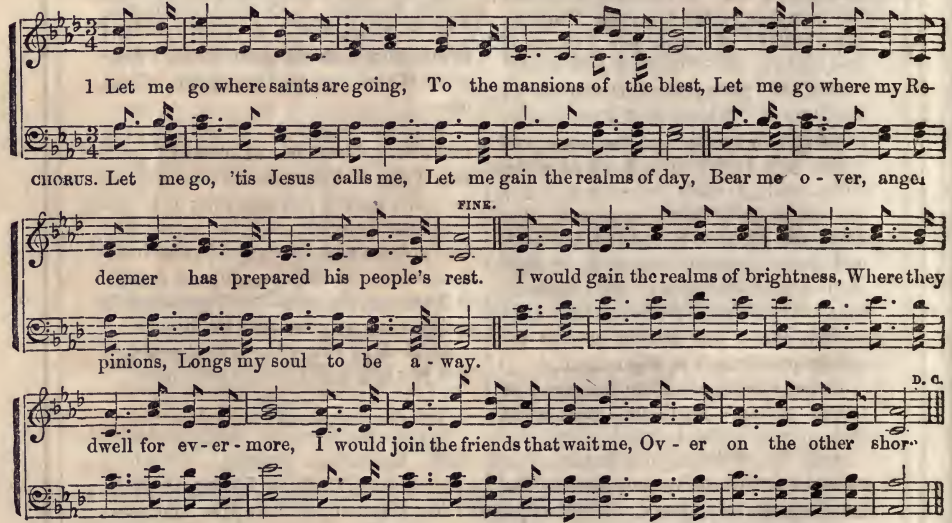
4 Let it wave, let it wave to the breezes unfurled.
'Tis the pride of the vet'ran, the boast of the world
Then hurrah for the brave, and our motto shall be,
God protect the old standard, "The Flag of the Free."

Entered according to act of Congress, A.D. 1866, *by WM. B. BRADBURY, in the Clerk's office of the U. S. Dist. Court for the Southern Dist. of New York.*

LET ME GO.

21—3 to a measure.

Words by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. From "Pilgrim Songs," by permission of WM. B. BRADBURY.


1 Let me go where saints are going, To the mansions of the blest, Let me go where my Re-
CHORUS. Let me go, 'tis Jesus calls me, Let me gain the realms of day, Bear me o - ver, angel
FINE.
deemer has prepared his people's rest. I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they
pinions, Longs my soul to be a - way.
D. C.
dwell for ev - er - more, I would join the friends that wait me, Ov - er on the other shor

2 Let me go where none are weary,
Where is raised no wail of woe.
Let me go and bathe my spirit,
In the raptures angels know.
Let me go, for bliss eternal,
Lures my soul away, away,
And the victor's song triumphant,
Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.

3 Let me go, why should I tarry?
What has earth to bind me here?
What but cares and toils and sorrows?
What but death and pain and fear?
Let me go, for hopes most cherished,
Blasted round me often lie.
O! I've gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them fade and die.

Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1866. *by WM. B. BRADBURY, in the Clerk's office of the U. S. Dist. Court for the Southern Dist. of New York.*

BLINDMAN'S-BUFF.

SILVERTONE AND SLATE.

OF all the pleasant scholars whose bright eyes and winning ways made glad the heart of Aunt Hester, in her village school, not one so made her heart glad by his presence or sorry by his absence as little Bertie Rand. Bertie was a sweet name, too, but it was not quite good *enough*, and so he was called Silvertone oftener than Bertie. Nobody asked why, or ever stopped to *think* why he had

so musical a name—for his voice was music when he read, and music when he talked, and music when he sung, and, more than all, music when he laughed, *then* it was indeed Silvertone. There was another boy in the same school whose name was Roger Reed, and he, too, had another name, about which nobody asked or wondered, and this was "Slate." Now the open-mouthed grate that warmed Aunt Hester's school-room was not heated by wood, but by good blazing bituminous coal, and the fire was very pleasant and still in its glowing and curling flame usually; but now and then a wonderful snapping and explosion would take place, and sometimes bits of coal would fly out all hot and smoking and hit the scholars. The children all knew the trouble was caused by pieces of slate which had been mixed with the good coal, and not being able to stand fire took this summary method of freeing itself from its uncomfortable position. "Snappish as slate" was first the *comparison*, which finally ended in the name which was fastened upon poor Roger Reed. Even in the school-room—in his quiet seat or on the recitation bench—this trait of Roger's could not be entirely hidden; but on the play-ground it showed to the best advantage. And I am sorry to say some of the boys who *could control* their tempers and knew how to keep cool themselves, seemed glad to test Roger's snappish qualities; but not so with Silvertone. He was gentle in spirit, a peace-maker in heart, and in the daily intercourse among the boys it was not his tones that became less silvery, but Slate's that grew more explosive.

When a prize was offered for the best speller in their class, Silvertone tried as hard as any of the boys to win it. He pored over his books at home and at school, but he did not laugh when Roger made a mistake and then took his seat with a bustling noise and red face, tossing his book into the desk and dropping the lid very rudely. He knew Roger wanted to win as well as he, and was sorry when he failed, and sorrier for the spirit with which he bore failure.

"Your a mean fellow," said Slate to him one day as they were playing "blindman's-buff;" "you looked over the handkerchief before you caught me."

"No, I did not see," said Silvertone, gently; "*I never deceive in play.*"

"I say you looked!" repeated Slate, "and I won't play again."

Silvertone did not argue the point nor grow angry when Slate snatched the handkerchief from his eyes, made it up into a hard ball, and threw it as far as he could send it for Silvertone to get it at his leisure.

"Fire up, Slate!" cried the boys, "fire up—here go the pieces! *I'm* hit!"

"So am I—hurrah for Slate!" cried another, as, angry with himself, poor Roger entered the school-room and sat down at his desk. Chancing to look from the window, he saw Silvertone, reblinded, merrily groping about in search of less explosive companions, happy as if never provoked. "I wish I could be like him. It's mean in them to call me Slate, and provoke me to snappishness, but I deserve *my* name, and so does *he*. I'll try to be like him."

And Aunt Hester had to acknowledge, before her school was given up, that although she had always held with Watts that

> "One sickly sheep infects the flock,
> And poisons all the rest,"

yet it might with equal truth be said, that one strikingly beautiful character could attract others with a power that forced them to become more lovely.

Kruna.

GENERAL SCHUYLER AND HIS INVISIBLE ARMOR.

GENERAL SCHUYLER was one of the American officers who figured largely in those stirring scenes which took place on the Hudson and Mohawk rivers, when the English generals hired the Indians to come and fight on their side. General Schuyler had great influence with the red men; so the English wished he was out of the way; and a plot was hatched to waylay and murder him.

Two men were picked out to do this bloody deed, an Englishman and an Indian. The day and time were set; they shouldered their rifles and took their stand behind a clump of trees which he had to pass by on his way home. After waiting and watching some time, the General hove in sight. He was on horseback and alone. Now or never! They took aim. At that instant the Indian knocked down the Englishman's gun, crying, "I can not kill him; I have eaten his bread too often." The General rides on unharmed; he has buckled on an invisible armor stronger than brass, and he is safe. What was it? The *armor of friendly actions.* The General had often relieved the distresses of the poor red men: he had fed them when hungry, and clothed them when naked; and now British gold can not buy up the grateful memory of his kindness, as it melts the murderer's heart. Oh, what power is there in friendly actions! Remember, boys, they may defend you when a great name, a stout arm, a brave heart can not avail you.

HARRY AND HIS DOG.

"HARRY, my son, I don't know what in the world I shall do with you—such a naughty boy as you are! What makes you tease your little sister so? Can't you find amusement in some better way?"

"I say, mother, I think if I had a dog and a jack-knife I wouldn't bother anybody for a week. You see, a feller must do *something;* and it is so stupid sitting around here, with no boys or anything to play with."

"Well, my son, if a dog or jack-knife would make you a better boy, you shall have both. Your Uncle Timothy has several little pups—and the other day he told me I might take one for you, but I thought a young pup would be about as troublesome as my son Harry—and I couldn't have any more such mischievous rascals about the house."

"Oh! yes, mother, I have seen those very pups, and nice fellows they are, too! The other day, when I was down to Uncle Tim's, he showed them to me, and I gave them all names. I think I am entitled to one for the christening sake. Now, mother, if you'll only let me go down to Uncle Tim's and get a pup, I am very sure you will have no trouble with either of us—that's so—there's nothing I like better than a good dog. Why, mother, I would sooner make company of a good, clean, respectable dog than with half the boys that go to our school! And then, you know, a dog can not say bad words or lead you into bad ways. You see, if I wouldn't get my Sunday-school lesson splendid! and all before Saturday night—and I wouldn't grumble any more about getting the 'kindlings' for Bridget. You'd see what a good boy I would be if I only had a pup!"

"Well, my son, I want you to be a good boy, and if owning a puppy would make you better and happier, a puppy you shall have—and a jack-knife, too, if you desire it. Get your hat, and ask Bridget for the covered basket that hangs in the closet; bring it to me, and I will put a bit of cloth in the bottom of it, and you can take it down to Uncle Timothy, and tell him I have consented to let you take a pup on trial."

"That will be 'gallus' good fun!

'Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
For we'll rally round the flag, boys,
Rally round the flag,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!' "

"Please to get out of the house with your noise as quick as you can, and be sure and shut the door after you. Give my love to your Aunt Ruth, and ask her to bring her sewing and spend the afternoon with me; and say to your Uncle Timothy, 'Mother would like to have him come down to tea.' There, now shut the door and trot along."

Off scampered Harry with his basket, as fast as his legs could carry him, and in a few minutes he stood at the dog-kennel in Uncle Timothy's back-yard, calling "Beppo! Fido! Jip! Vic!" when up started four members of the dog family, as fine young pups as ever you saw, and so very friendly and sociable-like. Beppo jumped up quite into his arms and put his nose into his face; Fido seized hold of his shoe-strings; Jip squatted and stared him straight in his face; and Vic went whimpering about the basket as if she suspected there was something good to eat in it, and would like an invitation to examine its contents.

Here Aunt Ruth called from the kitchen window, "Harry, did you bring your basket for some eggs? Fetch it here, and I will give you some nice fresh ones—all laid since Monday."

"Oh, no, Aunt Ruth, I didn't come for eggs, or any such stuff. I came for my pup. Mother said I might take up Uncle Timothy's offer, and get the pup that he offered her the other day."

"Very well; you will find your uncle in the garden, and he will allow you to make your own selection—only don't take little Vic—she is my pet."

"Good-morning, Uncle Timothy."

"Good-morning, Master Harry—dow do you do?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, sir."

"This is a fine morning."

"Mother said I might accept your offer of a pup, and I brought this basket along to carry him in. You see, I want to keep him tight till I get him home, and not let him see the way, or he will, like as not, travel back to his mother. There is an old apron in the basket which I can make into a sort of bed, and give him very comfortable quarters for a short journey."

"Well, Harry, we will go around to the kennel, and you may make your own selection."

"Yes, sir; Aunt Ruth told me she thought you would allow me to do so—only she said not to take Vic."

Harry was not long in deciding which would be his "pick," for somehow Beppo had gotten into favor at very first sight. He was a brisk, lively, friendly sort of fellow that didn't mind much about the etiquette of introduction or manners in general, as was evident from the free and easy way in which he jumped into Harry's arms and put his pug nose into his face.

"Ah!" said Harry, "this is the fellow for me," patting Beppo approvingly on the head! "I like a bright, lively, active dog that's got some enterprise and dash of spirit, though he may be a little forward and impertinent withal. Such splendid eyes as the fellow has got! I declare, they are like two bright polished balls! and such a fine sleek coat of hair as he has! and as black and glossy as my mother's best silk apron! I think I could make a fine colt out of him when he gets a little bigger, if I only had a little wagon to hitch him to."

"Ah, Beppo! you're a bully fellow; won't we have gay times together?"

So saying, Harry uncovered the basket, and asked Beppo if he

would please step in and take a short ride? But Beppo had no idea of riding in such a close carriage so long as he could have the use of his own stout little legs; so he pranced about the basket, peeping into, upsetting, and keeling over it as though he thought it a jolly good plaything. So Harry, not being able to make him comprehend the carriage arrangement, seized Beppo by force, held him tight, and deposited his dogship in the bottom of the basket, clapping down the lid as quickly as possible, and tying it firmly so as to keep it secure until he should reach home.

Beppo evidently considered himself a prisoner; and not having any very definite conviction of criminal conduct, remonstrated most desperately against his imprisonment, giving a sharp, snappish bark now and then, all the while turning and twisting and making somersets in the basket.

By-and-by Harry arrived at home with his uneasy burden; and after having introduced his four-legged protegé to his mother, said to her, "He would by pleased to own a jack-knife, as he would like to do a little carpenter work." But mother "hadn't time to go to the store, and she reckoned he could wait until to-morrow."

"Mother, don't you think I could get a good jack-knife?" said Harry; "I know about the kind of one I would like—a good, stout, fine-tempered knife, with three blades and a good firm handle; they've got lots of splendid ones down to Brown's hardware store. Just try me this *once*, and if I don't make a good bargain, I won't ask to get another as long as I live."

"What a boy you are, Harry! I thought when you got the dog you would be satisfied, and not make me any more trouble."

"Well, I don't think it would be much trouble if I get the knife myself; you know you promised it me."

"Well, my son, if you must have it, go up stairs to my bureau drawer, and right in the top of my collar box you will find my porte-monnaie. Bring it to me (mind, don't slide down the banister!), and I will give you some money. Go to your own drawer and get your pocket-book to carry it in, and be sure you don't lose it."

Harry was not very long getting up stairs and down; indeed, his mother remarked how quickly he could do a thing that pleased him. So with the money in his pocket he strutted off to "Brown's," and not long after returned with his *first* purchase, feeling as much a man as if he had bought a horse or a house. The knife cost just seven shillings and sixpence. "Such a 'bully' knife!—it could cut a hair or a hand-saw!"

Harry wanted the jack-knife to aid in making a house for his dog. How he made it, and what Harry and Beppo did thereafter, I will not now stop to tell, for I know little folks sometimes get weary with long stories; and Aunt Pearl may have something for little ears again.

PEARL PEVERIL.

WHO MADE THE FLOWERS?

"MAMMA, who made the pretty flowers,
That blossom everywhere?
The daisies and forget-me-nots,
And violets so fair?"

"'Twas God, my child, who formed the flowers
So exquisitely fair,
And they, with all his hand hath made,
His kind protection share.

He formed each leaf and opening bud
With skill so nice and true,
And gave to some a golden tint,
To some a violet hue.

'Tis the same God who formed the flowers,
Makes my sweet child his care;
Then daily raise thy little heart
To him in grateful prayer."

WILD OATS.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER VI.—A GUN, A GOOSE, AND A CANOE.

IT chanced that Johnny, who had returned to the kitchen for a little pickle jar, was the only one of the party who did not hear Mr. Preston's injunction to come home by three o'clock to learn a Bible lesson.

The boys reached Lincoln Corner about noon, and, warm and weary, threw themselves upon the bank of the river, under the shade of beautiful trees which Mr. Preston had specified. Their luncheon was dispatched with much relish, and Samantha was voted "a brick."

"Now," said Carbello, who was president of the day, "I move that Merry and I proceed to Tinkham's and make our bargain about that gun. You wait here, the rest of you, and we'll be back in a brace of shakes."

Mr. Tinkham was sitting at the door of a "vine-wreathed cottage," enjoying a bowl of bread and milk.

"Gun? what gun?" said he, wiping his mouth with his silk pocket-handkerchief. "Oh, yes—so you did speak to me about a gun, my fine fellow. Is it this little chap that wants to buy such an article?"

Johnny winced at the words "little chap."

"Henry," said Mr. Tinkham to an invisible youth within the house, "fetch out that old queen's arm that hangs overhead in the shed-chamber."

Henry obeyed like one half awake, having been aroused from a nap on the sofa. Johnny eagerly examined the tall, heavy fowling-piece, which Mr. Tinkham assured him "wasn't rusty enough to hurt," and "every whit as good as new." After a few instructions about loading and firing, together with sundry cautions, the owner of the murderous weapon set its value at twelve dollars, and declared his willingness to accept Johnny's note with Carbello as security. Johnny hesitated, but not long. He knew he was doing an unwarrantable thing when he promised to pay "said sum" on demand and interest. He really had not intended to go so far as this; he had only wished to see the gun for himself and thus parley with temptation.

What would his mother say? Why, as for that, was it necessary she should know it at all? It was "a private business transaction." Where was the money to come from? Oh, well, there were a thou-

sand ways of making twelve dollars, especially when there was an unlimited time allowed, as in the present instance.

"Now let's buy some powder, Carbello, and fire her off," said Johnny, as the two boys left the house, followed at a respectful distance by sleepy Harry Tinkham.

"Oh, I've got plenty of ammunition in my pocket," replied Carbello. "I'd have brought my own gun, only old Lynx-Eyes would make such a fuss."

"I shouldn't think of calling *him* Lynx-Eyes."

"Not Preston; I mean Miss Priscilla. You saw her watching us as we left the house. She'd have had a coniption fit if she'd seen a gun,—women are so scarey. There, I'll ram in the charge, *so*, do you see? Now I'll give *you* a charge: hold the concern up as stiff as a whalebone—don't let it go off."

"As if I didn't know how to handle a gun, Carbello! A body would suppose I was nine years old!"

Carbello, who was fifteen, smiled condescendingly upon the sensitiveness of twelve, and refrained from giving any more charges.

The four boys, who were sitting in the shade telling conundrums, were delighted to see the gun, and proposed firing a salute to the feathered songsters. Johnny was willing that all should shoot by turns; and it accordingly happened that a great number of leaves and twigs were knocked off the trees and came pattering down in showers. A lame goose, which could not move out of the way, met with a tragic fate. It was Johnny who shot the goose. His eyes shone with excitement, and the sudden conviction that he must have a genius for gunning, and might yet be a second Gerard.

"You'll have to pay for that goose," said sleepy Harry Tinkham; "that's *my father's* goose."

Johnny turned pale.

"Needn't take it to heart, Merry," said Carbello, good-naturedly, "I'll pay for it. Here, Harry Tinkham, go home and ask your father how much he charges for geese that have the hip-disease. Hurry!"

Johnny, sincerely grateful for Carbello's kindness, looked at him with his whole heart in his eyes. Without this friend, he would never have had the precious treasure of a gun, and now—oh, how could he be grateful enough? Meanwhile, the boys, while Johnny fingered his fowling-piece, were conversing together earnestly.

"What's up now?" asked Johnny, observing his schoolfellows thinking of something not connected either with his gun or his goose.

"Shall we tell him?" said Pitcher, facetiously; "next thing he'd blab to old Preston!"

The youth meant this as a pleasant joke; but his jokes were so unfortunate as never to be understood without special explanation.

"Of course I should blab," said Johnny, fiercely; "you're a smart one, Pitcher! I'd rather a fellow would knock me down than call me a tell-tale!"

"Then I'll knock you down if you insist on it," said Pitcher, doubling his fists in a bullying manner, which was half sportive, half serious.

"I'll stand none of your nonsense," cried Johnny; "it isn't the first time you've insulted me, sir. The boys are all as afraid of you as they would be of a grizzly bear; but *not I*, sir—so you shut up!"

These saucy words fired Pitcher with a sudden fury, and made his brain reel. He rushed forward; but before he could touch Johnny, the soothing voice of Carbello called out, laughingly,

"Come, come, boys, behave, or you'll spoil all the fun. Rather poor policy, Pitcher, to get Merry into a passion," adding, in a low voice, "when we've brought him along on purpose to use him!"

Pitcher ceased hostilities at once, though the frown did not leave his brow.

"Suppose I shoot a toad next time?" said Johnny, jocosely; for he wished the boys to see he had no great curiosity regarding their private conversation.

"Put up your gun, Merry," said Carbello; "I can tell you of some sport worth two of that: we're going to hire a canoe."

"Good," said Johnny; "I suppose it's all right, hey?"

"Yes—old Preston approves of our rowing," returned Hatch, with a wink at Carbello; "he says it's as good as gymnastics."

"But *I* can't go," said Johnny, with a spasm of moral courage, for his conscience was still pricking him for buying the gun, "I've no pocket-money, so I'll sit on the bank and watch you."

"You'll do no such thing, sir," said Carbello; "pity if we can't give him a free ride, boys, for the sake of his company. I, for one, shan't go a step without him."

Johnny's heart swelled with pleasure, unmingled with any feeling of humiliation. Ever since he and Carbello had met in the cars on their way to Lincoln, Johnny had felt strangely attracted toward the handsome Spaniard. Not that he entirely approved of Carbello's conduct; his reckless extravagance, love of wine, and free use of profane words, Johnny deeply regretted; still, he was a youth of most

fascinating manners; and then his apparent affection for his little chum was of itself a wonderful charm.

The goose was paid for, the boat procured, and the boys were soon enjoying a fine row on the river—a branch of the Merrimac—which was here quite deep and wide.

"Don't make a mistake, Merry, and row with your gun—I see you've got it on board," said Carbello; "why, what a tip-top hand you are with a paddle! As for Pepper and Hatch and Frost, I wouldn't trust 'em with a boat; they're a set of land-crabs, all three."

"No credit to me for what I know," said Johnny, wiping his heated brows; "I've been used to the water ever since I could creep."

About this time Pitcher and Carbello began to converse at intervals by means of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, which was to the rest of the boys an unknown language. Their remarks have to do with our story, and must be interpreted.

"Here we are at Groton," said Carbello; "how much farther shall we row?"

"A few miles, I say," replied Pitcher; "we're going up stream, and 'twill be mighty easy getting back."

"Pitcher, *do* you suppose Merry can be trusted?"

"What, to row the boat back to the landing? Why, he's as strong as a young tiger."

Here Pitcher stopped talking, and proceeded to dip the oars vigorously, for he and Johnny were the managers of the little craft; indeed, Johnny began to conclude that he himself was "working his passage," and had no further compunctions about receiving "a free ride for the sake of his company."

"I think," continued Carbello, reflectively, still talking on his fingers unobserved by the party—"I think, Pitcher, we'll land about two miles farther up."

"Agreed."

"That will give us a good start. Then we'll tell the boys—what shall we tell them?"

"Make up the story to suit yourself," said Pitcher, doggedly; "you're a great deal better hand at a lie than I am."

"You're too polite," said Carbello, evidently flattered; "you could tell as smooth a yarn as I can, if you were only put to your trumps and didn't have me to depend upon. We'll land the boat and go ashore a few minutes; then I'll contrive to jump off a log or something, and pretend to sprain my foot. 'Twill be a serious injury—you know what bothers sprains are! Nobody will know what to

do for me, and I shan't know myself; can't walk a step, howling with agony every time I'm touched, and all that sort of thing."

"I can seem to see you," said Pitcher, admiringly.

"Then all of a sudden, my boy, you must get up some relations in that part of the town: an aunt's cousin, or a great-uncle's stepdaughter's nephew—no matter what, you understand—only have it at your tongue's end. Well, 'twill be necessary for the boys to go back with the boat, but *you* must volunteer to take care of *me*."

"Pepper will offer to stay too, or Merry—they're so plaguy officious."

"I'll put a stop to that. We ought to have got this thing cut and dried before this; but never mind. One will be enough to stay with me in my affliction, and that one must be Pitcher, on account of his relatives."

"I see," replied the virtuous Pitcher, "it's a plain case."

"None of your stammering," said Carbello; "fix it up in your own mind just where these people live, and have a doctor in the family too, it will be so convenient."

"Ah, Carbello, you're a wise one!"

"Then when we've started the boys off toward home," continued the "wise one," "and they're fairly out of sight, then we'll take to our heels; my sprain will disappear, and we shall disappear too. Old Preston certainly can't think of expecting us home before Monday morning at the soonest; and there's all day Sunday for us to perambulate in. Come, it's all planned, isn't it? I can't say any more without causing suspicion."

"Carbello," said Johnny, suddenly, "what's that you're doing with your fingers, leaning over the edge of the boat? I should think you were talking with the deaf-and-dumb alphabet."

"Washing my hands," answered Carbello, yawning, "and observing the refraction of light in the water. You don't study philosophy, and wouldn't be struck with these beautiful little phenomena as I am. What is it you say about the dumb alphabet? Do you know it? Won't you teach it to me?"

"Merry, hurry up!" said Pitcher; "there's a nice landing on the left bank about half a mile from here. We'll go on shore and rest awhile. Phew! I'm tired."

"What's the time?" asked Johnny.

"Five," replied Carbello, consulting his gold repeater.

"Five and a half," said Pepper, correcting him. "Pretty time o' day, when we're engaged to be back at three."

"Why, I never heard of that!" cried Johnny, in distress. "Turn your head, Carbello—there's a boat behind us."

Carbello applied his spy-glass to his eye. "Old Preston, as true as I'm a living sinner!"

"What's the precious land-crab out here for? He'd better be at home getting a Bible lesson," said Pepper, taking a peep to convince himself Carbello was not mistaken.

"I believe to my soul that craft is trying to overtake us," said Pitcher, nervously. "Let's put ashore, Merry."

"Too late," said Carbello, significantly; and his glance said to Pitcher, "It's all over with us—we must give up our little scheme of eloping just now."

The boys had scarcely moored the boat, when Mr. Preston and his companion landed at the same spot.

"Boys," said the former, mildly, but with unusual firmness, "what am I to understand by such conduct as this? I expressly charged you to be at home by three o'clock; and more than that, I have repeatedly forbidden you going on the water without special permission."

"I for one didn't know it, sir—indeed I didn't," said Johnny, looking up in his teacher's face with an expression of such respectful earnestness and candor that Mr. Preston was fain to believe him, although Johnny was the very one against whom strong and terrible suspicions had that day arisen.

"Mr. Maynard, this is John Merry, the boy you were to see."

"Indeed," said Mr. Maynard, with a keen glance at the rest of the party, who were just out of hearing. "If I had been left to my own intuitions, I should sooner have fastened upon some one else."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A POLITE BOY.

THE other day we were riding in a crowded railway carriage. At one of the stations an old man entered and was looking around for a seat, when a boy ten or twelve years of age rose up and said,

"Take my seat, sir."

The offer was accepted, and the infirm old man sat down.

"Why did you give me your seat?" he inquired of the boy.

"Because you are old, sir, and I am a boy," was the reply.

The passengers were much pleased and gratified. For my part, I wanted to seize hold of the little fellow and press him to my bosom.

UNCLE GODFREY'S LECTURES.

COFFEE.

COFFEE MOUNTAIN GIRL.

JOHN was grinding coffee for his mother in the dining-room, and Uncle Godfrey picked out a chestnut-brown kernel from the little hopper of the coffee-mill.

"What a traveler this grain of coffee has been!" he said; "how it has been tumbled and tossed about by land and by sea before it found its way to our coffee-pot!"

"Suppose you tell us its history, Uncle," said John, grinding away, "perhaps I should like my work better."

"Your mother is always supposed to buy pure Mocha," said Uncle Godfrey, looking over the tops of his specs; "so we will assume that this berry came from the shores of the Red Sea. If it only had a tongue, what a glowing description it could give us of that far-famed country!

"No doubt it grew in a little grove of coffee-trees on a slope at the foot of some mountain where it could have plenty of shade and moisture; for the sunshine is very hot in that land, and would probably seem to us like anything but 'Araby the Blest.'

"Well, after a careful watering of these little trees till the fruit is nearly ripe, the water is drained off and the berries are left to ripen. Then, when the gathering season comes, the laborers come down from the mountains and up from the humble villages, and the work begins in earnest. The bare-footed maidens, with their fanciful head-gear and strings of shining beads about their necks, help to gather the fruit that is shaken from the trees upon cloths or mats. Then they spread them out in the sun to dry; after that heavy rollers are passed over them to break the husks. Each husk is about the size of a little cherry and contains two grains of coffee. Then the great fan winnows it clean, and it is ready for the packing bales. When father buys 'that cow,' and milk is plenty, I am going to teach you all how

to make coffee in regular French style. Grind up enough finely-roasted grains as you are doing now, then pour boiling water over it and let it stand ten minutes. Then pour out a half a cupful, and fill up with boiling milk, and sweeten to your taste. With such coffee and good porter-house steaks, Uncle Godfrey could keep 'bachelor's hall.'"

"For a week," suggested mother, as she put the napkins on the table.

"For ten days," said Uncle Godfrey, decidedly.

THE ARAB SHEIKH.

ARAB OF RANK.

A strange, wild people are the Bedouins, scorning the restraints of even their simple towns, and pitching from time to time their humble tents beside new wells or water-courses, where their flocks may find green pastures.

Their figures are spare and lithe, and a trained gymnast might well covet their dexterity. Their senses are all most wonderfully acute. Their eagle eye can espy in the far distance the traveling caravan, in what to common vision would seem only the faintest cloud. Every breeze that sweeps the desert wafts to their ears sounds to which common hearing would be deaf.

The Arab Sheikh is a very limited monarch indeed. These wild men of the desert do not wish their freedom controlled to any great extent. The Sheikh is regarded with great respect, and they are pleased to follow him as a leader in their various expeditions for plundering caravans, or searching for new pasture grounds, or in repelling some common enemy. Though the office is hereditary in the family, the particular member to be thus honored is elected by the tribe. If he assumes too much authority, or from any cause excites general dissatisfaction, they depose him with little ceremony.

Finer specimens of untaught humanity can not be found than among these strange, wild people. How sad it seems that such great

capabilities of mind and body should be thus utterly wasted! but while leading their wandering lives it seems impossible either to civilize or Christianize them.

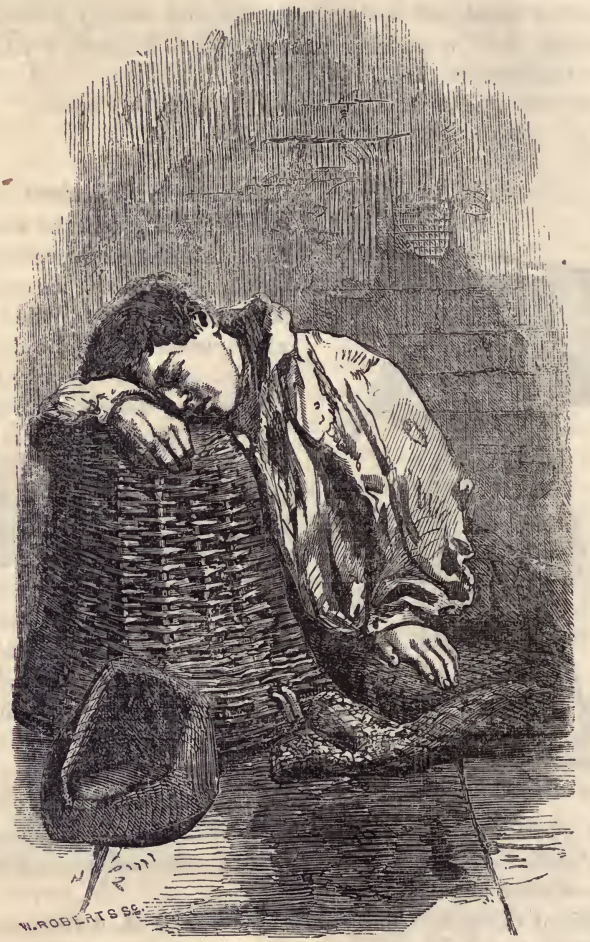
SKIN BOTTLES.

ORIENTAL WATER-CARRIER.

The earlier members of our race were apt to take whatever came handiest and press it into the service for domestic use. The skins of animals supplied them with garments, and, no doubt, it created a great stir when some enterprising son or grandson of Adam first invented a method of weaving the coarse camel's hair into cloth. The dressed skins of animals quite naturally suggested themselves as convenient articles for carrying water and storing liquids. The skins of kids and goats served them as water-buckets do with us. They could be easily carried on the shoulder, and were little liable to break or tear when tough and new; but when old, they grew more brittle, and were apt to crack or burst, especially if fermenting liquors were stored in them. It is to this our Saviour refers when he speaks of putting new wine into old bottles.

The neck of the animal served as the neck of the bottle, and was secured by a stout leathern string. By shifting the position of the bottle a little, the wine or water could be poured out into a cup without being taken from the shoulders of the water-carrier. Whole ox-hides were often prepared in a similar manner and used as wine casks. These skin bottles are still extensively used in western Asia. Many curious engravings, carved thousands of years ago on the pyramids and monuments in Egypt, throw much light on old customs and the implements of domestic life in those early ages.

No wrong will ever right itself!



THE STREET BOY.

SHORT SERMONS TO NEWS-BOYS.

THIS is the title of a new book from the pen of the news-boys' friend, C. L. Tracy, which has just been published by Charles Scribner & Co., of this city. It contains short practical hints to this large class of neglected boys from one who knows thoroughly their nature and habits, and we cordially commend the book to all our readers. It also contains a history of the formation of the news-boys' lodging-house in Fulton Street, with an appendix, giving many interesting facts connected with the institution.

We give an illustration and extract from the book, and hope it may have a wide circulation.

THE EFFECT OF LITTLE THINGS ON THE CHARACTER.

You sing a song sometimes, about—

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land."

I am going to try to show you to-night how much little things—little habits—may do for every child.

Did you ever see a steamship building? Yes; you have been, no doubt, in the great iron-works and ship-yards on East River. You have seen them putting on the tough and thick knees on the bottom; you have watched them nailing the plank and the sheathing; you have noticed the strong timber massed in the bows, until sometimes you have seen it fifteen feet thick of solid wood-work; you have heard them hammer and thunder as the long spikes went in, to fasten and strengthen the thick sides, and as they spiked and nailed the sheathing for the boilers. You have beheld the heavy masts and the thick braces and the mighty cables, and how carefully and solid everything is made. How thoroughly every nail is driven! What tough timber, even in the very bottom of the vessel, where no one can see it! What strong spikes and good iron and solid work! Now imagine yourself going into the yard, and saying to the superintendent that you knew a great deal better than that about shipbuilding. "You would not spend so much money and labor!" You would first put in thin, cheap planking, enough to keep out the water, and any wood you could get easily for the heavy timber, and cheap old iron for the boilers, and do the whole work without taking so much pains in all the small matters, and the ship would do well enough.

Suppose the superintendent such a fool as to listen to your opinion, and really building a ship in such a careless cheap way, neglecting all the details and all the small matters of the work. Can you imagine a steamship built in this way, sailing grandly out of the harbor, appearing very well in smooth water? but as she gets near the Narrows, the heavy ocean-swells meet her; she trembles as the first big waves strike her; the breeze freshens as she leaves the land; the waves thunder on her weak bow and thin sides; the water forces itself in; poor seams open; small and bad nails become loose; rotten

cables give way because little threads are weak; yards break because small pieces of wood were not strong; the boiler becomes useless because there are small flaws and defects in the iron. The storm-waves come heavier and heavier; the poor work parts; she falls to pieces, and goes down a wreck!

Boys, you are all building a ship for a long voyage; you are laying in timber, driving nails, spiking beams, stretching cordage, and building your machinery—and all by very slight and gradual changes. You know what I mean. Every time you tell a lie, you are putting a little rotten planking in your hull; the habit grows stronger; having lied once for a small thing, you are more ready to lie for a larger; you lose the way of truth. People begin to find that you can not be depended on; you lose one place after another through your deceitfulness. At length you tell a lie which exposes you to the law; you forge a name, are caught, and go to State Prison, merely as an effect of that first little lie. The small bit of bad wood in your ship's bottom has wrecked it. Another boy is going along the street, and passing a stall, he sees some nice apples. No one is watching him, and he slips his hand slily into the heap and drops one into his pocket. He goes off, chuckling within himself as he thinks that no person has seen him, and he has got an apple. But, boys, he has put in the rotten timber into his ship. The habit increases. The next time it is some larger thing he steals: a piece of goods from a shop; theu some money from a counter. He becomes an errand-boy in a shop; one day he steals from the money-drawer, and still no one discovers his thefts. At length he joins some other boys in breaking into a warehouse, like those you heard of last week, who were not more than twelve years old. This time he is caught; he is brought before the judge at the Tombs, and goes to prison as a petty thief, his character ruined in the very beginning of his life, and because of that one little theft of the apple.

Another—perhaps a generous, warm-hearted fellow—likes occasionally a glass of liquor, though he knows he can not bear it. Each time he takes it, it carries him away more and more; he can not resist its influence; he loses his senses under it; he spends all his money, and pawns his clothing at last to purchase it; and finally, after years, he dies a drunkard in *delirium tremens*.

One of the most generous and promising of the young men whom I knew, used, in college, to take occasionally his glass too much. His friends talked with him, and he would promise to do better; but again, at the first temptation, he was drinking hard. They warned

him, but he always said that a gentleman like him could break it off when he was older. He did not, however. The habit grew stronger and stronger; he went to California, and at last, with all his education and fortune, he died a drunkard.

Yes, boys, all these have built their ships badly in the very outset, and when the storms of life came, they were wrecked. Boys never will believe what their elders tell them of the immense importance of small habits. You can not make it real, to your mind, that your little words every hour, your small acts, your thoughts and your habits, are the material out of which your great ship is to be built. It does not seem possible that one lie now should cause your wreck, by-and-by, when the storms of life are on you. For the storms are surely coming to you all. They have already broken around some of you. They will sweep you to and fro. There are currents of vice and fierce winds of passion and waves of trouble for every one of you. You can not escape them. Your timber will be stormed at every seam. Whatever is defective, whatever flaws or rotten places of deceit and falsehood and vicious indulgence you have in your ship, will be tried by the tempests, and you may go down before you have hardly begun your voyage. Every word you speak, every oath or foul word, every blow you strike in anger, every petty pilfering, every lie, every act of meanness and selfishness, every time you cheat a customer by selling him an old paper for a new, or giving him a few cents of wrong change, every time you forget to pray, every wicked thought, is immensely important to you, because your *character* is made up by small things. To God, nothing of this kind is small. For every idle word, we must give up our account.

And this is not all. If you were merely sailing to Europe or China, it would be quite another matter. Or even if your voyage were only for twenty or fifty years, the building and preparation of your vessel, though important, would still be as nothing compared with what it is now! But the ship I speak of—your *soul*—is on its everlasting voyage. It is to sail on when all the worlds have grown old and are crumbling away. Whatever you put into it, whatever you build it of, is to last through eternity. It is a tremendous thought that you are on such a voyage. Every bad thought and wicked action is to enter into your character and last forever. If you are a boy of dishonest character, or selfish, mean, given to lying, cruel, envious, and bad-tempered, you will probably be a man of the same kind. Those ferocious men lately, who murdered the prisoners in Fort Pillow, were, no doubt, first cruel boys, tormenting birds and

animals; then cruel men, beating and torturing the helpless slaves; and now, they are the murderers of prisoners. Then if you are a man, false and cruel and selfish, when you die, you will probably continue to be so in the other world. The character you have formed here will go on forever, so far as we know. So you see, boys, how immensely important small things are. A whole island, or mountain, is built up of little coral insects, so fine you can hardly see them. Some of the highest mountains are made up of shells of little creatures, so small that the naked eye can not distinguish them. So with you, the soul is formed, and its eternity may hang on small actions and little thoughts. Let us all then be careful of our words, our thoughts, and our deeds, and remember that no sin is small in the eyes of God, or in its influence on eternity.

CATCHING RATS VS. STUDY.

NEWT had a dog quite small and fair,
As full of play as he of fun—
No toil to tire, no thought to care,
When play or mischief was begun.

Down in the barn were scores of rats,
Fighting and squealing day by day;
No fear of boys or dogs or cats,
When young and old began the fray.

To think of study with such noise,
Young Newt rebelled, and hid his maps;
To him it was a harder choice
To try his dog or set his traps.

Newt fixed his traps to catch his game—
Nor of the danger had one thought,
But just to win rat-catching fame,
When, lo! his puppy first he caught.

The lad wept loud, the puppy cried;
To loose the prisoner long he lingers;
A long, long time he toiled and tried,
At last he did it—caught his fingers.

UNCLE TIM.

A STORY WHOSE ENDING IS IN A PICTURE GALLERY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHILIP SNOW'S WAR."

THE name of the man I do not know; I was about to write him an old man; but it was not age that gave such a contracted, wrinkled look to his whole person; it was the fear of his fellow-men, and the anxious outlook that he had kept for years lest the hand of justice should be laid upon him, made him seem a veteran in the war that old Time is always waging against poor mortals.

This man, to whom I will give the name of Hans Minten—for he had lost his own—was once a golden-haired child, full of innocent joy in life, and each new burst of sunlight that came over the earth awoke bright ripples of motion and music in the boy. The years came to him and went past him, carrying in their flow his father and his mother and his home; and one day the boy Hans found himself a man, with all a man's duties and responsibilities upon him, and the only relative in the wide world to claim his love, a sister, many years younger than himself.

I know that every one who reads this story will think that Hans had every inducement to live a good and true and noble life before his fellow-men; but it is nevertheless true that he did not do as he might have done. He could not well say "No," when urged by a companion to do wrong.

A few little wrongs grew and grew until the place between Hans and his sister widened and widened more and more; and when they met, the sister said, "What is the matter with you, Hans? you never look at me any more, or wind my hair about your fingers and tell me it is like our mother's."

Hans stood quite still under the starlight night, and listened to the words. He gave no answer, but strode away and left his sister standing there. Straight toward the Black Forest he went, and after a long and weary march he entered it to meet the wicked men who did their dark deeds in its deep thickets.

It was almost night when he reached the borders of the forest; but there was light enough yet left for the quick eyes of Hans to see a traveler who had surely fallen among thieves, for they had robbed and left him quite dead. It was a young fair face that the gloomy light fell upon, and the curls of boyhood had scarcely lost the twining impress of a mother's fingers around his brow. Hans drew near, and looked upon the quiet figure laid forever at rest. He was

not the only watcher in the Black Forest, for a faithful dog was near; wounded, but not dead, he had crawled to the side of his master, and was fondly licking the wounds that could never be made whole. An awful shudder shook Hans Minten that was surely something more than the gathering storm away in the tree-tops. It was the thought that this very deed *might have been* his own, for he had planned to meet a band of robbers in the forest.

Hans could not go on and leave the fair, pale, murdered face between him and the brighter world outside, for he felt as if, should he do so, it would forever shut him in, into its blackness and darkness. There was no implement at hand to dig a grave, but the forest mold was soft and yielding, and partly with his hands, and partly with a torn branch, he made a hollow and put the fair stranger into its bed and covered him with pine cones and mold and wind-swept fragments of the trees.

Just as the burial was over, there entered the forest three travelers, and they came quite suddenly upon poor Hans. He had laid aside his coat in his work and thrown it across the wounded dog. With a flash there came into Hans' mind the thought, "I shall be taken for this murder!" and with a bound he plunged out of the beaten way into the blackness beyond.

With a nervous tremor the three men hastened on their way, anxious to escape, for their quick instinct told the meaning of the new mound and the wounded dog, but they carried Hans' coat with them, and it was soon given over to the hands of justice.

The moans of the poor dog reached the ears of Hans, and near morning he went back to him, and together the two hid themselves in the forest. Years one, two, three went by, until they numbered so many that Hans almost forgot to count them, and still he dwelt with his faithful dog in the forest. A rude hut Hans had built, and from time to time, under various disguises, he had made journeys to his former home. The great reward for his arrest was still hanging like a doom over his head when Hans went for the last time to see his sister. Into the home in the forest had been borne rude bits of home-life: blankets that had been Hans' father's, a chest of drawers in which the mother had gently folded away the baby-clothes of one who went away from child-life into angelhood, the water-flask that had come down from a former generation, and other things made necessary to Hans by his rude hunting life.

Once Hans lay ill for days, with only the dog of the murdered youth for watcher, and the faithful creature went his way into the

town and straight to Hans' sister, and made known by piteous cries and howlings that something was wrong with his master. The brave little woman followed the dog stealthily through the night into the great, dread Black Forest, taking with her the means of life to poor Hans; and when he was recovering, she stole back as silently into life again, for there still existed the terrible evidence of the coat and the grave, and nobody but Hans' sister to believe that he did not take the life of the youth.

At last the noble dog, who had become friend and preserver to Hans, was stricken down and ready to die. I can not tell you how tenderly nor how anxiously Hans watched the dog, how he laid him on his own bed and held a drop of water before the eyes whose bright light death was coming in to eclipse; but I will tell you where the story is written in words that you can not forget. If you will go into a picture gallery in New York, near the corner of Tenth Street and Broadway, you will find a glorious ending of this poor word-picture. It is written so plainly that you can not fail to see it, any more than you could to *feel* the presence of Ward's Indian Hunter, so lately there.

THE "CABINET" ORGAN.

THE opera and concert seasons of the past few years have not been without their visible effects on the impressible American public. We are too apt to judge of these effects by the wider spread which their influence gave to the study of music, and not to the still more important point, of the higher standard and the greater range which they suggested to circles already far advanced in musical culture. To these a new world has indeed been revealed, and new and noble joys brought within reach. The powers of many instruments are daily tested in the parlors of the rich, as well as in the cottages and the school-houses where no pretension to wealth is made, and where the absence of wealth is not realized in the exaltation produced by "strains divine."

The point once settled that something more than voices and a piano are needed to produce orchestral effects at home, the question "What shall we have?" presented itself. "What will yield the greatest result to the smallest number of performers?" Stringed instruments were tried; but it was found that they required such a long and special training that "the musical impulse" would die out of the hearts of household amateurs before mechanical skill could be

attained sufficient to render intelligibly the thoughts of the composer. Reed instruments then suggested themselves, particularly melodeons, organs, etc.—the general management being the same as in pianos, which are familiar to every one. It was at once decided that though but two instruments should constitute the home orchestra, one must be a piano, the other an organ. This decision proved so successful that a demand presently sprang up for the "Cabinet Organ," which straightway became a "household word."

Among these "delights of the household," the instruments manufactured by C. Peloubet & Son took, from the first, a foremost rank; and no time or thought, or pains or expense, have since been spared to keep them in that enviable position, with what success may be judged from the fact that, at the last fair of the American Institute, which was the occasion of their first public exhibition, they were at once awarded the highest prize—a gold medal—as the "best cabinet organs," and were pronounced superior in power, variety, and quality of tone. Besides these fundamental points, it must be admitted that they could not be surpassed in their promptness of action, simplicity, and durability of construction, compactness of form, and elegance of finish.

In order to form an idea of the value of this instrument in those other and higher qualities—in what we might call its spiritual and intellectual nature—those of our readers who are not already familiar with them should pay a visit to the warerooms of Mr. Pelton, at 841 Broadway. Let them listen with cultivated and critical ear as the keys are struck and the hall is filled with the volume of sound. Let them observe the purity, richness, and vigor of tone; the number and variety of their solo effects and combinations, with their peculiarly deep-toned pedals. Let them note and ponder the points in which these ingenious and beautiful instruments differ from others, and we are sure they will agree with us that there can be no more ennobling addition to the pleasures of a cultivated household than one of the "Peloubet Cabinet Organs."

The range of price of these admirable instruments is from $100 to $600.

A GOOD ANSWER.—A temperance lecturer was once asked, "What shall we do with all the grain that is now required for distilling?" "*Feed the drunkard's wife and children* with it; they have gone hungry long enough," was the prompt reply.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WE would call the special attention of all the Merry family to our prospectus of the MUSEUM in this number, and to the offers made to all who will obtain and send us new subscribers with the money. Now is a good time to increase our list, as a new volume commences with the July number, and we offer liberal inducements to all who will devote a little time to this matter. We would like to double our list now, which would help us very much in increasing the value and interest of the numbers of the magazine. Read our valuable list of premiums, and let each one try and send us at least one new subscriber.

To all whose subscriptions expire with the present number, and who will forward their money at once for the coming year, we will send the fine steel engraving of General Grant.

List to the ravings of Jolly Jingle! He "will blot out Miss Ellen," or, in other words, "blot out Saucy Nell!" If the throne is to be occupied, who should occupy it but the one who is most fitted for it? And who in the Merry circle is more fitted than Miss Ellen, *alias* Saucy Nell, whom Jolly Jingle so coolly proposes to blot out? Sid, will you stand by me, and pledge yourself to Queen Nell?

Moss Rosebud, I have heard something about you. Send me your "photo," and I will tell you. VINCENT.

PEACEFUL PLACE, FLOWERY TIME, 10 A. M.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:—Nearly a year has passed since we sat by your pleasant Chat table, but the Merrys are so noisy, that we came to see what is the matter. We hear a *Jingle*, and a shout, "Down with 'Majestic Regina!'" still another shout, "Long live Queen Iva!" Again we hear an echo of that "jovial howl;" and then there is to be a "demolition of that crockery doll 'Peace Regina.'" Now, Uncle, we want "to save the pieces" (*peaces*), for we believe in them, *i. e.*, in Peace; and ought not we to live under the sway of Peace? if not, then cruel W. A. R. must spread terror through our midst. For where there is no Peace there must be W. A. R.; and methinks there is a spirit of rebeldom in the "Oriental City" (Troy). We are good in predicting, so we shout, "Long live Peace!" or W. A. R. will rule. And who wishes to hear the gratings of (wooden) "nutmegs?" Iva, I think, is one.

Violet Forest, the "books" used were Webster's Unabridged, with Appendix, P. O. Reports, N. Y. Directory, and Lippincott's Gazetteer.

A. Van A., where are you? Look in Uncle's album, and you will see me who was once Roguish, but NOW it must be

"STUPID" (KATE) & ODD(ITY).

AMONG THE ORANGE CO. MTS.

COUSINS ALL:—After a silence of six months I claim a right to be heard once more.

Vincent and Sans Souci, I agree that it is somewhat difficult to begin a "Chat"-ty letter, when messages to the many Cousins are all ready to slip off one's pen point, and the grim specter of the manipulator seems ever saying, "Brevity—brevity is the one thing needful."

Fiddlesticks, I hope you will yet reappear among us. I have seen your photo, and heard much about you, from a "Mutual Friend," whom you once met in L——e.

Em Moore, I am ready for that exchange at any time, provided you will write first and send your address. I wrote you last December.

Lizzie Norman, I am one of the "host of Lizzies." Come and sit by me when Uncle calls us all into the parlor. Ray, you can come too, only leave behind that gun that is "always primed." Stiller amusements are best for the quiet (?) of our "Merry" assembly.

Juno, as you seem to be chief spokesman in the circle sacred to Longfellow, I apply to you for admission. I love the writings of "Gail," and Tennyson likewise, and to hear the musical "Jingle" of "Jolly's" voice as he changes from grave to gay, from merry to sad, in obedience to the poetic mood, will be music indeed. *Do* admit me, Juno and Jolly.

"Cis," where, think you, have I seen your chirography? I should be glad to

see some specimens addressed to myself.

Romance, with what a start of surprise and amazement did I see the *name* at the bottom of your letter. I could hardly believe the evidence of my own eyes. I think favorably of your proposition regarding Evening Star. E. S., will you correspond with me as this Romance suggests?

Now, cozes, attend while I say a few closing words. I second W. A. R.'s proposal for another Convention; and as I positively intend to be present next time, I am anxious to become acquainted with some of you before that time—W. A. R., Roguish Kate and Oddity, Sigma, Saucy Nell, Rubie Linden, Flib, Elfelda, Quisque, Kitty Clover, In the Corner, Sid, Lone Star, Blue Bell, Bob O'Link, Forestina, Daisy W., Caddie Everette—in short, all of you. I hope "a word to the wise" will be "sufficient."

All letters directed to Lizzie E. N., Box 699, Elmira, N. Y., will be promptly answered, and in return for your photos, the "picture man" will furnish a liberal supply of "fac-similes" of

Yours truly, LIZZIE E. N.

Thanks for your appearance in the Merry Album even at this late day.

We were as much disappointed as yourself at not meeting you when you called at the sanctum; but you must call at our new "Merry Home," 172 William Street, where we have more room and more ample accommodation for our large and increasing family.

Ha! Merrys, do you not tremble as I approach armed with pen and paper?

Violet Forest, many thanks for your kind welcome. I shall find a seat in your corner. If you would send me a "carte" and a letter, *via* Uncle Merry, they should be promptly responded to. Do set a good example, and let yours be the first "Merry" face (excepting Aunt Sue and our Uncles) which I shall see.

Jolly Jingle, I consider you merely as a "demagogue-*ess*" (this word is of my own invention, but any of the *contrite* Cousins may use it). The fact of her extending no greeting to me only casts a still deeper reflection on her character. J. J., can't you leave your Wars of the Queens long enough to write to your unwelcome Cousin, inclosing a "photo?" On receipt of this proper apology you shall receive ditto from me, and be forgiven.

Aunt Sue, when shall we hear from you again? We can't subsist on one letter a year. We new Cousins want some greeting.

F. F., are the boundaries of your puzzle drawer impassable? Do you never come into the Chat?

Oh, Uncle Hi! I have just awakened to a sense of my danger. I hope it is not too late. After a proper apology, couldn't the manipulator "be conciliated?" I'll stop in one minute, and won't be back till——next time.

Oh, Hatchet! spare this letter. Touch not a single line. If you should mutilate it, I should begin to——*whine!!!* As the latter elegant word rhymes, it is all-sufficient.

Uncle Robert, I'm glad you are not going to leave us. We should feel quite lost without you.

With a welcome to all new Cousins, I will make my exit. *Long*-ingly,

DELIA.

My voice is still for W. A. R.! I once was in favor of Queen Fleta, but "seeing" she isn't going to be *it*, I wave my handkerchief in the breeze and shout frantically, "Long live the Merry Republic!"

Jingle, you lay a finger on Saucy at your peril! You'll feel somebody's fingers in *your* "yellow locks."

Sid, have you ceased to be "soul of my soul?" "'Twas ever thus." Oh, man, how false some of thou art!

Sigma, I've heard you are all that "fancy paints," and a little more so. Can it be?

Jasper, Jasper, my heart is too full to say more.

Dear Black-Eyes, I'm going to write you soon. Won't we have fine times in talking over youthful days?

Uncle Robert, I have a huge bouquet of arbutus I'd like to send you; 'twould make you young again only to look at the dear posies.

If anybody feels the spirit move them to write me, do so. I *must* tear myself away so.

Ye Merry boys, a long farewell. Ye Merry girls, "adieu." PERT MERRY.

Send along the bouquet by all means, that when you come this way next our gray hairs shall have all disappeared and we live again in the past.

Fleta, I have listened long for the roll of the "chariot" wheels—must I listen in vain?

Sid, you wax quite "breezy!" After considerable consideration I have at length arrived at the conclusion that you are "*un beau esprit.*"

Vincent, what do you expect to do with so many cart(e)s without a horse? Is it your intention to turn cart(e)man? So you give your address as "heretofore;" will you please inform an unfortunate Coz what State "Heretofore" is in. I have not the latest geography on hand.

Iva, is it your intention to do nothing rashly, for fear of precipitating yourself into inextricable difficulty?

Jolly Jingle, "my plan" was not intended to "sit smiling at your heart."

Taghconic, "all's well that ends well."

"Green little vaulter," come chirp us a song of "gentle strains and tender verses."

Jean Du Casse, have you *veni, vidi, vici-ed?*

Wanderer, ditto?

Cis, who are you?

Rubie Linden, how shall I learn your address?

Uncle, you may be thankful I am not an "old-fashioned Fan," one of the "*quill*" sort, for if I were, the manipulator would have a word to say. But I must away!

Any missive sent through Uncle will reach me. FROLICKING FAN.

The mistake was a ridiculous one, and we must call the printer to account. Some things better remain as they are, for being stirred up and ventilated, the last state is worse than the first. We shall look for you often now warm weather is so near us.

May 9, 66.

DEAR UNCLES AND COUSINS:—Here I am again in the merry month of May. You must think me a terrible bore, and if you do, you had better send me off at once. Don't give me a hint, for I am not good at taking hints. I am beginning to consider myself very much neglected. I have been a member of the Chat for nearly a year, and have only received letters from two of the Cousins. Uncle, don't you think it's too bad?

May Clayton, won't you have pity if none of the others have? I am acquainted with one of your name. Write, and I will tell who; also Forestina, Adelie W., Cad, and Phe.

Jolly Jingle, you needn't make such a fuss, we all know the throne belongs to Iva, though I don't know but you are right after all, for it isn't best to encourage rebels, even by our silence. Now your majesty should thank me for this.

To Cousin Jennie I will say nothing, for I am thoroughly displeased.

Good-bye. COUSIN MAY.

BROOKLYN, *April* 10, '66.

MERRY ONES ALL:—"Silence gives assent." I hear no "nays" (nor "ayes" either), so I shall consider myself "in."

Sans Souci, will you X photos with me?

Ida, Ernest, Puss, or some of you, please write to me.

Where does Sunbeam hail from? Somebody tell me.

My address is Taghconie, Box 3045, New York city.

DEAR COUSINS:—Once more I appear after an absence of several months.

Tulips, don't trouble yourself about Mamie, I fancy she'll survive it.

Elva, Merry May, Cousin Nellie, and those I mentioned last time, wilt write? Uncle Merry has my address.

Well, Peace Regina, that move was sudden; I was considerably astonished. Allow me to suggest that Eugene has business enough on his hands without the army.

Uncle, you didn't follow the suggestion made at the Convention. to lend the manipulator to somebody who would not return it, did you? I'm sorry, but as you didn't, I must run. Addio,

RUBIE LINDEN.

DEAR UNCLE:—Will you include me as one of the Cousins in your circle? I am but a harmless little Cricket—I will sit on the hearth and chirp my song, which will not be *too long.*

Will Ego Ipse, Rubie Linden, Allie Frank, and Aubrey deign to notice this little chirper?

Should like to hear from any of the Cousins if they think me worth noticing. Uncle has my address.

CRICKET.

Chirp away, little Cricket, we love your song among the grand old trees of your quiet "village." Come often.

PROVIDENCE, *May* 4, 1866.

DEAR UNCLE AND MERRYS ALL:—I have at length summoned up sufficient courage to apply for admission to the Merry Circle. I guess, with a little squeezing and crowding, you can make room for me, for I am not very large, and will be content with a small space.

Snell, may I sit by you? Don't say "no" now, for I like you first-rate for all we live so far apart.

Double-you-see, did you ever go to school in East Abington, Mass.?

Roguish Kate and Oddity, I want your *c. de v.* in particular, and those of all the Merry Cousins, and I will send mine in return. Address all letters to

HARRY C. H. DOUGLAS, Providence, R. I.

You are mistaken in regard to Forestina. Send along your *c. de v.*

Extracted Essences.

TAGHCONIC's address is Box 3045, N. Y. City, where letters can be sent for him.

BITTERSWEET, your name is too much mixed up. Change it.

BLUE-STOCKING asks admittance, and desires to become acquainted with Mamie, and be an accepted visitor in the Chat. All right, only do not give *us the "blues."*

FORREST blossoms with fragrance and *leaves* kind messages for all the Cousins to come to her quiet retreat.

D. H. B., any letter you may send to my care will be duly forwarded to the address you desire. I do not know as I am at liberty to send you the address.

ENWOOD, we have been trying for two months to "abridge" your letter, but have been unsuccessful. The hatchet must be respected. Come again.

AZALEA is admitted to a seat by the side of Lillie Linden and Waif. Send your *c. de v.* first.

Fleta Forrester's Puzzle Drawer.

answers *all but one* of the April Puzzles, and takes her *first prize.*

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

420. Pede in het Foster saw a ttille leld
Ghih credevahro thwi hte afyle pwese
Fo a bdaro kao, ghhruto wheso drelang storo herte lelf
A lensdre lilr thta snug stifle aplese. *Bruce.*

TRANSPOSITIONS.

421. Transpose a peasant into a young scholar. *Quaker.*

422. Transpose a symbol of power into a type of vexatious annoyance. *Minx.*

423. Transpose something glittering into a call for attention. *Gertie N.*

424. I am composed of 9 letters:
My 1, 2, 3, 7 is a monkey.
My 4, 5, 6 is a fabled bird.
My 5, 4, 6 is a kind of whale.
My 3, 7, 8, 9, 2, 3 relates to the world.
My 1, 2, 9, 2, 3 is an imitator.
My 4, 5, 7, 9 is an inclosed space.
My whole is an epitome of the universe. *Clite Clinton.*

425. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 1, 3, 4, 2 is a dweller of the desert.
My 5, 6, 10, 14, 1, 5 is a girl's name.
My 8, 12, 12, 14 is a water-fowl.
My 4, 10, 9, 7, 6, 13 is endowed with the power of motion.
My 11, 4, 8, 7 is much dreaded by sailors.
My whole is a name that will be handed down to posterity.
E. A. J. G. & L. T. B.

426. My first is a lodging; my second is a river in Wales; my third is an inclosure; my fourth is compact; and my whole is a town in Iowa. *Shooting Star.*

427. Behead a large nail and leave a fish; behead again and leave a boy's nickname. *Washingtonian.*

ANAGRAMS.

428. Gen. C. S. Baker. *Hal Bowles.*

429. Trim a pine tree on D. *Lizzie E. N.*

430. I'm cruel, D! *Elmer.*

431. N., I name a topic. *Frolicking Fan.*

432. An calm broad head (*Scriptural*). *Dwight.*

433. Rain came. *Allie Frank.*

434. Nine cats. *Grace De L.*

FLORAL.

435. Hoy! plant us. *Harlan.*

436. Cynthia H. *Cricket.*

437. O, crier Dan! *Union Boy*

438. Done! I'll sip!

439. I am composed of 12 letters:
My 7, 6, 2, 3, 8 is used by some dentists.
My 10, 4, 12 is a tool.
My 9, 11, 5, 1 is a level spot.
My whole is quite fashionable.
Carlos.

440. A house of entertainment, a garment, and one entrance. *Genevieve.*

441. Behead a coin, and leave an article worn by ladies. *G. T. McKinney.*

442. Change my head several times and have: 1, the past tense of a verb; 2, what all seek for; 3, an amusement; 4, deformed; 5, a title; 6, alike; 7, lacking variety. *Cousin May.*

443. I am composed of 6 letters, and contain: 1, a bundle; 2, nuts; 3, vapor; 4, flesh; 5, sailors; 6, repose; 7, weeds; 8, an animal with horns; 9, an animal without horns; 10, to entangle; 11, to rend; 12, to injure; 13, a place of traffic; 14, a body of water; 15, a beverage; 16, an overseer; 17, a planet; 18, to spread. *Rush.*

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of July.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "F. F.," Drawer 6, P. O., New Haven, Conn.

Answers to Puzzles in April No.

364. Boot-jack.

365. Cotyledonous.

366. Constantinopolitan.

367. Tender-heartedness.

368. Congenial.

369. Mediterranean.

370. Ornithorynchus.

371. Melodeon.

372. April; ape, rill. (*Phe* and others say "Bull Run;" *Snell* and others, "Apron; ape, run;" *Remus* and others, "Doggerel; dog, rill;" *Metacom* and others, "Barrel; bear, rill.")

373. Mischief.

374. Gold-thread.

375. Battle of Tippecanoe.

376. Superabundance.

377. Plover, lover, love, voe. (In answering puzzles similar to this, the answer is not complete unless all the items are given. Those who neglect to do so, will please observe this in future.)

378. Purr, pull; *purple.*

379. TUR *key.*

380. The *sauce*, and the *saucer.*

381. Hiram Hatchet.

382. Beast, East, as.

383. Adamant.

384. Dogma.

385. Petticoats.

386. Amiss. (Some say "Alas!")

387. L,asses. ("L,assies" is equally good.)

388. Reseat, Teaser, eaters, Easter.

389. Has, Ash.

390. C, low shoe, R, heart against awl, vise, butt open the door to wall, T- root H. Close your heart against all vice, but open the door to all truth.

Of the above 27 Puzzles—

CRICKET answers all but 380—26.

Remus answers all but 378, 380, 388, and part of 390—23½

Roguish Kate and Oddity, ditto.

Allie Frank, ditto.

Bittersweet, ditto. [—23.

M. T. answers all but 379, 380, 388, 390

Edward (*S.*) answers all but 370, 378, 380, 388, and part of 390—22½.

Quaker answers all but 364, 372, 378, 380, 388—22.

Harlan answers all but 365, 366, 370, 380, 385—23.

Phe answers all but 369, 370, 378, 380, 388, and part of 390—21½.

Georgius answers all but 366, 367, 370, 378, 380, and part of 390—21½.

Shooting Star answers all but 364, 378, 380, 385, 387, 388—21.

Forrest answers all but 373, 374, 378, 380, 386, 388, 390—20.

"*Double-you-see*" answers all but 365, 366, 367, 370, 380, 382, 388, and part of 390—19½.

Snell answers all but 364, 365, 366, 370, 374, 378, 380, 389, and part of 390—18½.

Genevieve answers all but 365, 366, 367, 370, 376, 379, 380, 388, 390—18.

Hero answers all but 364, 365, 366, 367, 369, 370, 378, 380, 388—18.

Blue Bell answers all but 364, 365, 366, 368, 370, 374, 378, 380, 388, and part of 390—17½.

Rush answers all but 365, 366, 367, 368, 370, 374, 378, 380, 384, 388—17.

Edward C. W. answers all but 364, 365, 366, 367, 370, 378, 380, 384, 388, 390—17.

C. W. J. answers all but 365, 366, 367, 370, 372, 373, 378, 380, 385, 388, 390—16.

Metacom answers all but 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 378, 380, 385, 388, 390—14.

Ego Ipse answers 371, 372, 373, 375, 376, 377, 379, 381, 382, 383, 387, 389, 390—13.

Vincent answers 372, 374, 375, 376, 377, 379, 381, 382, 383, 384, 386, 387—12.

H. of B. answers 373, 374, 375, 379, 381, 382, 384, 386, 387, 389—10.

Delia answers 372, 373, 376, 377, 381, 384, 386, 387, 389—9.

Cousin May answers 375, 377, 381, 382, 383, 389, 390—7.

Arthur Lee answers 375, 377, 381, 383, 389—5.

Albert Ameran answers 375, 379—2.

Jack answers 375, 381—2

Elmer answers 384, 389—2.

Edward Day Page answers 382—1

Notices to Correspondents.

☞ *To whom it may concern:*—Some one has done me the honor to address me as "Messrs. Potter, Batchelder & Co.," on the subject of Lykens Valley Coal! It is such a palpable case of the wrong letter in the wrong envelope, that I can only say, it awaits further orders.

Sid, your signature should have appeared with No. 412, May number, but there is not a ghost of it there! *Query:* did it vanish of itself?

Edward C. W., I do not understand by your marks that anything more than your anagram is "original." We want *nothing* "copied," you remember.

Genevieve, I exculpate you from the suspicion of having made use of the word "unguessable" in your remarks to me.

Bruce Hunt, President Lincoln's name was *not* spelled "Abriham," therefore your enigma is not a good one! Too bad, isn't it?

"*Shooting Star*," I shall be disappointed if you are not a frequent visitor now.

Cricket, you almost took my breath away with your surprising list of answers. Why have you never come before? Accept my congratulations.

Vincent, please take your dictionary *now* and see if the words are not there! You must not *overlook* them—that's how to be successful.

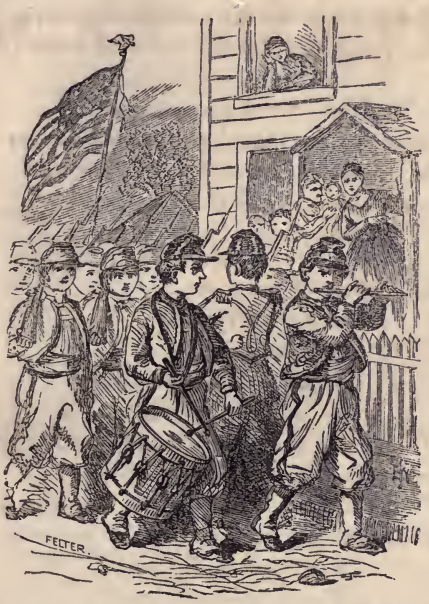
W. A. R., why limit yourself to three vowels? Why not say *Qu—ah!—eh!—I!—oh!—ugh!—een!*—at once, and satisfy yourself fully? Perhaps after awhile you will think to inquire whether I am naturally *sweet-tempered?* But go on.

M. T., *I* think the neglect is all *yours*. I will not forget you again.

Hal Bowles, I should be glad to clasp your friendly hand oftener. Why do you attempt to appropriate hints that were not intended for you?

Jolly Jingle, I send you my most *extinguishing regards*, and feel pained at the necessity which compels me to *put you out!*

THANKS FOR ENIGMAS, ETC., to Delia, Rush, Frolicking Fan, Bittersweet, Metacom, Henry B. Banks, Roguish Kate and Oddity, Albert Ameran, Elmer, Shooting Star, C. M. Burt, Ego Ipse, Forrest, "Double-you-see," Hal Bowles, Edward (C. W.), Quaker, Minx, Harlan, and Gertie N.



FOURTH OF JULY, 1866.

HURRAH for Captain Brown!
He's drumming up the town!
He's going to have a hundred men,
While marching up and down!
Blow the fife and beat the drum!
Forward! march! we come, we come!

Let the red-coats keep away!
Banish every shade of gray!
Only "army-blue" can stand
Under Captain Brown's command.
Only Stars and Stripes will do,
Banners of red, white, and blue,
On Independence Day!

Hurrah for Captain Brown!
He's drumming up the town,
With Stars and Stripes and noble hearts.
He's marching up and down!
He's firing spirits brave and true
As *one*, now wrapped in army blue,

Who sleeps amid the unmarked graves,
That swell and rise like emerald waves,
In the lone *Wilderness.*
He beats the drum his father bore;
'Tis crimson-stained! *he* wakes no more
The martial strain that roused his men
To new-born hopes and life again!

They *all* are sleeping, far away!
Their spirits come to us to-day!
Our country free
Shall ever be!
While hearts beat true
'Neath army blue,
"God speed the right!" shall be our cry;
For truth our fathers dared to die!
We'll wake the martial notes they loved,
We'll bear the flags their valor proved;
For right shall stand
Throughout our land!
To this we pledge our hearts and hand
On Independence Day. KRUNA.

A BRAVE BOY.

A POOR boy was put an apprentice to a mechanic, and being the youngest of those bound to the same master, was often sent on errands for the rest. His fellow-apprentices not unfrequently required him to fetch intoxicating drinks, declaring that it did them good. They often urged him to partake of the intoxicating potion with them, but he invariably and absolutely refused. He was in consequence treated by them with mockery and scorn, often weeping in solitude on account of their derision and insults.

But mark the sequel. Every one of the scoffing apprentices became a confirmed drunkard; but the abstinent youth realized a fortune of about one hundred thousand dollars. He employed nearly one hundred men, all of whom renounced the use of intoxicating liquors. He also exerted a very beneficial influence upon one thousand more, helping to fit them not only for useful and honorable positions on earth, but also for eternal happiness in the world to come.

THE OLD SMOKER.

BY MRS. J. E. McCONAUGHY.

YOU would hardly have believed it, and yet it was true, that "old Keroush," as the town-boys called him, had once been a trim, smart-looking youth, and had married the very pink of the country lasses. Ah, me! that was a weary time ago. You could hardly imagine that poor "Mam Keroush's" brown and wrinkled cheek had ever been as fresh as a rose, that her frowning eyebrows had ever been arched with happy smiles which rippled up from a hopeful, cheery heart.

Young Tom had a good situation, and took a neat little cottage, hoping soon to pay for it and call it home. Jenny sewed and knit and spun, and made out the principal part of the first payment herself. "It cost so much to keep house," Tom began to fear he could never get forehanded enough to buy the place. He took Jenny out

for a drive once a week at least, and always had money enough for the finest cigars; but these he looked upon as absolute necessaries. He could not be comfortable without them. The passion for smoking grew with advancing years. The little sitting-room was always blue with smoke, and though Jenny disliked it at first, she at last grew accustomed to it. Not so the little blue-eyed birdling which nestled in the cradle; she would cough and strangle in the suffocating atmosphere, throwing both her parents into the greatest alarm. It was pitiful to see the dear little arms tossed wildly above the head in the agony which suffocation causes, to see its appealing glances to father and mother for help. The first act of the old physician was to throw up the windows and let in the blessed out-door air. She revived for a little while, but before she had seen June roses blossom for the second time, they laid her down under the willows. "Died of cigars," might have been truthfully written on her little headstone.

After his child died, Tom seemed to lose heart more than ever. He did not care so very much when the little cottage, with all the rose-bushes and climbing vines which Jenny had trained around it, went back to its original owner. Jenny wept to think of all her hard stitching, early and late, going for nothing; but Tom said he was glad to have the weight off his mind. He knew he could never pay for the place; they'd rent another and live just as comfortable. He had dropped off his cigars and taken to a pipe, and whether at his work or by his fireside, it was seldom out of his mouth. His brain, which was never the most profound, was drugged by the poisonous fumes, until it grew ten times more stupid than before. He grew to be less and less valued as a workman, and consequently his income was diminished year by year. He came down at length to one room in a crazy old house, and he was glad to be able to buy even a pot of potatoes and a mug of beer for their daily food. But whatever else they lacked, the tobacco money was always set aside first. Poor Jenny had grown old before her time, and to "chirk her up a bit" in her troubles, she had taken a few whiffs at a pipe herself. The evil habit grew fast, and now her pipe found its regular place above the chimney-piece—as important an article, in her view, as her old tin teapot. There the two sat grumbling and smoking over the embers, their early loves and aspirations all literally turned to smoke and ashes.

The youth who worked by his side in boyhood, and who guarded against contracting evil habits, was now an honored, respected man in the prime of life, owning his own house, and driving out in his

own carriage. His cheek was ruddy with health, and his home a scene of cheerful contentment and true happiness.

Boys! guard against these evil habits, trifling as they seem to you now. Don't smoke "sweet fern cigars," nor any other, if you do not wish to bind a chain about you that will be like a millstone's weight in later years.

SUMMER.

SUMMER's days are here again,
And the rain
Falls in grateful, welcome showers,
To rejoice the fields and bowers,
And refresh the sultry hours,
Ripen grain.

Birds are caroling as sweet—
What a treat
Thus to listen to the notes
Of the melody that floats
Over fields and verdant moats,
Us to greet!

First the blue-bird came along
With his song;
Then the robin in his train
Cheered us with his sweet refrain,
And we hear once more again
All the throng.

Gardens bloom with roseate hue;
Morning dew
Rests on roses red and white,
Lily and carnation bright,
Field-flowers pleasing to the sight,
Violets blue.

Ever since the summer hours
Came with flowers,
Perfume sweet has filled the air;
Floating from the gardens fair,
Fragrance rich and ever rare
Has been ours.

Singing brooklets murmur free
Melody;
Dashing on their cheerful way,
Singing merrily and gay,
Tiny waves, with tiny spray,
Laughingly.

Welcome summer, as each day
Wears away;
Lessons may we learn from flowers,
Brooks, and birds, and gentle showers;
To the One THAT MADE THEM OURS,
Ever pray.

A. T.

GREEN POINT, *June*, '66.

WILD OATS.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER VII.—A SHERIFF AND A JUSTICE.

WE left Johnny standing upon the bank of the river, gazing with surprise at the strange gentleman who seemed to take such a sudden interest in himself.

"If I had been left to my own intuitions," repeated Mr. Maynard, thoughtfully, "my suspicions would sooner have fastened upon some other boy."

"Then you are a believer in physiognomy," returned Mr. Preston. "For my part, I am so often deceived in a face, that I have come to regard it as no test of character. Boys," added he, raising his voice, "you may now start homeward, all but John Merry, who will go with Mr. Maynard and myself just behind you."

Johnny had a vague, trembling suspicion that something was wrong, though what that something was he could not divine. Had he been aware that Mr. Maynard was a sheriff, his heart would have thumped harder yet; though even then he would have been as much puzzled as now to imagine what it was that had gone wrong.

The five boys somewhat sullenly pushed away from land, Carbello assuming a gentlemanly smile, but muttering under his breath that "he didn't like to be dogged." He and Pitcher were certainly disappointed by the failure of their plans to stay on shore and play a game at runaway; though as none of the others had been taken into their confidence, their chagrin was unnoticed, and any signs of ill-nature which they manifested only passed for vexation at the indignity of being "dogged."

"I'll tell you what it is, fellows," said Pepper, looking wondrous wise, "there's something in the wind—now you mark my words; Mr. Maynard never came here for nothing."

"I suppose," laughed Hatch, "a man can go off boating for a few minutes and no harm done, if he is a sheriff."

"I should hope so," added Pitcher, derisively. "Did you ever see anything like Pepper for conjuring up fancies? Come, lend a helping hand, can't you, my boy? Old Preston seems to want us to keep ahead, though why it is I'm sure I don't know."

"May-be he don't care to have us hear the talk that's going on in their boat," said Pepper, with a sage look, lazily plying the paddle.

Meanwhile the three—Mr. Preston, the sheriff, and Johnny—were really holding a remarkable conversation.

"John," said his preceptor, kindly, "did I understand you that you had no pocket-money except the three dollars which you placed in my hands a few weeks ago?"

"Yes, sir—and it's the truth," replied Johnny, astonished at the doubt expressed in his teacher's voice. Mr. Preston was silent.

"Why do you ask, sir? You didn't think, did you, that I—that is, that I wouldn't tell the truth?"

"What did I hear the boys say just now about 'Merry's gun,' which lies at the bottom of their boat?" said Mr. Preston, evading a direct reply.

"I—I—," stammered Johnny.

Mr. Maynard and Mr. Preston exchanged glances.

"You see, sir," continued Johnny, taking courage, "I heard you say every boy ought to know how to handle a gun."

"Yes, if he is old enough, and has come by his money honestly," replied Mr. Preston, significantly.

Johnny blushed with a sense of humiliation. He did not know how strict might be his preceptor's ideas of honesty. It was even possible that he might look upon the note to Mr. Tinkham as a fraudulent affair.

"I wish you to answer me one question, John: where did you obtain the money which you have given in payment of that gun?"

"Must it all come out?" thought Johnny. He would have preferred talking to Mr. Preston alone, and did not relish the presence of a third person.

"I didn't pay any money, sir," said he, in a low voice; "I hadn't any to pay, you know."

"You do not mean to say the gun was a present to you? From whom, pray?"

"I bought it of Mr. Tinkham, sir, up at the Corner; but he is going to wait for the money. I gave my note on demand, with interest at six per cent."

Johnny braced himself to say these last words with an air of assurance which was almost amusing.

"That was a singular thing for a stranger to do," said Mr. Preston, incredulously, "to take the note of a little boy, a minor."

"A minor, sir?"

"Yes; you are under age, and are not considered responsible for your debts. John, my poor boy, are you telling me the exact truth is this matter? It would have been a foolish and presumptuous thing for you to give your note without my consent or that of your mother;

but, John, I doubt if you have done such a thing. *Are* you telling the exact truth?"

The boy was so grieved that he could scarcely reply. "Indeed, indeed, sir, I am. Can't you believe me?"

"It may be," said Mr. Maynard, kindly coming to the little fellow's aid, "it may-be that Mr. Tinkham is a particular friend—how is that?"

"No, sir; I never saw him before; but he took my note, and I signed it. Carbello sealed—no, indorsed it, I believe they say."

"Who is Carbello?" asked Mr. Maynard.

"A first-rate fellow—the best friend I have."

Mr. Preston said no more, having resolved to see Mr. Tinkham and ascertain the facts in the case. But, most unfortunately for Johnny, it so happened that Mr. Tinkham and Harry were both away from home, and Mrs. Tinkham knew nothing about the sale of the gun, except that she had heard her husband say "his conscience troubled him a little; he didn't believe it was just the thing for boys to buy everything they happened to fancy."

Mr. Preston and Mr. Maynard both thought that if Johnny had given his note, Mrs. Tinkham would have heard of it. They began to be confirmed in their suspicions that they were dealing with a boy who, under a very innocent and prepossessing exterior, carried a secretive, designing character. Still, they could not but see that the story of the note, if a fabrication, was a very foolish one; they supposed Johnny must have been driven to it by the emergency of the case, not wishing to confess that he had a concealed fund of pocket-money.

It would have been easy to decide the matter by asking Carbello if he had really signed his name with Johnny's; but Mr. Preston had not firm faith in Carbello's veracity, and, besides, did not wish to make any unnecessary stir at present. His carriage was waiting under a shed; and telling the boys to follow on as fast as possible, he drove off with Mr. Maynard and Johnny.

"Now," said Mr. Preston, "it's of no use, John, for me to conceal from you any longer the fact that I am aware of your deceiving me as regards the amount of your pocket-money. Our chambermaid entered your room this afternoon in pursuit of clothes for the wash; she found your soiled garments where she had expected they would be."

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, eagerly, and wondering what was coming next; "under the sink—that's where Dolly told me to put them."

"They were there, John; and among them a summer vest, the pockets of which she examined and found this twenty-dollar bill."

Mr. Preston put the money into Johnny's hand.

"That in my vest pocket?" said the boy in a maze.

"Don't pretend, ignorance, John," said Mr. Preston, almost severely. "Knowing this money was in your possession, is it strange I doubted your giving Mr. Tinkham a note? That affair will be properly investigated soon. At present, the question is, how did you come by this twenty-dollar bill?"

Johnny could only repeat his assertion of total ignorance; but his bewilderment of manner and his evident alarm, though perfectly natural, went against him with the two gentlemen.

"This bill," said Mr. Maynard, "is a marked one. Do you see this letter X in the corner in red ink? It has been identified as one of a parcel stolen from the desk of Mr. Lindsey, one of the merchants of Lincoln."

"Mr. Lindsey's? Oh, oh! who stole it? *who* did it?"

"That is the question, young man. The presumptive evidence is, that the roll of bank-notes was abstracted by the same party who has run up so large a bill of confectionery and various other items at Mr. Lindsey's store."

"And who is *that*, then?" said Johnny, breathlessly.

Which way suspicion was pointing he had wondered, but now he was sure it did not point to *him*.

"'Who is that?' do you ask?" said Mr. Maynard; "the same youth who has sent to Boston for twenty dollars' worth of fireworks to be forwarded to Springfield. You may well be surprised at our accurate knowledge of your proceedings."

"You see," added Mr. Preston, "the letter in which you inclosed the money for the fireworks, the postmaster detained this afternoon by the authority of Mr. Maynard, who is a sheriff, and we took the liberty of opening the letter. I am sorry to say the money in it also bears the red X."

"I never wrote such a letter," cried Johnny, wringing his hands. "Mr. Preston, Mr. Maynard, don't you believe me? I'm a truthful boy, if I *am* wild; my mother says so. Oh, my mother!"

"We are sorry for your poor mother," said Mr. Preston, rather coldly, "but we wish you had been sorry for her yourself."

"These pathetic remarks about afflicted relatives are what one always hears from juvenile offenders," said Mr. Maynard; "but the truth is, they are sure to come too late—too late. We are greatly

distressed, Master Johnny, to feel so sure as we do of your guilt; but from what has come to light this afternoon, we think it necessary to take you before a justice; and if an indictment is found, the matter must be brought into court."

I will not attempt to describe the feelings of our wretched hero during his cruel trial that evening before a justice. He is not the first person who has been wrongfully accused; for magistrates, however shrewd they may be, have no infallible power of reading the human heart.

Mr. Lindsey, the complainant, appeared against Johnny, testifying that he had, on the Monday before, lost five twenty-dollar bills, which were done up in a parcel and laid in a pigeon-hole in his desk. As the bills were all marked, he had thought it best to say nothing of his loss, but to watch for the first person who should be seen passing some of the money. He had been in the habit of allowing the boys to run up large bills for confectionery, marbles, etc. He had observed that during the past week Johnny's bill had swelled to a very great size, which was the more remarkable as the boy had never before contracted a debt of so much as a penny's worth.

"I didn't have any bill at the store," cried Johnny in a great heat, "I never did, I was *going* to say I never *did* run in debt! It was Carbello; he and a few more gave a treat Wednesday night, and I thought it was as little as I could do to go and buy the things—oysters and pies and things. We had it out in the barn. The boys didn't give me any money, but told me to get the things charged to account. I never heard of charging to account before. I asked *what* account? Carbello said, 'Tell them just those words, Charge to account! Mr. Lindsey understands double-entry, and he'll know what you mean,' said he. So I said just as he told me. I thought a lot of the fellows had planned it together."

"Merry said nothing about a partnership account," said Mr. Lindsey, positively. "He told me to charge the items to *himself*. Of course I was particular as to the name. And this afternoon Samantha Crossman—I think her name is Crossman—who lives at Mr. Preston's, brought me the money which had been put in her hands, she said, by Merry. The amount of the charge was fifteen dollars seventy-five cents, and she gave me one of the marked twenty-dollar notes. Here it is!"

Samantha was here called upon for her evidence. She had on a gay red dress, with shoes down at the heel, and answered the questions propounded to her in a confused but perfectly convincing manner.

She said that after the six young gentlemen were ready for their walk to Lincoln Corner, Johnny had gone down to the kitchen to beg some pickles, and while there had slipped into her hand a bank-bill, asking her, as a particular favor, to pay his debt at Mr. Lindsey's with the same, as he did not like to pay it himself.

Johnny could only deny this totally; but as he had also disputed the word of Mr. Lindsey, a trustworthy citizen, his vehement assertions did not receive much credit.

Next, Dolly the chambermaid told of the money in the vest-pocket; and at last, at the end of two terrible hours of suspense, a bill of indictment was found, which—alas that it must be told!—authorized Johnny's being committed to jail to await his trial.

His uncle, whom he earnestly longed to see, was in New Orleans, and could not help him. The only ray of comfort in all Johnny's black sky was the thought that his mother knew nothing of his arrest.

"My mother's boy sleeping in a prison!" thought the miserable boy. "God knows I am innocent; but, oh! I am disgraced forever and forever!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COUSIN LOTTIE'S GOLDENDALE STORIES.

GOLDENDALE extended some five miles along the margin of the lovely lake Oskara. It was the name given to the grounds and residence of Mr. Harmin. It was named from the large quantity of willow-trees, of all ages and sizes, which adorned the spot in the close vicinity of the mansion. The branches of the willow, every one knows, are of a bright yellow, giving the tree a yellowish cast, even when the leaves are on; but after the leaves have fallen, the whole skeleton tree appears like gold; and in the wind, the tapering twigs are like streaming golden hair. The house, of one of the agreeable shades of color now so much used, stood among the noble trees a gem of beauty to the eye; and commodious and tasteful were its interior arrangements.

It was a Gothic cottage, with most of the apartments upon the ground floor, although there were some rooms on a second story; also there was one tower of three stories in height, and octagon (eight sides) form, making delightful, breezy, gathering or retreating places in the summer, with enchanting views of the lake and the shore beyond. One large family room, however, seemed *the home* of the

whole place. Two large windows of this room opened upon the veranda in front; and at the south end a large bay window looked on a grassy spot, which besides other trees had one remarkable hickory.

The hickory is near the head of the list of beautiful trees. The elm and the weeping willow must claim pre-eminence; but the pointed, polished leaf of the hickory, and the compact, rich-colored bark of its trunk, which chooses soldier-like erectness, makes its noticeable aside from the delicious nuts, which are suspended in *shagreen* cases on the tips of innumerable stems, as if they might be there just for ornament. This one tree near the bay window at Goldendale was famous the house over and the neighborhood around—for there were neighborly neighbors five, six, and eight miles away—for the immense quantity as well as delicate flavor of its oily kernels every autumn.

Passing out from its rich shade you came upon walks hedged with althea and privet, and beyond, upon roses innumerable; and for that matter, everything of loveliness in the flower line in its season—and you followed on and on among the blooms, now over tiny white Gothic bridges, for Goldendale had its singing brook, and now under clumps of willows, until you came to the woods, and through the woods, as clear as a cultivated grove, to the bank of the lake, with its pretty boat, etc.

But we are roaming too far from the home, so we will take the carriage-path, winding on the very margin of the lake, and come back to the house through the nursery of pear and quince and apple trees, and pass the borders of the hay-field, so fragrant, and over the singing brook again, and up through the baby-nursery into the large room. Here, when dinner and tea were all over, everybody loved to come around the well-lighted extension-table as the evenings became chilly in the autumn; and work and reading and conversations made it one of the places to be remembered. When Mr. Harmin was absent, the children, five in number, invariably begged of Aunt Lely to talk to them. Some little story which she could give opened a way for her own remarks and advice for their improvement. These children had been so well trained by their devoted and sweet mother and the excellent Aunt Lely that they were desirous above all things for improvement. They were none of your dull children, either; they were full of life, and understood amusement; what I say is, that they were *more* anxious for improvement than being simply amused. Aunt Lely seldom refused what they called

her "stories," and they were so good, that Mrs. Harmin was desirous that they should be preserved; and Cousin Lottie, while on a few weeks' visit, had the task of writing them out assigned to her.

That you, dear children readers, may come around the table with us, as we listen, is why I have written the description of lovely, happy Goldendale. Aunt Lely took out her ever-present knitting-work and began what she named as

THE BRAVE SON OF A BRAVE FATHER.

This brave son was a Switzer boy; something I read yesterday of that country brought him to mind, and I said to myself, I will tell that to my dear ones when they ask my next story. Switzerland is a most interesting country; a very small country upon the map, yet no country has such vastly varied scenery, from the beauties of lakes

and waterfalls to the grandeur of mountains, glaciers, and all the wonders and terrors of avalanches and land-slides that belong to them. Small as is the country, travelers have more to tell of it than any other, and accounts of their dangerous adventures make us shudder even to read about them. Some of those I read of yesterday are not new, but so excited me to think of, that they were even in my dreams at night. I will tell you—one of these was of a traveler who arrived at a point of a rock which hung over a deep chasm, and

he was obliged to put one leg over the projection and feel for a foothood, and then carefully creep over. Another was of travelers who came with their guides to where some workmen had placed two pine-poles or trees across from one rock to another at a place where a bridge had been carried away. The travelers crept over on their hands and knees along the pine poles, while the river roared below at a depth of ninety feet.

Farther than that, roll the terrible avalanches! Think of a snow-ball as large as a church, all pure snow-crystals, packed and piled for many, many years, without a particle of dust or dirt in them—clean as they fell from heaven; then think of this great ball or lump breaking off from the mountain's top and tumbling down its sides thousands of feet. How quickly it would tear away any cottage which lay in its path! What a thundering noise and quaking of the ground when it should strike! Sometimes the side of a mountain gets loose and slips down, with its cottages, cattle, and all things—all crushed into one rubbish heap at the bottom. These slides, as they are called, like the avalanches, come very unexpectedly. People may be in their cottages smoking the pipe, and the cows quietly feeding, when they begin to feel the earth moving, and the house moving, and down they go! It seems like what the Bible says of the wicked, "Sudden destruction cometh upon them."

The Swiss are a hardy people, and have ever been noted for uprightness of character and love of freedom. They are not deceivers—it is a rare thing for a Swiss to "love a lie." I do not know as one such was ever known. You may trust them anywhere. It seems as if living upon or among those solemn mountains—almost the highest in the world—brought them nearer to God, as it were; and by thinking of him so much, as they behold his wonderful power day by day, and shut away from the fashions and follies of life as they prevail in some countries, they get a more complete thought of what it is to disobey such a Being; and we think they must shrink from sin, as one would draw back from putting the hand right

into the fire. Ah, they sit in their simple cottages, with their sweet, simple feelings unspoiled by fashion and foolishness; and with quiet singing of rivulets, or the sublime thunder of the rolling avalanches, upon the ear, they read the Bible and lift up their prayers as if they were on the very borders of the eternal world.

But it was of William Tell that I intended to speak, not so much to tell you his story—for you all know some parts of it; but I wanted, as I always do, to lead your minds to the great God as you Father, and the trust you should have in him as his children. When we are told the wonderful story of the father Tell shooting the apple from the head of his darling boy, all appear to think only of the father in their surprise and admiration of the successful issue of the horrid trial forced upon him by the wicked Gessler. My dear children, let me tell you that I think the boy Tell was as great a wonder as his father. Only think of it! to kneel down and have an apple placed upon his head, and then to look up and see his own dear father, whom he would gladly fly to embrace, drawn fiercely back and pointing his arrow at his own head as he would shoot a chamois or a stag of his native hills!

Nothing but the purest *trust* could have kept him calm and made it possible for the father to hit the apple. The glorious beauty of it is in the trust of the child in his parent. He believed in his father's love, and in his power to do. We call it trust, as applied to an earthly father; and faith is the same thing when applied to God, the heavenly Father. If the boy Tell (how I love to think of the pure, courageous little fellow, hundreds of years though it be since the event took place!) had shuddered from one fear that his father might miss the apple and that terrible arrow would go straight through his head—why, one quiver or one dodging of the precious child would have destroyed them both; for the father's arrow could not have struck the apple had not his boy been as firm as himself. I do not know as there is a boy nowadays who could go through such a test.

Such crowds of people as were assembled to witness the awful sight would scatter the self-possession of almost any child and make him tremble, especially as multitudes of them were armed soldiers, whom he knew would be only glad to kill his dear father; and more than all, that dreadful Gessler, sitting under the great tent or canopy placed for him, with wrath and hatred of the great patriot in every look, and watching him with the feelings of a demon! And yet that little boy was calm, so wonderful was his *trust*. He must have

been calm in his dear, brave heart, or the apple would have tottered and the father's arrow missed.

Think of all this, children, for so complete and entire should be your trust in God. Trust his love for you, and trust his power to do what he has promised for you. If we should see a father, like the one in the picture, standing erect and firm, and his bow bent, and his head drawn back to let the arrow fly, and aimed *so* near his own child, what should we say? We could hardly believe that we loved him as his soul.

Yet it was just so in this case, and just so with you, although you may feel that God did not love and care for you because some things come to pass which are so dreadful to you. He knows best, and he loves you. All you have to do is to trust him all the time—every day and every night. Seek to please him by your conduct, and by your inward thoughts and disposition. Look at yourselves carefully within, remembering that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

Then Aunt Lely knitted to her seam-needle, and the children thanking her, and kissing her "good-night," were soon tucked away in their nightcaps, and we trust to pleasant dreams, as her last words were of the darling Switzer boy.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

YOUNG AMERICA, I wish to ask you two or three plain questions; and since you can not answer me with your voice—and I do not wish to trouble you to answer me with the pen—I wish you would answer them mentally. You are not a baby nor a booby, and I shall not use trundle-bed talk in my intercourse with you. Will you answer my questions? Would you rather be very handsome, very rich, very noted, or very wise? I shall not tempt you to play the hypocrite by asking you if you would rather be very good. Let us take up these questions one at a time. All who would rather be very handsome than rich, or famous, or wise, may console themselves with the thought that it is no sin to be handsome—that it is no sin to wish to be handsome. God made the flowers, and birds, and stars, and they are all beautiful; they are not all alike in their beauty. "One star differs from another star in glory;" so we have a vast va-

riety of beautiful birds and flowers; but the bobolink—the happy poet of the meadows—should not be jealous of the oriole, who swings in his hammock on the elm; neither should the lily envy the color of the rose. To come back to our question, I will suppose that you have in your mind voted to be handsome; perhaps you have voted that you are handsome. It is possible some indiscreet person has told you so, or you may have found it out from that tell-tale, the looking-glass.

Notwithstanding this possible state of the case, I shall take it "for granted" that your modesty suggests that you are not the best-looking child in the world, and that you may become more beautiful. How can you make yourself handsome? that is the plain, practical question. I will endeavor to answer it. You can not make yourself handsome by chewing, or smoking, or snuffing tobacco. The boy who struts along the street with a cigar in his mouth may think he looks like a man and that he makes himself handsome.

Mr. Horace Greeley, the great editor, says that a boy with a long nine in his mouth has a cigar with a fire at one end of it and a fool at the other. Chewing tobacco, being a dirty habit, can not add to the beauty of man or boy. Only think of a nice little fellow—his hair brushed smooth as a robin's wing, his cheeks red as the wild red rose, his eyes as bright as the stars—rolling a quid of tobacco under his tongue. He chews, and chews, and chews; the spittle, colored like chocolate, but not so sweet, runs, and runs, and runs in miniature Mississippis down from the corner of his mouth to his chin, and then forms a little lake on his shirt-bosom—will that make him handsome? What would you think of a girl who should take a quid of tobacco and chew it, discoloring her teeth and making her breath offensive and soiling her dress? If it is not good for Mary, it can not be good for John. I think we all agree that tobacco can not make boys and girls handsome. Of course girls do not use it in this part of the country. Will rum or any kind of intoxicating drinks make boys and girls handsome? We know that some men who drink make their faces as gay as Beau Brummell's waistcoat; but a very red nose and liquor-buds on the cheeks are not considered ornamental. Besides, those who put a good deal of liquor into their mouths are not apt to put much water upon their faces; hence they will not be as cleanly in their habits as the water-drinking boys and girls. Pour brandy about a rose, or a lily, or a violet, and instead of making them more beautiful, it will cause them to fade and to die. Bad temper covers the face with marks and creases, so

that persons who can read character easily, can see at a glance the signs of ill-nature, petulance, and anger.

Health is one of the conditions of beauty. To enjoy health, its laws must be kept unbroken. You must avoid late hours and have plenty of sleep; for while you sleep, nature repairs the harm done to the system during the day. When you sleep, you are pillowed on the arm of nature. You must eat plenty of good, substantial food at regular intervals. You must be cheerful, hopeful, and happy; take abundant exercise in the open air. The oxygen of the air will paint your cheeks with roses, and put the light of the stars in your eyes. But I must not tire you with a long lesson. In future papers I shall have more to say about these questions. In the mean time, I want you to remember the old proverb, "Handsome is that handsome does."

THE FROG.

BY A LITTLE GIRL AGED ELEVEN YEARS.

Some people will write of a sleek tabby cat,
And others will boast of a dog,
Or a pretty canary in a gold cage—
But *I* choose to write of a frog.

Cats, dogs, and canaries have characters good;
Cats are pretty—and so, too, are dogs;
Canaries are petted; but nobody says
A good word for the poor little frogs.

Now just at this moment I'll take up their cause,
And their characters try to redeem;
To protect the poor frogs this poem I write—
"Help the helpless," I think a good theme.

In the first place, a frog is peculiarly clean
In his meat, drink, and place of abode;
He lives in a garden-pot, or a clear brook,
And the green tips of grass are his food.

He washes in water of clean springs and ponds,
And devours green flies and small snails,
And lightly he jumps, with his two pair of legs,
O'er garden-beds, hills, and through dales.

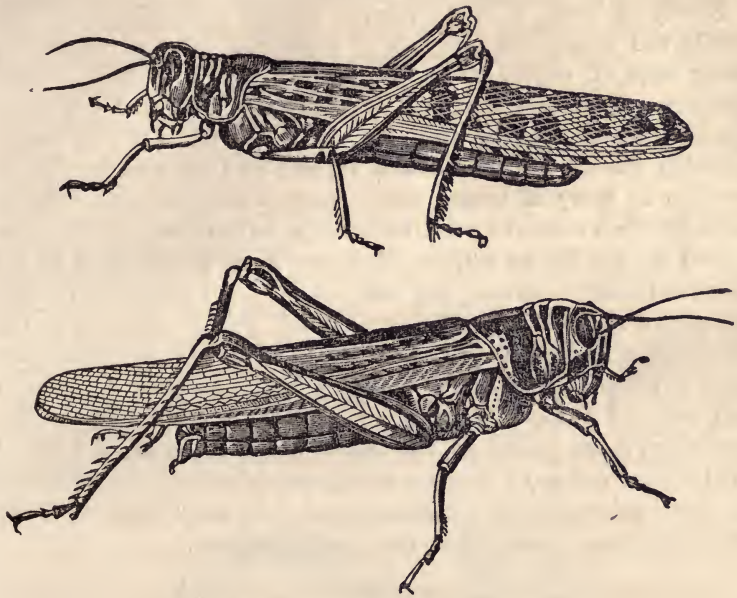
He is useful for killing small insects and flies,
And thus keeps the spring water clean;
Then pray don't abuse him for stealing your grass,
Or taking a few bits of green.

He is altogether a bright little beau—
Sometimes brown, often yellow or green;
And his eyes of jet black, as they roll to and fro,
Are the brightest that ever were seen.

His hind legs are slender—his fore ones compact;
His head square—though this is not pretty;
But still it contains a due share of brains;
When he shakes it, he really looks witty.

He's a friend to the gard'ner, a foe to the slug,
And the same to the worm and the snail;
He loves the sweet roses with petals so fair,
And the primroses yellow and pale.

Now ere for the future a frog you destroy,
You will think upon all I have said;
You will not deny him a few blades of grass,
Or an old garden-pot for a bed.



THE LOCUST.

THE name locust is derived from the Latin *locus*, place, and *ustus*, burned, from the resemblance of districts ravaged by them to a region desolated by fire. The locust which is seen in this country is about one and a half inches long, with an expanse of wings of about three inches, of a pale yellowish brown, with dusky spots, and black wings broadly margined with yellow; this species, well known for its sharp noise during the hottest days of summer, is found abundantly by the roadside, flying before the traveler to a considerable distance. It prefers warm and dry places, but is sometimes seen near salt marshes. They deposit their eggs in autumn in small holes which they make in the ground, and the young are hatched in the following spring. The loud noise which they make is produced by rubbing their hind legs across the projecting veins of the wing covers, like playing upon a violin. Their hind legs are very strong, enabling them to leap a much greater distance than the grasshopper, which they so much resemble; and their strong and narrow wings give them the power of rapid and long-continued flight, accompanied by a loud whizzing noise, compared in their immense swarms to the rushing of a whirlwind, the rattling of chariots, and the crackling of burning stubble.

Nearly all books of Eastern travel contain some allusion to the steady and irresistible progress of their vast swarms, destroying every trace of vegetation in the districts visited by them. Their numbers are so incredible, that rivers have been blocked and many square miles covered by them, the stench of their decaying bodies infecting the air for hundreds of miles. Two eminent naturalists mention an army of locusts which ravaged the Mahratta country, extending in a column several miles long, and so compact that it obscured the sun like an eclipse. The locusts were considered by the Jews and Eastern nations, and still are by the Arabs, as the avenging armies of the Deity. The latter assert that a statement to this effect exists in good Arabic on the wings of the insect. Great numbers of locusts are taken by dragging long nets over the ground, and are used as food in the countries where they abound; the legs and wings being pulled off, the bodies are fried in oil, and considered a great delicacy; they are sometimes dried in the sun, pounded up, and used as flour for making bread. In many towns in Arabia there are shops where locusts are sold by measure.

HAWTHORN BLOSSOMS.

BY MRS. J. E. McCONAUGHY.

CHAPTER I.—PUSSY WANTS A CORNER.

YES, that was plainly enough the meaning of that pitiful "meaw! meaw!" at the door of the sitting-room. Grace opened it just a little, and an old cat put in her cold nose and peered about an instant, as if to make sure of her welcome. Then she advanced a step or two, and would quickly have walked in, if Frank had not raised his geography and remarked, emphatically, "Scat!" Paws, shoulders, and cold nose quickly disappeared into darkness.

"Oh, Frank! how could you?" said Grace, reproachfully. "How would you like to be out in the snow such a night?"

"First-rate, if mother would let me," said Frank.

"Kitty, kitty," called Grace, persuasively; and pussy seemed willing enough to respond.

"Don't freeze us, Grace," said mother, gently, as she picked up a stitch in her knitting. Just then puss summoned all her courage, or the cold got the better of her fears, and she stepped into the room, and the door was quickly closed.

She was not a very genteel-looking cat, but was rough enough for

"a beggar on a tramp." She walked cautiously about the room, smelling of every article.

"Please don't eat me," said Frank, as she sniffed about his boots. He was not passionately fond of cats.

"That is always the way cats do when they come into a strange room," said mother, "or even when you bring a new piece of furniture into a room."

"I dare say she is most starved," said Grace. "May I give her something to eat, mother?"

"I don't care if you do, Grace. I can not bear to see any dumb creature suffer, even a stray cat."

Grace gave her a biscuit; and you should have seen that cat eat. She grasped the food tight with her sharp claws, and growled over it in such a frightful way, that Frank said "Scat!" more than once.

"It is because she is so hungry, poor thing," said mother. "She would very likely have perished with hunger and cold before long."

Grace's little heart was overflowing with pity and sympathy, and she poured out a little milk in a saucer for poor kitty, smoothing her rough back with her dimpled hand. Then Mrs. Felis seated herself on the rug, the picture of content, winking and blinking her topaz eyes like any good family cat.

"I would about as lief have her stay," said mother, regarding her intently a minute. "The mice are getting very troublesome in the cellar."

Grace's little heart gave a bound of delight; and whatever Frank might have thought of the matter, he was not the boy to gainsay

any of his mother's decisions. So kitty was adopted, and Grace tried her best to communicate to her this happy fact in her history.

It was surprising after this to see how that cat took on poli-h. In twenty-four hours you would not have known her. With her delicate curry-comb she thoroughly put her clothing to rights, and thus the spots begun to show beautifully. She was a genuine "tortoise-shell"—no imitation about her. Her rich chestnut hues shaded off to a fine yellow, and were mottled here and there with shining black. There was a white star on her breast, which she seemed to regard as an especial ornament; by-the-way, she brushed and cleaned it about every hour in the day. There she sat on the corner of the hearth-rug, when off duty, as dignified and grave as a judge. She was no frivolous hoyden of a kit, always frisking about after her tail; and Grace did not get as much play out of her as she expected, which was something of a disappointment.

"You are a very nice little girl," she seemed to say, as she blinked her eyes; "but it is hardly suitable for a cat of my bringing up to play with a ball tied to a string."

She plainly laid claim to being a very aristocratic cat, though she gnawed bones much the same as common cats. Indeed, it is said that kings and queens eat bread and meat just like other people, and seem fond of them.

A very deep writer has said that "there is a great deal of human nature in mankind;" so there is a great deal of cat nature in all of the cat kindred.

No more racing and gamboling of mice up and down the by-ways of that house. Puss paid back the kindness showed to her in good measure. Let so much as a tiny nose peep out from behind a raisin-box in the store-room, and pat would come the sharp claws down on the head to which it belonged.

At night she would prowl about in her "slippers of silence," and watch at every mouse-hole until some sly thief whisked out bent on his mischief. A stop was quickly put to his tricks. No more nibbling of frosted cakes or the edges of mince-pies, no more dipping of his whiskers into the basin of delicious white cream. Pussy was a famous special policeman, and Frank insisted that she wore the star on her breast as a badge of office. But there was one thing she was not equal to: she never attacked rats. Two or three old gray-pates rummaged about the premises, by day or by night, with no one "to say them nay."

Frank rather "made game" of this peculiarity of his sister's fa-

vorite pet. One morning she was quite surprised to find her going about with a card tied on her neck with this remarkable poetical effusion on it:

"Cats I scorn, who, sleek and fat,
Shiver at a Norway rat.
Rough and hardy, bold and free,
Be the cat that's made for me."

It was done in printing letters, and it did not need Frank's signature to tell Grace who was the author. She resented the insinuation against her pet, and quickly snipped off the string with mother's scissors. She was a little curious, though, to know whether Frank invented or discovered the verses; but that he would never tell.

The possibility of his being a poet raised him some in the little girl's esteem, and she urged him to try again and do something better; but he always made excuses, until Grace began to believe he found the lines in some of his books. That was quite as likely to be the case as that he composed them himself.

Papa wrote a great deal up in his library all day, but it was only grave, sober prose for the magazines and papers, and she thought her "Silver-Pebble Rhymes" were far more interesting. Indeed, she read them through on an average once a week, and it was still more delightful now, as she had such a good listener in her grave old pussy.

HOW HARRY MADE A HOUSE FOR HIS DOG.

BY PEARL PEVERIL.

"GOOD-MORNING, Beppo — nice fellow! Would you like a snug little house all to yourself? I reckon I shall have to do a job of carpenter-work for you. I can build as fine a house as ever a dog had if I could only get the stuff. Just wait till breakfast, and I will ask father where I can find some timber. Sit up, sir! speak! tell me if you would like to have a snug, comfortable house of your own." "Bow! bow! bow!"

"That's a gentleman; you shall have a house for your manners."

"Father, can you tell me where I can find some good timber suitable for a house? I am going to do a job of carpenter-work, and I would like to know where I could get the material. You see, the boards and sticks and things that are under the shed are all rotten and good for nothing; and I want to make a decent, respectable house for Beppo that will be comfortable, and not leak in rainy wea-

ther. I have selected a building site in the corner of the yard where Beppo can keep a good look-out for burglars and any thieves or stragglers that might come about; and I have carted ever so many loads of earth to make a little elevation to build upon, so Beppo might not be in danger of a deluge on wash-day when Bridget throws a tub of suds into the yard, as she often does. Such a splendid house as I will build! It shall have a door to open and shut, hung with good substantial hinges; it shall have two windows with blinds that will keep out the rain and at the same time serve for ventilation, for mother says it isn't healthy to live shut up from fresh air, and I want to keep Beppo in prime condition. You will see what a fine house I will have! And, sister Minnie, I want you to make me a nice little flag with stars and stripes. (You know I haven't teased you any for a week.) I will put that on the top, and name the house Fort Beppo. I will risk any "rebs" getting in there! Now, father, I want to tell you where I think I can get all the timber I shall need. You know Mr. Dunn, the carpenter? Well, he has in his shop heaps and heaps of nice, clean, smooth boards and ends of plank and things that he don't use, and I am sure he would just as soon I would have them as not. I will go around with my wheelbarrow after breakfast and ask him—can't I, father? Please say *yes*."

"Well, my son, I am glad to see you are disposed to be industrious; and if a few boards and sticks can help you along in the good way, you shall be accommodated. You may go and see Mr. Dunn, and say to him, that if he has any pieces of boards in his shop that he would like to part with, you would be pleased to have them, and your father will pay him what is right."

"Thank you, father; I guess I have money enough in my own purse to pay him. Mother, will you please excuse me from the table? I have such a big job on hand that I would like to get to work."

And Harry *did work* with a will. You ought to have seen him with his shirt-sleeves rolled above his elbows, his legs in the stout blue over-alls his mother had made him, and his little pug nose dripping with perspiration as he sawed and hammered and tugged away at the wonderful house.

Beppo enjoyed the sport amazingly, and did all in his power to help along the business. Whenever Harry would start for a "load," Beppo would seize hold of the wheelbarrow and try and pull with all his might; and when he could hold on no longer, he would prance around and bark at the wheel. When the barrow was loaded, and he could render no assistance in wheeling it, he seized a piece of plank

in his teeth, and persisted in carrying it all the way home, and this he would do every time he went to the shop. When Harry would be sawing or nailing, Beppo would lay hold of a chisel or a hammer and look up very wistfully at his master, as though he would like to be told what to do with it; and when he could do nothing, he would seat himself upon a pile of boards to keep guard, all the while looking very much interested in the movements of his master.

But I shall make too long a story if I tell you all Harry and Beppo did, and describe to you the various work of building the house; suffice it to say, it *was built*, all with Harry's own hands, and as snug a little house as ever was made for any member of the dog family. Beppo felt like a grand nabob, and strutted about the premises as grand as though he had owned a five-story house with a "brown stone front." The "Union" flag upon the top was a source of perpetual delight; he never tired at looking at it, which I think was pretty good evidence of his *loyal* heart; and whenever the Stars and Stripes fluttered in the breeze, he would bark with the wildest enthusiasm. I hardly need say that Beppo guarded his "Fort" with the most watchful vigilance and care, and never permitted a "reb" to touch the "Stars and Stripes!"

Said Harry's father to his mother one day, "My dear, I think our little son has not been nearly so troublesome since he got his dog; and I am beginning to think Beppo a more fitting companion for Harry than some of his old playfellows. I am sure *Beppo's* morals are better than the morals of many of the *boys* that live in the streets. Anything that will take Harry out of the street and keep him out of mischief, I will gladly welcome to the house, whether it trot on four legs or two. I can bear barking better than bad words; and I don't think *you*, my dear, will find the dog troublesome either. It is fine weather now, and both Beppo and Harry seem to prefer the yard to the house."

"Husband, you think because Harry is happy and good-natured he is no trouble; but if you were interrupted in your work as many times a day as I have been—if you had to search the house for strings and lines and ropes, and get gimlets and nails and hammers, and had to answer as many questions a day as I have to answer, I reckon you would think the lad troublesome enough. For instance, when I get fairly seated, with my work-basket in my lap, and a great pile of "mending" about me, in comes Harry, and says, 'Mother, can you tell me where I can find some nice stout strings for lines? I want pieces of red woolen, or something as stout, that I can tear in strips

and make good, substantial lines.' Of course I can not have the boy rummaging about the house and turning things topsy-turvy; so to please the child and keep the house in order, I have to leave my 'mending,' and search through closets and bags and drawers to find suitable material for a pair of lines; and, may-be, by the time I get to my work again, there is a call in the parlor; and, like as not, I can't get a stitch done all the livelong morning; so it goes!

"The other day I had to rummage the house from attic to cellar to get all the nails and tacks and tools I could find, and my dress must go unfinished in consequence, and I had planned to finish it that very day. Just so it is every day! I admit the child isn't so *mischievous*, and does not *tease* his sister so much, or worry the cat, and don't care to run with the street boys; but I can not be *bothered* so, and spend so much time doing nothing but hunting strings."

"My dear, it seems to me that it is easier to procure suitable amusement for the child which will assist him in the formation of industrious habits than it is to bear the annoyance of mischief or the results of indolence. The boy must have *something* to do; and it is easier and safer to turn his energies into *proper* channels than it is to *force* them out of *wrong* channels after the character becomes fixed."

"That is very true, my love; and I wish you would be kind enough to carry out your ideas by aiding your son a little in the construction of a set of harness and a small wagon for his dog. And I am thinking that a *chest of tools* would be a very good channel for the boy's energies to work in—what think *you*, my love?

NO GOOD FROM PASSION.

"WILL putting one's self in a passion mend the matter?" said an old man to a boy, who had picked up a stone to throw at a dog. The dog only barked at him in play.

"Yes, it will mend the matter," said the passionate boy, and quickly dashed the stone at the dog.

The animal, thus enraged, sprang at the boy and bit his leg, while the stone bounded against a shop-window and broke a pane of glass. Out ran the shop-keeper and seized the boy, and made him pay for the broken pane.

He had mended the matter finely indeed!

Take my word for it, it never did, and it never will mend the matter to get into a passion about it. If the thing be hard to bear when you are calm, it will be harder when you are in anger.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

ANOTHER month has gone—a beautiful month—the month of roses and of flowers; the blossoms, too, are nearly gone—the first rich fruit, the building of birds' nests, and planting time and sowing, are all gone. The sun, too, has finished his northward course, and is returning with his utmost speed to the south again, and July finds the Merry family all scattered and gone.

The beautiful mountain scenery, pleasant rural homes, warm country friends, and cool ocean breezes have persuaded some; the fear of cholera and force of circumstances have driven others away, and the sanctum is nearly deserted. Before the ink is hardly dry, Uncle Robert, with modest carpet-bag in hand, will be on the wing for colder climes and a quiet rest. But wherever we are, when the glorious old "Fourth of July" returns, let us thank God for what our fathers gave, and our brave "boys in blue" preserved for us, and strive to deserve the blessings which surround us, and be worthy to live in a land God has so abundantly blessed. There is a great and glorious mission which God has given each one of us to fulfill. Let none of our numerous family fail to accomplish the work designed for him to do.

Uncles, do you hear that flourish of penny trumpets? Do come and see the children playing queen. Grandpa Burnham must have told them tales of that "old, old time."

Peace, by a brilliant coup d'état, has got possession of that rickety pile, *alias* throne, and announces in a breath her triumph, primates, and commands. But now a Jingle—"That's no fair; Iva's is the right of succession."

The "Right Reverend" Archbishop Jolly stands in his sacred robes to crown the Queen, muttering, in a ferocious manner, a-side, "'Spoil our fun,' indeed; 'blot out Miss Ellen.' The Queen comes not! ha, ha!!" Coz Iva has arrived at young ladyhood and ignores the "juveniles."

Now come cries of "Rally for Queen Nell!" "Long live Peace!" "All hail (down) Queen Iva!" "The Republic—down with the traitors!"

Cousins (the elders), do let them enjoy their little selves; when a "little older grown," the glittering tinsel of royalty will disgust them, and they will be sturdy supporters of the Merry Republic and our dear President, Uncle Rob. I saw at a glance, Uncle, that it was not the millennium.

Coy, what a deal of crockery you must have, judging from your silence.

SANS SOUCI.

MINNEAPOLIS, *May* 13, 1866.

Will the young lady who wrote a letter to "Seth," Box 136, Ellison, Ill., something more than a year since, under the signature of May Carlton, Southington, Conn., be kind enough to forward her address to "Seth," Box 709, Minneapolis, Minn., and receive an explanation for the long delay of an answer?

NEW CASCO.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I long to be among your Merry group and have a chat with the Cousins once in a while.

Jessie Bell, please exchange photos. as I had a new album on the Christmas-tree last year, and I should love to have it filled.

Addie W., I like your letters very much; please introduce me to some of the Cousins.

Jolly Jingle, Flib, Cis, Rubie Linden, Tiny Wild Rose, please remember Edith.

Nellie, of Orange Co., is welcome.

Cousins all, be Merry-hearted, and remember your Cousin EDITH.

BATAVIA, N. Y., *May*, 1866.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have been a reader of the Chat for some time, and am so much interested in it, that I want you to let me be one of the Cousins. Will Sunbeam, Violet Forest, Cousin Forestina, and the rest of the Cousins, give me a welcome?

Now, Uncle Hiram, please spare me this time, for if you don't, I am afraid I shall be frightened, and not dare to come again.

Love to all, and especially to Aunt Sue. From MINNEHAHA.

June 13, 1866.

Jolly Jingle, it was with mingled horror and indignation that I read your infamous proposal. Blot out Saucy Nell! Erase the most refulgent luminary of our circle! Vincent, I will stand by you to the last, for the protection of Saucy Nell!

Delia, I would like to become better acquainted with you. All letters you would write to me would be gratefully received and immediately answered.—The same to all the Cousins. Uncle Robert has my address. FORREST.

Extracted Essences.

J. H. TERRY, certainly you are at liberty to send answers, puzzles, and letters to the Chat. Choose your own name.

PERTINE, thanks for your kind letter; it did my soul good. I should dearly love to see you at your strawberry festival and in your Sunday-school. It is cheering to know that there were fifty in your place united themselves with the "children of the kingdom."

FAITHIE will be welcome if we know who she is and where from. The real name of each new Cousin must be sent to us in all letters for the Chat.

A VAN A. and MAPLE SHADE will please send present address and name.

DOUBLE-YOU-SEE, your second prize was sent by mail according to the directions we had, and has just been returned to us from the dead-letter office.

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL, AFTERWARD MISTRESS MILTON. 12mo, 272 pages. New York: M. W. Dodd.

This book consists of extracts from the journal of the wife of John Milton, both before and after her marriage. It is a very readable book, full of beautiful gems, and giving an insight into the life and habits of this celebrated man, and records many of his sayings, which are well worth remembering and preserving. The story is told with such simplicity and beauty that it will be read and re-read with interest and pleasure by its many friends.

Fleta Forrester's Puzzle Drawer.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

1. Dedicated to *Rubie Linden*, author of 394:

Take the name of a *bird* which makes no delay
To kill certain insects which come in his way;
And the name of a *fish* which is varied in hue,
Being partly of green, with rose-color and blue;
And the name of a *fruit* from a more southern clime,
But no doubt finely flavored if plucked in its prime;
Then a blossoming *tree* from a far-distant shore,
Of whose beautiful flowers I would gladly say more;
Place these four *initials* together, and find
The name of a *plant*, not the best of its kind. *Minx.*

2. Transpose *new door* into one word. *Prairie Boy.*

3. Behead something bright and sharp, and transpose into something heavy and dull. *Fred.*

4. My first is a letter (in sound); my second is to separate; my third is a pronoun (in sound); my whole is what we all take at times. *Roguish Kate and Oddity.*

5. I am composed of 22 letters:

My 9, 21, 18, 16, 2, 4 is a season.
My 10, 8, 16 is an animal.
My 8, 3, 3, 8 is a girl's name.
My 11, 18, 21, 22, 18 is a vegetable.
My 15, 13, 2, 4, 4, 5 is a fruit.
My 6, 7, 14, 2, 12 is an article of wear.
My 17, 20, 21, 19 is a State.
My whole is the address of the writer.

6. Transpose two luminaries into a prominent Bible character. *Euclid.*

7. My first is a quadruped; my second is a fish; and my whole is a bird. *Howard H. Jackman.*

8. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 1, 4, 8 is to decay.
My 8, 4, 6 is a boy's nickname.
My 3, 9, 11 is part of a fish.
My 6, 2, 7, 8 is an article of food.
My 3, 10, 5, 8 is an army defense.
My whole is an act that has greatly benefited many. *E.A.C.*

9. I am often seen about houses and barns; change my head and at once you see my greatest enemy. *Elmer.*

ANAGRAMS.

10. Little sea. *Ego Ipse.*
11. Fine rag routes. *Tommy.*
12. Union scores. *Myrtle P.*
13. Great drip. *H. A. D.*
14. One Irish rap. *Frolicking Fan.*

(In the following, fill the blanks with words formed from the *italics*.)

15. *Our coat is* —— ! *M. T.*
16. *Heman W. is coming* to give these labor-saving —— —— a trial. *Edward C. W.*
17. Were *I a poet*, I should take an —— ! *Alf.*
18. I am composed of 21 letters:
My 3, 4, 6, 17, 1 are feathered bipeds.
My 2, 5, 9, 19, 16 we should all love.
My 11, 18, 5 is used to hold grain.
My 10, 21, 20, 13, 7 a cross child often does.
My 8, 13, 15, 12, 7, 14 means smooth and shining.
My whole is the name and residence of the writer.
19. Entire, I am somewhat old; transposed, I purloin things; again transpose, you will find me in the school-room; again, and all children delight to hear me. Remove one of my letters, and I am at home in the ocean; transpose, and I am an act of barter; behead, and I am considered strengthening; transpose, and poets love to sing of me. *Myron.*
20. Curtail an animal, transpose, and leave a bird. *Forrest.*
21. Join a covering for the feet to a small forest, and produce something aromatic. *G. N.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

22. A grain dropped. *A. R. T.*
23. Reverence a blast of wind. *W. C. C.*
24. A foreigner's musical instrument. *Sigma.*
25. Pickle the great and good monarch. *Grace De L.*

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of August.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "F. F.," Drawer 6, P. O., New Haven, Conn.

Answers to Questions in May No.

391. A = 5; B = 7; C = 4; D = 6; E = 1; F = 3; G = 2.
392. The Baltimore Belle.
393. Consanguinity.
394. Ctenoidians. (*Rush* is *the only one* who answers this.)
395. Kindness.
396. Importance.
397. Balmoral.
398. Blasphemously. (*Remus* says "Bleshop Asylum!!")
399. Palestine.
400. Leggin; leg, gin.
401. Asparagus.
402. Horse-radish.
403. Car-rot.
404. Level, Eve.
405. The bumpkin blossom.
406. Swarm, warm.
407. Permit, mitre, rite, tie.
408. AX, LE-tree.
409. M I L D.
410. There, three.
411. Herat, Earth. (Other apparently good answers were also sent to this.)
412. Pirate; pie, rat.
413. Periwig.
414. Pinchbeck.
415. Mendacity.
416. Division.
417. C-ONE.
418. A NEGRO transposed is A "GONER." (A number of very ingenious anagrams were formed by some of the puzzlers out of the words "a colored person." *Mab* says, "A rope ends color!" *Remus*, "Lo, dar one corpse!" *Arthur*, "Spare no colored!" *Double-you-see*, "Decolor a person.")
419. Treason.

Of the above 29 Puzzles—

HARLAN answers all but 394, 400, 413—26. [413—25.

Genevieve answers all but 394, 398, 400,

Frolicking Fan answers all but 394, 406, 407, 413—25.

*Aubrey** answers all but 394, 396, 400, 406, 417, 418—23.

Double-you-see answers all but 394, 398, 400, 408, 411, 418—23.

Forrest answers all but 394, 395, 400, 408, 411, 413—23.

Rush answers all but 393, 396, 398, 400, 416, 418—23.

Keystone answers all but 394, 400, 406, 408, 416, 418—23.

Quaker answers all but 394, 396, 398, 400, 408, 411, 418—22.

Arthur answers all but 391, 394, 400, 404, 406, 408, 418—22.

Metacom answers all but 393, 394, 398, 400, 406, 416, 418—22.

*Fred** answers all but 392, 393, 394, 398, 400, 411, 417, 418—21.

Remus answers all but 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 410, 411, 418—21.

Blue-Bell answers all but 393, 394, 396, 398, 399, 400, 404, 411—21.

Roguish Kate and Oddity answer all but 393, 394, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 404, 406, 413—19.

Cricket answers all but 391, 394. 403, 406, 407, 410, 411, 413, 417, 418—19.

Delia answers all but 393, 394, 396, 398, 399, 400, 404, 410, 411, 413—19.

Snell answers all but 391, 393, 394, 396, 398, 399, 400, 404, 411, 416—19.

Mab answers all but 394, 400, 404, 406, 408, 410, 411, 416, 417, 418—19.

Bittersweet answers all but 393, 394, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 404, 406, 413, 418—18.

Dwight answers all but 393, 394,398, 400, 401, 406, 407, 408, 411, 416, 418—18.

Phe answers all but 393, 394, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 404, 406, 411, 413—18.

Minnehaha answers all but 393, 394, 396, 398, 399, 400, 401, 410, 411, 413, 417—18.

Allie Frank answers all but 393, 394, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 404, 406, 411, 413—17

Edward C. W. answers all but 393, 394, 396, 397, 398, 400, 401, 404, 406, 409, 410, 411, 416—16.

* A Graduate.

Rena answers all but 392, 393, 394, 396, 397, 400, 401, 404, 407, 411, 413, 414, 418—16.

C. W. J. answers all but 391, 393, 394, 398, 399, 400, 401, 404, 406, 408, 410, 411, 413, 416, 418—14.

Elmer answers 401, 402, 403, 406, 409, 412, 414, 415, 419—9.

Prairie Boy answers 403, 404, 409, 410, 415, 417, 419—7.

Snowbird answer 402, 403, 405, 410, 412, 414, 419—7.

———† answers 397, 412, 415, 419—4.

Notices to Correspondents.

Metacom, what dictionaries have you? Yes, in such cases, I give credit, certainly.

Genevieve, you simply complied with a well-known requirement, and I see no reason for granting you a favor on account of it which I have never yet granted to *any* of the Cousins, and which I never intend to.

Bittersweet, the second syllable of "Exotic" was represented by the numeral "0," which may be mildly supposed to *sound* like "*ot.*" The printer mistook it for a capital O, and it was so published in the list of answers. Always send an answer which you think may be *nearly* right, and let me consider its merits.

W. A. R., did you find "New Haven 'lasses" *sweet* enough to smack your lips over? Suppose you felt rather *stuck up* after your "experience" with them.

Minnehaha, you overlooked the fact that letters for the Chat should be sent to Uncle, and not to me.

Mab, in sending lists of answers you need not write out the puzzles.

Prairie Boy, I will see about it.

Dwight, when you send a *number* of puzzles, it is better to write them upon a sheet separate from that containing your list of answers, etc.

Thanks for Enigmas, etc., to Keystone, W. S. Arthur, Aubrey, Edward, Double-you-see, Quaker, Snowbird, Bittersweet, Minx, Prairie Boy, Fred, Rush, Dwight, and Delia.

† No signature; letter postmarked Christiansburgh, Ohio.

HOW THE STREET-SWEEPER BECAME A MINISTER.

"A PENNY, ma'am?" said a pale-faced, blue-eyed, thinly-clad little boy to a lady as she was crossing one of the streets down town some years ago. Taking out her purse, she gave the little street-sweeper a half-dime, and passed on. In her haste she dropped her purse, which the little boy picked up, and was in the act of following the lady to return it, when he was surrounded by several others who, like himself, were engaged in sweeping the crossings. "How much is in it?" "What will you do with it?" were some of the questions put to him. "I am going to give it to the lady," was his noble answer. "What a fool!" shouted the others. "Catch *us* so green as that!" "No, no—come!" says the biggest of them,

"we will have a good time." "*No, I won't;*" and, breaking from them, the little fellow started off in the direction the lady had gone. After running several blocks, and making some mistakes, he found the lady, and, taking off his torn cap, he handed her the purse. Surprised, not till then discovering her loss, she asked him where he got it. The little boy told his story. The lady, interested in him, asked his name: "Robert M——." And where he lived: "I live nowhere." "Why, have you no father—no mother?" "No, ma'am; my father died when *I* was a child, and my mother was buried some months ago;" and, passing his coat-sleeve across his eyes, he wiped away the tears that were beginning to flow. "And what do you do for a living?" "I sweep the crossings, and do what little I can to buy bread; then at night I sleep in some wagon, or on some step." "Are you not afraid, little boy?" "Sometimes; but mother told me before she died that if I would pray every day to God, and read this book"—taking a well-worn Testament from the breast of his jacket—"that God would send some one to care for me."

This was enough for the kind-hearted woman. She had lost a boy—her only boy—some short time ago, just about the age of the little street-sweeper. So, following him off into one of the back streets, where the boy said his mother had lived, she had his statement confirmed; and taking the little fellow to her own beautiful home, she cared for him as if he were her own child. He was sent to school, and finding his desire was to be a preacher, he was sent to college, and last spring he became a minister, and is now preaching the Gospel. Little children, do you think Robert ever regretted his returning the purse, or his daily prayer to God and reading the Bible?

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community, those who make our great and useful men, were taught to be industrious.

Read no bad or immoral book—except that of your own life and heart.

WILD OATS.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE TRIAL.

JOHNNY was imprisoned, not at Lincoln, but at a place we will call Durry, the shire town of the county. The day was coming for his trial, while as yet his uncle had not arrived from New Orleans.

If any account of the arrest was published in the papers, it had most fortunately failed to reached Lyman; but Mrs. Merry would not have been left in ignorance of the sad affair if it had not happened that on Saturday evening a letter came to Johnny from Brownie, saying their mother was quite ill.

Learning of this, Mr. Preston was uncertain what course to pursue. It seemed hardly right to allow matters to proceed without the knowledge of Mrs. Merry; still, there was danger of increasing her illness by informing her of the facts too abruptly.

After writing and destroying two or three letters, Mr. Preston decided to wait until the trial had made some progress, by which time the poor woman would in all probability be stronger, and better able to endure the shock.

Meanwhile Johnny could scarcely eat or sleep. Everybody will understand why the most tempting food seemed to him little better than ashes, and why he tossed at night on his comfortable bed as if there were a thorn in his pillow. That some one had played a deep game against him he could not but perceive, since all the links in the chain of circumstantial evidence could not have been forged without design. But who could this bitter enemy be? Johnny was sure he had given no boy occasion to hate him. It is true he had sometimes spoken sharply to Pitcher, yet it was always because the would-be-witty fellow's jokes had irritated him beyond endurance. As he had simply acted on the defensive, Pitcher must be wicked indeed to harbor any desire for revenge. Then, again, he was sure that the person, whoever it might be, who had woven the plot, must be himself the real thief; probably some profane, idle boy who lived in the neighborhood—of course not one of the Preston scholars.

"Merry, my poor fellow," said Carbello, who had obtained permission to go often to the jail to see Johnny, and was very much commended for his thoughtfulness, "poor fellow! it's a downright outrageous shame! We all know you are innocent, and we will prove

it yet, never you fear! I'm so glad you've got Eastman for a lawyer. Eastman is the 'cutest of all, by far. He can make black white, and is famous for helping scamps out of tight places."

"But I'm not a scamp," sobbed Johnny, who could not restrain his tears when he heard the welcome voice of sympathy; "I'm an honest boy, if there ever was one, and Mr. Eastman believes it."

"But you're in a tight place, poor fellow! and there's no denying it. It's amazing how the evidence piles up against you. I don't sleep half my nights, just for pity. There's some scandalous intrigue at the bottom of this, and I'm racking my brains all the time to find out what it is."

"Oh, Carbello, you're the best friend I ever had. There's a fellow at home I think a good deal of, but he isn't half so good as you are. But look here, Carbello—what will they do with me? Will they handcuff me, and lead me 'round by a rope? I've a great mind to cut my throat! Oh, I will! I will! Sharpen your jack-knife, Carbello, and give it to me."

"Hush! my child. Reason with yourself. It's best to take things coolly—that's my motto. 'Twill all be the same a hundred years hence. And you know whatever is to be, will be, and there's no getting 'round it, so don't fret, but hold up your head and be a man."

Johnny found no particular consolation in these cold, stoical maxims. A thousand times better would have been a few words about the watchful heavenly Father, who pities us in our troubles, even as a father pitieth his children, and who will not afflict us more than we can bear.

But it was not to be supposed that a fast youth like Carbello would have at command many texts of Scripture; and as for Johnny, though he had a prayerful mother, he had not yet learned to trust in the love which is surer and sweeter than a mother's. His spiritual eyes were not opened, and he could not turn to God and be comforted.

"You'll go to my—my trial to-morrow, Carbello?"

"Yes, indeed—all of us that can; no lessons, you know."

The trial was to take place at the Superior Court, on the next day. Johnny was conveyed to Durry in a carriage; and as it is a common saying, that nothing is so bad but it might have been worse, I will here say that he was bound neither by rope nor handcuffs; which was certainly some mitigation, so far as it went. The court-house was a brick building, of moderate size, with stairs on the outside. At the farther end of the principal room was a raised platform, with surroundings which reminded one of a pulpit. This alcove, with its

three large arm-chairs, was called the Judge's bench. In the center of the room was the bar, which was a wide space filled with chairs, and surrounded by two or three semicircular tables covered with green baize. A little one side of the bar, and nearer the door, was the prisoner's box, in which Johnny was placed.

It was literally a box, and its solitary occupant was limited to a very small variety of movements. The kind-hearted jailer had persuaded him to comb his hair nicely and dress himself with care, for the wretched boy was himself totally indifferent to all such minor matters. The jailer knew that a haggard, dirty-looking prisoner has less sympathy from the public than a tidy one. Johnny's fair, open face, with its eager look, alternating from hope to despair, prepossessed many people in his favor. One or two ladies, who were mothers, whispered to their neighbors—

"I can't believe anything bad of such a face. Very likely the poor boy has fallen into vile company, as poor Tray did. Only think of his poor mother!"

Johnny kept his head turned toward the door, watching for Carbello; but though most of the other boys came, neither Carbello nor Pitcher had yet made their appearance.

Soon the clerk of the court said, in a solemn voice, "John Merry, are you ready for trial?" Johnny replied, according to previous instructions, "I am," adding, mentally, "as ready as I ever shall be!" The clerk then added: "Hearken to an indictment found against you by the grand jury of the county," and proceeded to read:

"Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Suffolk ss.:

"Grand jurors for the county on oath present John Merry, of Lyman, County of ——, State of Maine, laborer. At Lincoln, on Monday the eighth day of the present month, with force and arms, five bank bills, each of the denomination of twenty dollars, and of the value of twenty dollars, of the property of James Lindsey, there being found, feloniously did steal, take, and carry away, against the peace of said Commonwealth, and contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided."

Johnny had a choking feeling, as if he were listening to his own death-warrant. The terrible words were as distinct as the strokes of a hammer, and while they were yet ringing in his ears, the clerk went on:

"John Merry, what say you to this indictment? Are you guilty thereof, or not guilty?"

The prisoner wished to say a thousand things in his own defense

—he longed to pour out a torrent of burning indignation; but he could only answer according to form, in a clear, childish voice, "Not guilty." How short and unsatisfactory those two words seemed! He was not only "not guilty," but terribly abused and insulted. Oh, if the court did just know the truth!

The clerk went on in a hard, merciless way, or so it seemed to poor Johnny:

"You are now to take your trial upon the indictment which has been read to you; and these good men whom I shall call, are to pass between you and the State upon your trial. If you would object to any of them, you will do it as they are called, and before they are sworn."

Of course Johnny allowed the jurors to be sworn (first two, then five more, and after that another five) without any remonstrance, for they were men who were all equally unknown to him. After the jurors had taken their seats, the clerk admonished them to try the issue impartially, adding: "If he is guilty, you will say so; if he is not guilty, you will say so, and nothing more. Gentlemen of the jury, hearken to your evidence."

After this, Mr. Lee, the prosecuting officer for the Government, arose, a man of most sinister and scowling aspect in Johnny's eyes, one who would have been a good hangman, and would have greatly enjoyed the business. That such a man had a spark of sympathy or a drop of human kindness, Johnny did not believe, and he detested him accordingly.

Mr. Lee opened the case by stating to the jury facts which he said he expected to prove, and, indeed, he stated them in such a clear and logical manner that the prisoner trembled, thinking, "Those twelve men will make up their minds at once that I stole the money. How can they help thinking so? It sounds just as if I did. Oh, dear me! if I were somebody else, and did not know better, I should believe I was guilty, my own self!"

This formidable lawyer for the Government was only doing his duty in behalf of law and good order. Some person had been guilty of a crime against the public peace, and it was necessary that what was known of the facts should be made public. Mr. Lee supported his cause by calling up witnesses—the very ones, in fact, who had once appeared against Johnny before the justice. They were Dolly, Samantha, Mr. Lindsey, the postmaster, and Mr. Preston himself, though the latter did not give his evidence without much regret. Mr. Lee made these witnesses repeat all they knew, and, as Johnny

thought, very much more than they knew. He did not see a single gleam of light; the case looked as dark as midnight. He had heard of lawyers who "made black white," but thought Mr. Lee had a way of doing exactly the reverse.

Then, after the witnesses had been questioned very minutely, Johnny's own lawyer, Mr. Eastman, arose. The disheartened boy did not see what could be done for him, still he fancied Mr. Eastman looked almost like an angel, and thought of the angel who came to Peter in prison.

This lawyer indignantly declared that his client was accused of a crime he never committed. He said he could prove that his character had been above suspicion, and called upon the minister, Miss Priscilla, and various other highly respectable people to testify that Johnny's conduct had been blameless ever since coming to Lincoln; that his uncle, in recommending him to Mr. Preston's care, had distinctly said he was a truthful, honest, manly boy, though possibly a little "headstrong," and requiring some wholesome discipline. These witnesses did not prove very much; but at last, to Johnny's surprise, Colonel Gray, of Lyman, arrived in court, and testified with much earnestness that he had known the prisoner from a baby, and there was not a more honest lad to be found in the country. Colonel Gray had been expected by Mr. Eastman; but his arrival was a complete surprise to Johnny.

Mr. Eastman now began to cross-examine the first witnesses, hoping he could make them contradict themselves. When Samantha and Dolly were called upon, Johnny eyed them very sharply; indeed, if his glances had been arrows, the girls would neither of them have survived long to tell their stories. He knew that Mr. Lindsey and the postmaster had only affirmed what they believed to be true, but not so with Samantha; and he had his doubts about Dolly. Was it likely she had found a bill in his vest-pocket? He almost forgot the point at issue in his astonishment that these young women should thus dare to perjure themselves. But neither of them could be frightened into saying anything which conflicted with former statements. Samantha never once looked at Johnny. She said she remembered that she had stood at the table rolling cookies when he gave her the money; that she had wiped her hands on a towel before putting the money in her pocket. She recollected, too (and this was true), how she had said, "Oh, Johnny, you pick out bad mates to go with. You are not as good as you were when you came here. I wish your ma knew how you carry on."

Samantha's evidence, which was a strange mixture of truth and fiction, seemed, every time it was repeated, to go more and more against the prisoner, who dropped his head upon his hands and gave way to despair. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SWAN.

THE swan, when walking on the land, is a very awkward-looking bird; but when in its favorite element—water—it is one of the most beautiful creatures in the world. When the swans have young ones, it is very dangerous for any one to approach their nests. A swan has not unfrequently been known to knock down and trample upon youths of fifteen or sixteen years of age. An old swan is able to break a man's leg with a single stroke of its wing. Keep, then, at a distance from the swan's nest.

A PRUDENT man advised his drunken servant to put by his money for a rainy day.

In a few weeks the master inquired how much money he had saved.

"Faith, none at all," said he, "it rained yesterday, and it all went."

HAWTHORN BLOSSOMS.

BY MRS. J. E. McCONAUGHY.

CHAPTER II.—SNOWFLAKE AND MITTENS.

AS Grace was ransacking the attic one pleasant spring day, she came across an old basket with a piece of carpet in the bottom. On peeping in she saw something which made her start and cry out with great delight. It was no little mouse-nest tucked away there so cosily, but a little bed with two soft, round kittens in it. One was snow-white and one coal-black, except his mittens and the tip of his tail, which were as white as his little mate's.

Grace took them out in her lap, and snugged them up in her neck, and then bethought her of running down to tell mother. So she put the little mewing lumps back in the basket, and ran down to the sitting-room with the wonderful news. Mother could not leave her work just then to go up to the attic and admire them, but promised to go some time during the day. Then Grace made haste to find the old cat, and take her up to see the wonderful strangers. To her surprise, pussy took it in a very matter-of-fact way. She gave a little low cry, and then leaped over the edge of the basket, and settled down as comfortably as could be, to the great contentment of the kittens. After watching their strange behavior for some time, Grace thought this event was worth notifying papa about, so she traveled down stairs once more and glided into the study, where sat the bearded man of letters in his dressing-gown and slippers, scratching away on some broad white paper, with a brow all lined up with knotty wrinkles. But, strange to say, the wrinkles all faded out as he laid down his pen and took up the little girl on his knee, kissing her flushed cheeks and smoothing her shining hair in a rather abstracted way. She told her little story, and promised to bring her kittens to see him some day, and then, with another bright laugh and shrug of the shoulders, as the big whiskers brushed her cheek and snowy neck, she was off again, to watch over her new darlings.

The pen was taken up once more, but I am sure the article was less prosy, or the review less sharp and cutting, for this little break in the thread of the discourse.

"We'll name this one Snowflake, mother," said little Grace, "it is so white and soft and cunning. You look good enough to eat," she said, as she took her up in both her dimpled hands. "And this

little one, what shall we call it? I think 'Mittens' would suit him—he has such cunning white paws. You know I can call him Mitty, for short."

So the kits were duly named. The old cat had long been known as Mrs. Hetty, because mother had a puss with that name when she was a little girl.

"But I really do not want three cats about the house," suggested mother, rather perplexed at this addition to her family.

A cloud swept over little Grace's brow and heart, but it lightened soon. She had solved the knotty question of "What shall we do with them?"

"Why, mother, we shall need the old cat to keep the mice from the cellar, and Mittens to keep them out of the attic, and Snowflake for down stairs. I am sure they can all be very useful."

The logic was good, and mother said no more on the subject just then. I do not know what Grace would have thought of her dear mother, if she had suffered, or even meditated such a thing as having one of those beautiful kittens killed. A bagful of money would not have hired Frank to do it, though he was not fond of cats. I should not wish to have much to do with a boy who was willing to drown kittens.

Frank came quite near doing it once, though, when he wore frocks and white aprons. He put a little puss into a pitcher of water, head first, but took her out again very quick, she scrambled so. She looked so wet and forlorn when she came out, that he held her over the hot stove to dry, and would quite likely have dropped her if the dripping water-drops had not hissed and sputtered in such a spiteful way that they frightened him, and he gladly let her run off. It was quite excusable in him, he was such a little fellow, and did not know any better. But there is no excuse for a large boy being cruel; it shows a hard, unfeeling nature, one that is pleasing neither in the sight of God or man.

As Grace's two little pets advanced in weeks, they also grew in "vidth and visdom," as Samuel Weller's father would say. But they did not seem to grow in length in proportion to their width, consequently they were shaped much like two apple-dumplings. But they were very lively little dumplings, and rolled over and over on the carpet, or scudded under chairs and lounges, and slapped away at curtain tassels with their cunning paws, and, indeed, made a grab after every moving object almost, not excepting the skirt of mother's dress as she walked along.

It was generally considered as settled that Mit was the smartest, at least by Frank, who thought the bold, dashing little blackbird with his white feet a cat nearer after his own heart than any he had ever seen before. But gentle, loving little Snowflake was Grace's darling. Even mother rather took sides with Frank, that "Mittens bids fair to make the best mouser, he was so fierce."

It made Grace just a little sad to have him put before her beauty, but she bore it bravely, and pretty Snowflake never suffered a breath of jealousy to disturb her happy little heart. She grew to be quite a fashionable little puss, and it was seldom a day passed that she did not jump upon the dressing bureau and look at her round face in the glass, turning her head from side to side. She would often peep around on the other side of the glass to catch the kitten she very naturally supposed to be peeping out at her through the window; and it was amusing to see her puzzled look when she found only the wall there. She often tried to catch shadows and slanting sunbeams which shot into the room, when the sun was west; but in this she was not unlike many wiser heads. When Grace was busy with her sewing, little Snowflake would slyly steal up and run off with her

ball of thread. In one thing I think she showed more wisdom than many boys and girls I know, not to mention older people. She always played or rested in the sunshine if she could. If there was

only a little patch of it on the carpet, she would creep over to take her nap there.

Sometimes, somebody's little daughter will willfully stay out of the sunshine for a whole day; bringing gloomy shadows with her whenever she comes—I mean the heart sunshine, which shows itself in smiling eyes and loving words.

Let kitty teach you a lesson of always searching for the spot where the sunbeams rest. She may sometimes fail to find one; but you need never be at a loss. Always have "the bird in the bosom" singing sweetly, and you will not get naughty and pouting and unlovely. Keep the heart full of sweet and kindly thoughts, and you can make a world of sunshine for other people as well as for yourself. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAW OF INCREASE.

AN EASTERN STORY.

THERE went a man from home; and to his neighbors twain
He gave, to keep for him, two sacks of golden grain.
Deep in his cellar, one the precious charge concealed;
And forth the other went, and strewed it in his field.
The man returns at last—asks of the first his sack:
"Here, take it—'tis the same—thou hast it safely back."
Unharmed it looked without; but when he would explore
His sack's recesses, corn there he finds no more.
One half of what was there proves rotten and decayed;
Upon the other half have worms and mildew preyed.
The putrid heap in ire to him he doth return;
Then of the other asks, "Where is my sack of corn?"
He answered, "Come with me and see how it has sped;"
And took and showed him fields with waving harvests spread.
Then cheerfully the man laughed out, and cried, "This one
Had insight to make up for the other that had none;
The letter *he* observed, but thou the *precept's sense;*
And thus to thee and me shall profit grow from hence.
In harvest, thou shalt fill two sacks of corn for me—
The residue of right remains in full for thee."

BISHOP. PRIEST.

COSTUMES OF THE GREEK CHURCH.

THE costumes of several of the dignitaries of the Greek Church may be seen in the accompanying engravings. While acting in their official capacity, their vestments change both in form and color, and are regulated by the character of the service in which they are engaged. They are divided in two classes, and are denominated "black," or secular clergy, and "white," or cloistered clergy. The appellations are derived from their respective dresses, the one being clothed from head to foot in black, and the other performing divine service in white robes adorned with gold. The curates are taken from among the white clergy, who must be married, or at least engaged before receiving final consecration. They form a separate class, somewhere between the nobility and the people; they can not enter the nobility as a class, and very few marriages take place between

them on that account, probably on account of the poverty of the priests. The order of the white clergy can be taken by any one, with the exception of the serfs. A priest can abandon his vocation and return to worldly life by permission of the synod. A Roman Catholic priest never can.

In all religious and disciplinary matters the clergy are subject to and judged by their own hierarchy. In civil matters the case comes before the civil court, assisted by a deputy clergyman. Deacons, subdeacons, and common priests are not liable to corporal punishment. The clergy are educated in separate schools, have small incomes, and generally have some extra revenue. The lower clergy are poor, ignorant, and despised, and form almost a caste by themselves.

The religious spirit of the Greek Church is perhaps more formal and less devout than that of sincere and believing Romanism or Protestantism. Heresies and skepticism have crept in at times, though not in any very decided form nor to any considerable extent.

DEACON

SUB-DEACON.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

BY PEARL PEVERIL.

"GIT out of my way, you dirty, good-for-nothing rat; don't you 'spose your daddy wants to warm his shins? Git into the street, you lazy varmint—go to the ash barrels, where the likes of yees belong; and if you don't dig out cinders and things enough to keep this 'ere fire goin' poorty brisk, ye'll get a smart crack over the noddle, and may go to the dogs for yer bed and supper. Do ye hear?" and with that the old toper hoisted his foot and gave Tom a kick which sent him headlong upon the floor.

"None of yer bellorin' there; git up here, and take this bottle 'round the corner to Pat O'Rien, and tell him to give ye a quart of the best whisky he's got. Go to yer granny and git the money—she earnt somethin' yisterday at washin', and she'll want a 'drap' herself. Be off with ye, and stop yer blubberin', or I'll give ye somethin' to blubber for."

My little reader, what would you think if your father or mother should talk to you in that manner?—you who have known nothing but loving words, and instead of kicks and oaths have had kisses and caresses!

But not all children get loving words and kisses and caresses in this world. If you should leave your pleasant, comfortable home and go into the wretched streets and by-lanes of our great cities, you would see pitiful sights that would make you cry for the poor children who are knocked and battered about the world like an old cast-off boot, and that, often too, by their parents, who ought to love, protect, and defend them.

A great many fathers and mothers love the whisky bottle better than their own children; and the rum or whisky steals away their brains and hearts too, and is the cause of a vast deal of misery in the world.

Shall I tell you what happened to little Tom not long after the scene at the fire-place? Some of my little friends, when I tell them a story, ask, "Is it true? Little readers, too, sometimes like to be assured that they are not being imposed upon; so I may as well say at the outset, that the story I am going to tell about little Tom is true, every word of it, and "pity 'tis, 'tis true!"

This is the way I learned about what happened to poor Tom not long after the scene I have described. A friend of mine, who is a noble philanthropist—(I did not mean to write that big word to puzzle my little friends, so I may as well explain as I go along)—a philanthropist is one who loves or wishes well to his fellow-men and tries to do them good. Well, as I was going on to say, this good friend who is always ready to help people out of trouble, was one day passing near the city jail, when all at once he heard a great noise and fearful crying and kicking and stamping. Turning about, he saw a big policeman tugging away at two little boys to get them into the door of the jail.

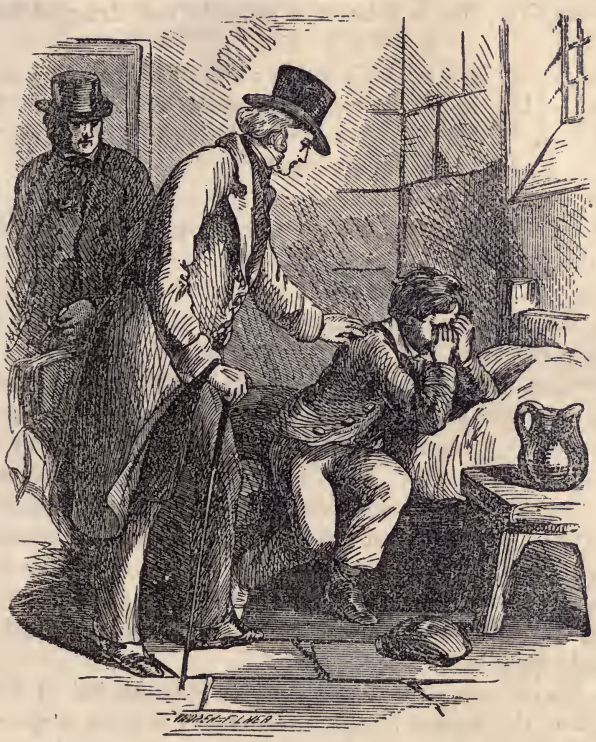
My friend, attracted by the bright, intelligent face of one of the boys, followed him into the cell, to ascertain the cause that had brought him into so much trouble. "Well, my son," said he, addressing the boy whose noble face was then begrimed with dirt and tears, "how came you here to this dismal place? Have you any father or mother?"

"Yes," sobbed the boy; "I have a father and mother, but I have not seen them for a week or more."

"Where are your father and mother?"

"Don't like to tell," sobbed the boy.

"But if you *should* tell, may-be I could find them, and get you out of this place, and they might take care of you. Where are they, my son?"



"Oh, sir, they don't care for me. My father is in a cell somewhere here in this jail; he was locked up about a week ago."

"Ah, indeed! How came he here?"

"Don't like to tell."

"But if you *should* tell, may-be I could do something for *him*, too."

"Well, but I don't like to tell—but—but, sir—he got *drunk!*"

"And your mother—where is she?"

"Oh, please sir, I had rather not tell; it makes my heart ache so to think of it."

"Is she here, too?"

The poor boy cried most piteously, and after a good deal of choking and sobbing replied, "Yes, sir—she—she—she's locked up for twenty-nine days!"

"Poor thing! How came she here?"

"She—she—she, sir, got drunk, too—and got into a quarrel, and

got so crazy-like, that a policeman came in and dragged her off to jail."

"That is very bad, my little fellow; but what brought *you* here?"

Then the boy began to cry again most bitterly. After a little time he said, "I don't like to tell what brought me here, sir."

"Well, my boy, how old are you?"

"Ten, past—and most eleven."

"Where have you been since you father was locked up?"

"In the street, sir."

"Have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"No, sir. I haven't had much to eat for a good many days." And then the tears fell faster. "You see, sir, I was very hungry this morning, and went into a bakery. While I was there, a man came in and got some cakes, and laid the change upon the counter, and went out. Then the other man turned his back, and I took the money and went out too. I had not gone but a little way, when the bakery man rushed out and cried, 'Stop, thief! stop, thief!' And then a great ugly policeman gave me a jerk and took the money out of my pocket and brought me here. That is how I came here, sir. But, oh, sir, I want to get out! Please help me to get out!"

"But, may-be, you would steal again, and then you would have to be brought back here."

"Oh, no, sir—no, sir! I would never steal again! I would not have taken the money at this time, only I was so *very* hungry I thought I would starve—and—and the money lay right before my eyes. But I would never do so again; please, sir, get me out!"

"But if you should get out, there is nobody to take care of you; and if you are left to yourself you might steal, or do something as bad. Would you like to go to the House of Refuge?"

"No, sir—no, sir. Please don't take me there!"

"But then, my little fellow, you could there get food and home and clothes, and you could work, and be an honest and industrious boy. Would you not like to work and be an honest boy, and not steal any more?"

"Oh, yes, sir—yes, sir; I would like to be a good boy, and an honest boy, and not be hungry!"

"Well, then," said my friend, "the House of Refuge will be the best place for you. To-morrow you shall go there."

So when the morrow came, poor little Tom was taken to the House of Refuge. And there he is now—a good deal older than when he took the money from the counter, and, I trust, a better boy.

PRIDE AND FLOWERS.

LET us learn a lesson from the flowers. It was a bright and sunny May-day; the wind was still cold, but "The spring is come," was said softly from bush and brake, from field and stream, and a little apple-tree which stood close by gave back the words in the gentlest of whispers.

The little apple-tree had one single bough just breaking into blossom, and so covered with its beautiful fresh buds, it was a perfect picture to behold. It knew this quite well; so that it was not in the least surprised when a grand carriage which was passing along the road drew up before it, and the young princess who sat in it said it was the loveliest apple-blossom she had ever seen. So some of her attendants broke off the bough; and shading it with her silken parasol, she carried it home with her to her father's castle.

The apple-blossom had never dreamed of such a place as that. There were lofty halls and rich sitting-rooms, of which the clear white curtains fluttered at windows opening on beautiful prospects; the whole air fragrant with the scent of hot-house flowers placed in costly vases of elegant design and delicate workmanship. In one of these, on the table of a state drawing-room, was the blossom placed. I am sorry to say it began to be very much lifted up with its change of condition, and full of pride and self-conceit. Many people kept passing to and fro through the room, and every one had something to say about it as they looked admiringly at the beautiful bough.

"What a difference there is between plants!" said one, which of course the apple-blossom took as a compliment to itself; and it held its head higher than ever. The vase stood at an open window which looked down into a garden, and also into a field; so that there were many plants both wild and cultivated within sight, and with which it could compare itself. Some were very ordinary and common.

"Poor rejected plants!" said our friend, in its contemptuous pity; "there is indeed a difference! How unhappy you must feel! at least, if you *have* feelings like us of the upper classes. But there *must* be a difference, otherwise we should all be alike." And as it made this deep remark, it fixed its attention upon one particular kind of flower with which the field was covered; that which grows eve-

rywhere, even between the stones of the pavement; that which nobody cares for, nobody gathers, because it is so common—I mean the dandelion.

"Poor, despised creature!" cried the apple-blossom, "it is no fault of yours that you are so common; but you always have been, and you always will be; but as it is with men, just so it is with flowers—there must be a difference."

Something echoed back the word "difference;" it was the sunbeam, and it kissed the apple-blossom, and then the yellow petals of the dandelion; for the sunbeam makes no difference between rich flowers and poor flowers; it loves them all alike, and reckons them all as brothers. The apple-blossom had never thought of the great God's love for all his creatures, small as well as great; but the sunbeam knew better; he had come down from the very source of light, so of course it was all clear to him. "You do not see very far nor very well, my friend," he said. "Which is the poor weed I heard you pitying just now?"

"The dandelion," was the reply. "Nobody binds it into nosegays; everybody tramples it under foot; it is much too common; and when it comes into seed, it flies about hither and thither like little bits of wool, and sticks to people's clothes; a weed it is, and a weed it must remain. How thankful I am that *I* am something better than that!"

At that moment, just let loose from school, a little troop of children rushed into the field—the youngest of them so small that they had to be carried; and when the elder ones put them down among the yellow flowers, they clapped their little hands, gathered them quite full, and kissed their treasures in their sweet simplicity. The elder children broke off the hollow stalks close to the roots, bent them round to make circles, then others the same, till, one within the other, a long green chain was fashioned. That was for the neck; then there must be one to fall over the shoulders; then one for the head. What a show of green links and chains! But the biggest ones of all gathered the stalks of which the flowers had done blooming, and which were crowned with feathery heads just ready to float away on the wind. If with one breath they could blow these quite away, they were sure to have new clothes before the end of the year; at least, so their grandmothers foolishly said.

"Do you see all this?" said the sunbeam; "do you see their beauty and their honors?"

"Yes, for children!" replied the apple-blossom, with contempt.

Then an old woman came into the field, and with an old knife-stump she grubbed up a quantity of the roots to make a kind of coffee; and the rest she would sell to the chemist for medicine, and be able with the money to increase her scanty stock of comforts.

"Beauty is better than all this," said the apple-blossom, as sulky as he could be. "Only the chosen ones come into the kingdom of beauty, and there is a difference between plants just as there is a difference between men."

But the sunbeam spoke of how God loved everything that he had made, and how he had left none without some evidence of his bounty and his providing care.

Just then a group of persons entered the room, and among them the young princess who had gathered the apple-blossom and placed it where it stood. But what could that be in her hand? It was a flower, or what might be a flower; for it was quite hidden by three or four large leaves placed around it, and another over it to make a kind of cap, so that not a breath of wind could get at it. Not even the apple-blossom was carried so carefully by the lady's hand as this hidden treasure, whatever it might be. Very cautiously the large leaves were soon removed, and there—yes, really there—who would have believed it?—was the feathery seed-crown of the hated dandelion! It was this which she had plucked and guarded so carefully that not a single feather which sat so lightly there, ready to float away on the first breeze which reached it, might move from its place. Her loving care had been successful; it was quite perfect, and as she gazed on it she wondered at its beauty and its airy lightness.

"See how marvelously God has formed this simple plant!" she cried. "I will paint it with the apple-blossom, different as they are. One has received as much from its Creator's hands as the other, and equally are they children in the same kingdom of beauty."

And the sunbeam kissed the dandelion, and it kissed the apple-blossom, and as it did so a deeper blush spread over its beautiful buds. Whether the apple-blossom learned to be more humble for the future, I am not informed; but at any rate *we* can carry away the lesson that pride is a very ugly thing. It spoiled the beauty even of an apple-blossom; how much more, then, dear children, can it poison all the better feelings of your hearts if you let it live there unchecked!

What makes you think you know best? what tempts you to feel angry when you are reproved? what makes you so very positive you are right? and then, when at last you find you have been wrong,

makes it so very hard to say so? Ah! it is *pride*, and hard work it is to fight against it; but if you wish to be the disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus—yes, and if you wish to be happy—you will begin at once, in God's strength, to fight against it. Have you not found already how much happier you feel when you are humble than when you are proud? I am sure the humble dandelion in the field was a great deal happier than the apple-blossom puffed up with pride; and humble people are always happier than proud ones, because pride makes us so busy thinking about ourselves, we lose half the little pleasures of life.

And have you ever thought why it was that our Saviour when he was on earth, while he spoke so tenderly to everybody else, spoke so severely to the Pharisees? It was because they were so proud; and pride is very displeasing to him. "God resisteth the proud." I do not think anything could make us feel God's hatred of pride more than this verse. Oh, what a terrible thing it would be to have God *resisting* us, going against us in everything, instead of walking *with* us to help and bless us! God grant you all, dear children, the grace and the happiness of a meek and humble spirit.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most, when most the soul ascends;
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

THE LITTLE HAND.—Two plumbers were at work on a nice job which needed all their skill; a fine tool, which they could not work without, slid down a pipe. Their hands were too large to reach it. The house was occupied by grown people, and no help could they give. The children came by, and they were called upon to help. A little girl thrust her hand down, gave one strong pull, and out came the tool. So the men worked on. Here, then, you see that children could do something that others could not; and what they did was of great service, though it was seemingly so little. This holds true of the missionary cause. It is God's, dear to his heart, and he will accept the efforts of the youngest and the feeblest, if put forth in a right spirit.

UNCLE GODFREY'S LECTURES.

LIGHTNING CASTS.

"SPEAKING of thunder-bolts," said Uncle Godfrey, "reminds me of a curious cast of one I have up stairs in my little cabinet."

"A plaster cast?" asked Emma, in some surprise. "I should imagine it would be rather difficult to catch and hold a flash of lightning long enough to take a cast of it."

"It did the work itself as expeditiously as it transacts all its business. Emmy, just run up to Uncle's case of shelves, and look in the left-hand corner, second shelf, for a long tube labeled 'fulgurite.'

"That's it—thank you. Now observe how smooth and glassy the inner surface is, while the outside is rough and covered with coarse grains of sand all glued together as if it had come out of a glass-house furnace. This was found among certain sand-hills in England, which seem to have a peculiar attraction for lightning. It often makes tracks passing over them. Darting down into the sand, it drills a hole and melts the inside of it like glass. When they were first found they excited a great deal of curiosity, and 'the seventeen learned societies' had as much discussion over them as they did over Mr. Pickwick's famous stone. Some imagined they were petrified roots of trees, or, rather, a crust formed around such roots which had decayed. Others considered them sections of some old-fashioned earth-worm quite too large for fish-bait. But by degrees it dawned upon these wise men that they were the real footsteps of the thunder-bolt. The holes in the ground were discovered near the spot where persons were struck with lightning, and on examination the tubes have been found still very hot though the rain had been falling. A shepherd once observed the lightning strike a hillock of sand, and afterward discovered a fulgurite on the precise spot. Artificial ones on a small scale have been produced by electrical machines. No doubt now exists about their origin, though various incrustations have sometimes been mistaken for them. On the whole, I had quite as lief the lightning would amuse itself in this way as in any other, for there is no telling what pranks it will play when its sets out."

TRUE joy is a serene and sober motion; and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing; the seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolutions of a brave mind that has fortune under its feet.

A FAITHFUL TERRIER.

MY little reader, open your atlas, and turn to the map of England. Look for the county of Westmoreland. You will see that it abounds with lakes and mountains, streams and rivers. Of its many mountains the most commanding is Helvellyn. From the beginning of November to the end of May the summit of this mountain is crowned with snow. On all sides it presents vast precipices, "crags, rocks, and mounds confusedly hurled." The ascent of this mountain, even in the cloudless days of summer, is a task of difficulty and danger, and is seldom undertaken without the attendance of an experienced guide. And now for my story.

One morning, in the latter part of October, 1804, Mr. Gough, a young man and a member of the Society of Friends, who was on a tour through the northern counties of England, left Wyburn, in Westmoreland, in order to ascend Helvellyn, for the purpose, it was understood, of botanizing. He did not take a guide with him. He relied on his own knowledge of the district, having been for some years an annual summer visitor to the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. His only companion was a little terrier, which had been his constant attendant in his many solitary rambles among the mountains and valleys. A few hours after his departure the people at Wyburn observed a thick mist settle down upon the mountain. Such mists are common during the latter part of the year. Woe to the traveler who is overtaken by them, for they are so sudden in their approach, and so impenetrable, that, in an instant, and without previous warning, daylight is turned into the darkness of night. Evening set in, next day came, but Mr. Gough did not make his appearance at Wyburn. The people at Wyburn, who only knew him by name, that he belonged to the south of England, and that he was a tourist, felt no anxiety on his account, as, not having spoken of returning, it was supposed that before the mist had settled down, he had descended the mountain on the other side, probably into the vale of Patterdale or Ullswater, and from thence continued his homeward journey to the south.

In the beginning of February, 1805, more than three months from the day that Mr. Gough left Wyburn, a shepherd who was climbing among the rocks far up the shoulder of Helvellyn in search of a strayed sheep, heard to his utter amazement far above him, a short, sharp bark as of a dog in distress. "What can a dog be doing there at this time of the year," thought the shepherd, "when the snow is

yet deep upon the mountain, and, stranger still, what can it be doing up among the most precipitous cliffs of the mountain?" The bark being repeated again and again, and re-echoed by the dark rocks of Striden-edge, he clambered up in the direction of the sound. Arriving at the edge of a huge precipice, he looked down and saw on a dark green spot "among the brown mountain heather," what appeared to be a human body, beside which sat the dog whose barking had attracted his notice. The shepherd could not reach the spot without assistance, for it was hemmed in on all sides by precipices. He hastened down to the valley, and with the aid of some neighboring shepherds the body was recovered. It was identified as that of Mr. Gough. The dog was the little terrier, his favorite attendant.

Pause, my little reader, and meditate on the affection and faithfulness of this dog.

Whether its master had been killed instantaneously by the fall, or had died a lingering death of agony, no one can tell. But it is easy to imagine how the affectionate animal would lick his master's hands and face; how it would crouch close to his side to give warmth to his cold body; how, at the slightest sound among the gloomy precipices, it would bark to show that its master was not undefended, or to indicate the spot where he lay to such as sought to render him assistance; how many fierce battles it would fight with the wild hawks and ravens of the mountains, ever driving them successfully away; how, when darkness came on, it would mount guard, a trusty sentinel; how it would, with careful paws, scrape away the snows of winter as they fell upon the insensate form. Poor little dog!

"How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garments, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him."

Most brave, loving, and faithful of dogs! For more than three months had it endured hunger and cold, exposed to every storm, to the driving snow and lashing rain, for it was impossible from the nature of the place where it was found sitting by the body of its dead master, that it could procure either food or shelter.

When it was found by the shepherds, it was a mere shadow of a dog, absolutely skin and bones. Its wants were kindly attended to, but it survived only a few days. Doubtless exposure and grief conjoined were the cause of its death.

A more brilliant instance of canine faithfulness is not recorded in history, legend, or song. Let not the faithfulness of a dog put us, who are created in the image of God, to shame. Let us ever bear in mind the promise, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

THE GREEDY SNAILS.

"It happened that a little snail
Came crawling with his slimy tail
Upon a cabbage-stalk;
But two more little snails were there,
Both feasting on this dainty fare,
Engaged in friendly talk."

So the little new-comer sought to join them and get his breakfast with them. But what should those ill-natured snails do but bid him go away, "they wished for all the leaf themselves." As if they could eat it all in a dozen mornings! But that is always the way with greedy people. They think they want a great deal more than they can use. Very sorrowfully the little snail crept down the stalk again and traveled off a great distance to a dewy plaintain leaf, and then, both hungry and tired, he made a humble meal. Still, he could not but think how much better his acquaintances were faring on that shining, delicate cabbage-leaf.

People are often safer and better off in a humble position than in one they would like a great deal better.

Pretty soon along came "the great tramping gardener," as the poor snails called him; and his eyes were sharper than any microscope. He pulled up a weed here and here, and lifted a drooping head of cauliflowers, or pinched off a striped bug now and then, when all at once he chanced to spy the greedy snails, who could not have escaped if they would. He switched them off from the tree in a twinkling, and ground them down with his boot-heel into the gravel path, and never again did they breakfast off his dainty greens.

Selfishness is quite sure to get punished, and often the very things we count the greatest trouble keep us from far greater evils.

The bellman of Watertown, announcing a temperance meeting, said it would be addressed by six women "who had never spoken before."

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

SINCE *our* last monthly gathering we have bid good-bye to the old sanctum and sought rest with change of scene and climate. In company with a large party of friends we started on a trip across Lake Champlain to Montreal. The ride up the noble Hudson, on the steamer Rip Van Winkle, of the Troy line, was a pleasant one, and made much more so by the entertaining company and beautiful evening with which we were favored.

Arriving in Troy only just in season to take the cars for Whitehall, we lost the opportunity of stirring up a W. A. R. there, but shall be disposed to do so at some future time. The sail across Lake Champlain by day was a delightful one.

The quiet and tranquil waters beneath, and clear bright blue above, with the grand old hills and magnificent green foliage on all sides of us, made us for the time being forget the dusty, unhealthy city, the bustling, jostling crowd, or even that we were old; so we imagined ourselves young again, and sung and shouted and made merry as all true MERRYITES should do.

The boats on this line are large and commodious, and the officers pleasant and obliging, which makes this route deservedly a popular one to the summer traveler.

We found a few warm-hearted MERRYS in Montreal. Our little strawberry feast, up under the shadow of the mountain, in the beautiful and secluded flower retreat of one of our friends, will not soon be forgotten, nor the reception given to our entire party of the National Division Sons of Temperance by George Winks, Esq., at his residence, just out of the city.

Ice-cream and cakes for the party were bountifully provided. A fine photograph of the group was taken by George Martin, and a short and eloquent off-hand expression of the thanks of the party given to Mr. Winks by the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler. On Sunday we visited several Sunday-schools, and found them all belonging to the same great army to which we in the States belong, and singing the same songs of praise. It is a pleasant thought to know that in whatever place we live, or in whatever situation we are placed, we can enjoy the privileges God has given us; and if we rightly improve all our advantages, and do his will upon earth, we shall be permitted to dwell in heaven forever, one united family, though scattered here below, yet re-united above forevermore.

We spent the "Fourth" among the hills of our native place, and marched with the happy children of the Sabbath-school and their friends to a pleasant grove on the shady hillside. The stirring music of the band, and of the old familiar fife and drum at intervals, sounding out the patriotic airs of a nation's freedom, with the cold-water songs of the merry children, and the loud pealing of the church bell, which had in days gone by spoken with no uncertain sound, made it a day of gladness and joy to all. Speeches, ice-cream, cakes, and singing were the order of the day; but we preferred to lie quietly under the shady maples and gaze upon the blue above, or shut our eyes upon all around and try to rest from all our labors for a time. We would have been glad to have remained among the hills, but could not; but before this reaches our readers, we expect that fishing and hunting and resting will be among the things of the past with us, at least for a time. We shall try the old brook and woodland, and see whether we are quite forgotten.

But here come Blue-Bell, Violet Forest, Verbena, Juno, and a host of welcome Chatterers, and we will now listen to them.

ANTAGONISTIC FORT.

ALL YE MERRYS:—What with W. A R. and Peace, Republics and Kingdoms, the Chat presents the appearance of being composed (or discomposed) of pieces which will not fit "noway," and I have been in a quandary as to which side I should favor; at length I concluded to remain neutral out of sheer perplexity. But Jolly Jingle's "ravings," threats, etc., have convinced me that something *must* be done, and Vincent has in these four words, "Saucy Nell for Queen," declared that something. Why, the audacity of that man (J. J.) is too — well, Webster's Unabridged doesn't give a word forcible enough to express *how* audacious he is. "*He* will blot out Saucy Nell!" *Rouse* ye, Merrys, and avenge this insult. "Why stand ye here idle?" Shall this Jolly man go on in easy assurance saying what he pleases and none oppose? Oh, no; I hear a chorus of Merry voices shout, We are coming, and we'll "blot" J. J. and his troop "*out*." Ha, ha, my "Lord of Creation," it is all over with you now. Jingle that Jolly voice of yours until it subsides into a hoarse groan—'twill bring no *recruits* to *your ranks*. "Ye Merry boys," toss your caps in the air and shout for Queen Nell! "Ye Merry girls," wave your "handkerchiefs" and vow eternal allegiance to the same.

Frolicking Fan, come this way; much talking hath made we warm—there, that's *refreshing*.

Mustard, if the ladies do not all fall in love with your name, you have this consolation, you'll do for greens.

Pert Merry, are you the "Pertine" of the "days of yore?" I assure you that Sigma is more than fancy *can* paint.

Dear Winnie—our Queen you should have been had you not preferred to be a wandering Star(r)—what fond recollections the sight of your familiar name brought to my mind of the days of withcraft, when fair young maidens were transformed into "ugly old hags," and "corporals" became "porkerals;" then *ham* and greens did abound; but where is fancy leading me? "scenes like these I must forget." "You might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion," and dear Uncle Hi & Co. have decreed that brevity shall be the fashion in the Chat, so with many reluctant glances I take my departure.

A full and beautiful (!) assortment of cart(e)s kept constantly on hand.

BLUE-BELL.

June 25, 1866.

UNCLE MERRY:—Again I come, after a short absence, laden with messages for the Cousins.

Roguish Kate and Oddity, thanks for your information.

Miss Dignity, it is not very *dignified* to "cuddle in a corner."

Rubie Linden, if you receive and answer letters from all you ask to correspond, you must have plenty to do.

Sunbeam, I, as well as Taghconic, would like to know your address. Will you gratify me?

Aunt Sue, did you know that you had one of my cartes de visite, and I one of yours? I hardly think you did.

VIOLET FOREST.

June 29, 1866.

DEAR COUSINS:—Here I am again.

Uncle, how many pictures does your album hold? I should think it would be about full.

Violet Forest, I am going to write soon.

Delia, Lizzie E. N., Sunbeam, and any others, please write. Uncle has my address.

VERBENA.

July 3, 1864.

Now, then! I'm just as indignant as I can be; I haven't spoken a word in the Chat since last October, and no one says, "What in the world has become of Juno?" Uncles and Cousins have all forgotten the existence of such a person. How do you know but that I have grown to be a wrinkled, gray-headed, crabbed old maid?

Jolly Jingle always had something pleasant to say to this member of the corner, until in an unlucky moment I said, "Will you correspond?"

I supposed she was a woman; but some of the Cousins think *she* is a *man*. If you *are* a man, Jolly—which I sincerely hope you are not—I humbly beg your pardon for having *dared* to open my lips to utter such a request, and when you turn round with *such* a satisfied look and pick up a volume of Longfellow, I'll — *box your ears*.

Oh, Uncles and Cousins! hang ye your heads in very shame; yea, put on sackcloth and ashes and mourn awhile over your — your — "what d' ye call it;" then rise, clad yourselves in gay garments and consider yourselves forgiven; but *never*, NEVER again forget your

JUNO.

DEAR COUSINS :—How do you get along?

Uncle, you have clipped all of the rest of my letters, but please spare this one.

Delia and Rubie Linden, please write, and I will answer soon.

Frolicking Fan, why don't you speak?

Lizzie E. N., Saucy Nell, and Sunbeam, I have got a new album. Please exchange photos. Uncle Merry has my address.

Please write, *all.* From your Merry Coz, EDITH ——.

June 6.

UNCLE MERRY, COUSINS, ETC. :—If you please—very quietly and humbly—that's my way, but with "Dignity"—that's my *nom du plume*—I claim my snuggery in the Chat corner, having been duly admitted, as per MUSEUM, May, 1866.

Most gratefully I appreciate my kind reception by the Uncle- and Cousinhoods. And now, how can I get my talk in? My nearest coz is bent on "mischief," and the next "Jingles so Jolly" fast. Coz "Kate is so Roguish," and Coz "Black-Eyes" me so "curis;" and alas! here is the very W. A. R. of Chatterers! What shall I do? Well, no matter; if the Cousins won't have my chat, I know my dear, good Uncle Merry will. MISS DIGNITY.

MOSSY DELL, *July* 2, 1866.

MERRYS ALL :—I really don't know what you all think of me coming so often; but the "Chat" has a charm for me I can no more resist than—oh! quite a number of delicious things.

Having expended all my wrath in my last, I am disposed to be very sunny this time; in fact, I am in a very forgiving humor.

In the first place I shall give a welcome to all new Cousins. This, from sad experience, I shall never forget to do.

Metacom, I thanked you before for welcoming me, but the relentless "manipulator," cannibal-like, devoured it. Won't you write and X?

I curiously scan every person I meet, in search of a "Merry" badge, but mine eyes have never yet been blessed with a sight of it.

Taghconic, your letter was received and answered.

Forrest, your request was complied with. Did my speed satisfy you?

Violet Forest, I fear you "are not what you seem," viz., willing to write to and X with any of the "Cousins."

Addie W., Kate M., Cousin Forestina, Cousin May, and others, I should be most happy to hear from you. Would write and X immediately.

J. J., I'm glad you have subsided.

Aunt Sue, my earnest wish to hear from you has not abated.

Uncles, I tremble! Is not this sufficient.

I remain (if anything is left of me),
DELIA.

July 5, 1866.

MERRY COUSINS :—Will you welcome a new-comer by conversing with me by the means of chirography? Uncle has my address. EM.

MOSSY DELL, *July* 3, 1866.

DEAR MERRYS :—I sent an enormous budget of messages in my first letter, but sad to relate, the manipulator, less merciful than even the "Holy Mother of the French Revolution," tumbled them nearly all into the basket.

I have searched through quite a number of MUSEUMS for some Cousins who hail from Philadelphia, but none could I find. I shall be delighted to answer any letter which may come to me, and to X cartes.

It is so interesting and comfortable within the charmed circle of the "Chat" that I fear I shall come too often.

Sid, I am waiting.

W. A. R., how ferocious you must look! I am sure I should disappear out of the nearest door at sight of your dread countenance.

But, hark! What means that rushing noise through the air? 'tis the dreaded hatchet!

Forget me not, Aunt Sue, Violet Forest, and you, oh! ye twenty thousand Cousins, be sure that ye forget not
VIRGINIA.

OAKLAND, *June* 17.

DEAR UNCLE :—I have waited long outside of the Merry circle, hoping some kind Cousin would say "Come in," but all in vain; no one even gives me a kindly "nod," and I have concluded to *shoot directly* for the door and ask admittance when I am *half* way in.

Please introduce me to Sunbeam—I think she *must be beautiful.* If any of the Cousins will condescend to write me, I will be very glad. Uncle has my address. Love to all. SHOOTING STAR.

PROVIDENCE, *July* 6.

DEAR COUSINS:—May I inquire what is the cause of all this dispute for the possession of that "rickety pile, *alias*, throne?" Why all this shouting of "Long live Queen Iva!" "Down with Peace Regina!" "Blot out Miss Ellen!" etc.? I join with Sans Souci in shouting, "Long reign our noble President, Uncle Merry!" and "blot out" not only Miss Ellen, but all others who aspire to rule the free Merry circle.

Coy, what keeps you silent so long? We have not heard your merry voice in the Chat for some time. By the way, I have a photo ready for you when you write to me again.

But already fancy pictures to my mind the dreadful manipulator, suspended, like the sword of Damocles, over my devoted head. Therefore I cease. HARRY C. H. DOUGLAS.

Extracted Essences.

VINCENT, thanks for your *c. de v.* You shall receive Robert Merry in return in a few days; there have been so many calls that we are all out. As soon as our friend Lewis can finish some up, they shall be forthcoming.

EM is welcome to our ranks and must at once take a seat and a fan—not "Frolicking," for we could not possibly spare that.

HARRY C. H. DOUGLAS, see reply to Vincent, and be on the look-out.

NEW PHYSIOGNOMY, OR SIGNS OF CHARACTER as manifested through Temperament and External Forms, and especially in the Human Face Divine. By Samuel R. Wells. With more than One Thousand Illustrations. N. York: Fowler and Wells.

A comprehensive, thorough, and practical work, in which all that is known on the subject of Physiognomy, based on Ethnology and Phrenology, is systematized, explained, illustrated, and applied. A large number of topics are taken up and explained in a popular way, which makes it interesting and instructive to all. It is handsomely bound, and filled with illustrations, many of which are good likenesses of prominent men and women, which adds much to the appearance and interest of the work.

FALL RIVER ROUTE TO BOSTON.—The travel on this route has increased so much that the company have had to run two boats much of the time, and now the Empire State runs regularly to Fall River every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The Newport and Old Colony go as usual to Newport. This is the most popular route to Boston. The officers of the boats strive in every way to make everything pleasant for their passengers, which is contrary to the usual practice when we travel.

Fleta Forrester's Puzzle Drawer.

AND

each answers ALL of the June Puzzles. *Remus* has already won his *first prize*, and now takes his SECOND PRIZE.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

26. Eht bbelep ni het mastertel stanc
Sha rutend het rucose fo naym a vrire
A prowedd no hte fintan tlanp
Sha wrapde eth antig ako verefro.
A. R. F.

27. My first is found in a well; my second is found in a cistern; my whole is (in sound) the name of a Merry Cousin. *Prairie Boy.*

28. My first is a quadruped; my second a fish; and my whole is a bird. *Howard H. Jackman.*

29. 66500. *Forrest.*

30. 15110008. *Euclid.*

31. Transpose a boy's name into a command to leave off the last syllable. *Minx*

32. I am composed of 10 letters:
My 7, 5, 10, 9, 3 is hard to bear; transposed, it is a girl's name.
My 2, 6, 1, 3 is still harder to bear; transposed, it is almost unendurable.
My 9, 8, 5, 1, 4 is an island; transposed, it is a garment.
My whole, once a terror, is harmless now. *Massasoit.*

33. Entire, I am a plant; behead me, and I am honorable; restore my head, curtail me, and I am to yield; reverse me, and I am a fluid. *Dwight.*

34. What city is that which quiet people can not endure? *Double-you-see.*

ANAGRAMS.

35. Toes dance. *Fred.*

36. I nail my tulips. *Sigma.*

37. Trap no mice. *Angie P.*

38. I dim cat choir! *Alf.*

39. Thin bag. *Snow Drop.*

40. Lo, ye hog, scat! *Allie Frank.*

41. Scrub clean. *Bruce.*

42. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 3, 6, 14, 4, 10 is a kitchen utensil.
My 7, 5, 3, 4 is a machine.
My 8, 12, 13, 10 is a quadruped.
My 11, 2, 9, 8 is in every one's mind.
My 1, 10, 3, 4 is often deep.
My whole is a noted man.
Bruce Hunt.

43. My first is a game; my second is a name given sometimes to a high mountain; my whole is a Bay.
W. S. Arthur.

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

44. It is yourself. *Delia.*

45. Move it from side to side. *Ego Ipse.*

46. A tool I injure. *Gertie.*

47. (In the following sentence the letter "x" has been substituted for all the vowels, including y, and the usual spaces between the words omitted. Who will discover the original sentence?
F. F.
Hxxrsxrxlxlxxspxngxxsthxxwxpxxxtgxxdrxs xlxtxxns!

48. I am composed of 5 letters:
My 2, 4, 1 is a plant.
My 3, 4, 1 is to cut off.
My 5 stands for a number.
My whole is a flower.

49. I am composed of 8 letters:
Omit my 1, 2, 5, 7, transpose, and we are bound together.
Omit my 2, 4, 6, 8, transpose, and I am ever sought.
Omit my 1, 4, 5, 6, transpose, and many I press down.
My whole for wealth is famous.
Hal Boucles.

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of September.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "F. F.," Drawer 6, P. O., New Haven, Conn.

Answers to Puzzles in June No.

420. Deep in the forest was a little dell
High overarched with the leafy sweep
Of a broad oak, through whose gnarled roots there fell
A slender rill that sung itself asleep.

421. Ryot, tyro.

422. Throne, hornet. (*Shooting Star* says "Coronet, toe-corn!")

423. Tinsel, listen.

424. Microcosm.

425. Abraham Lincoln.

426. Independence.

427. Spike, pike, Ike.

428. Green-backs.

429. Predetermination.

430. Dulcimer.

431. Emancipation.

432. Merodach-baladan. (Isaiah, 39th chapter, verse 1.)

433. American.

434. Instance, or Ancients.

435. Polyanthus.

436. Hyacinth.

437. Coriander.

438. Pond lilies.

439. The Waterfall.

440. Investigate. (*I gate.*)

441. Cent, net.

442. Came, fame, game, lame, name, same, tame.

443. *Stream.* 1, ream; 2, mast; 3, steam; 4, meat; 5, tars; 6, rest; 7, tares; 8, ram; 9, rat; 10, mat; 11, tear; 12, mar; 13, mart; 14, sea; 15, tea; 16, master; 17, mars; 18, smear.

Of the above 24 Puzzles—

REMUS and WILLIE W. PERRY each answer ALL.

Mab answers all but 441—23 in all.

Rush answers all but 422, 441—22.

Shooting Star answers all but 421, 439—22.

Double-you-see answers all but 421, 422, 441—21.

Florence answers all but 421, 422, 428—21.

Keystone, ditto.

Etta answers all but 421, 422, 441—21.

Dwight, ditto.

Carlos answers all but 421, 422, 434—21.

Roguish Kate and Oddity answer all but 422, 423, 429, 438—20.

Bittersweet, ditto.

C. W. J. answers all but 421, 422, 432, 441—20.

Forrest answers all but 421, 422, 423, 441—20.

Clara answers all but 421, 422, 431, 432, 441—19.

Edward S. answers all but 421, 422, 423, 428, 441—19.

Lizzie Tipton answers all but 421, 422, 423, 441, 442—19.

Ma Hitub answers all but 428, 429, 431, 432, 438, 441—18.

Lizzie E. N. answers all but 421, 422, 423, 428, 431, 434, 441—17.

J. H. M. answers all but 421, 422, 429, 431, 439, 441, 442, 443—16.

Minnehaha (of Wis.) answers all but 421, 422, 423, 429, 431, 439, 440, 441, 443—15.

Vincent answers all but 421, 423, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 438, 441—15.

Minnehaha (of N. Y.*) answers all but 421, 422, 423, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 434, 437, 438—13.

Elmer answers all but 421, 422, 424, 428, 429, 431, 432, 433, 434, 437, 438, 439 12.

Iowa Boy answers 420, 425, 426, 427, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 443—11.

H. of B. answers (in part) 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 436, 439, 440, 442—9½.

Rubie Linden answers 420, 424, 425, 427, 436, 442, 443—7.

Blue Stocking answers 420, 423, 427, 436, 439—5.

Myron answers 420, 425, 426, 427—4.

* No name accompanying the list.

Albert Ameran answers 425, 426, 427, 428—4.

Taghconic answers 425, 427—2.

Bruce Hunt answers 426, 427—2.

A Gem answers 425, 427—2.

W Derrah answers 420 (in part), 427—1½.

Notices to Correspondents.

Bruce Hunt, yes; *always* send the answers with your puzzles.

Elmer, neither rebus nor charade will do for publication without more alteration and correction than I have time for.

Lizzie Tipton, I do not think your rebus will exactly do. It wants *skill* and a considerable ingenuity to make a *good* one; and such Uncle can procure of an experienced hand when he wishes them. I greet you as a puzzler with pleasure.

Willie Derrah, come again with answers, next month — only *please* leave the *little* "envelopes" at home! They were almost too troublesome!

Minnehaha (of Wis.), if should obtain the answers to all of the puzzles, in any of the numbers of the MUSEUM, or if not *all*, yet more than any other puzzler, then you will win a prize. The first time you would receive a very pretty little *heart-puzzle;* the second time, a *gold pen* would be awarded you; and the third time, a *gold pen with silver pencil and case.*

Snow Drop, A "SAMARITAN" with an "O" in the last syllable of his name is "NOT A MAN, SIR," that *I* am acquainted with!

Iowa Boy and *Myron* both forget that I don't take charge of letters to the CHAT; I shall have to punish them by consigning those they sent to my basket.

Keystone, I know nothing about the publisher's business. Please complain to him.

Thanks for Enigmas, etc., to Albert Ameran, Bruce Hunt, Elmer, Blue Stocking, Bittersweet, Roguish Kate and Oddity, A. R. F., Phe, Cousin Em, Rush, Dwight, Shooting Star, Minnehaha, Ego Ipse, and Snow Drop.

FRANK AND MITTY.

HAWTHORN BLOSSOMS.

BY MRS. J. E. McCONAUGHY.

CHAPTER III.—LEARNED ANIMALS.

SUCH happy times as Snowflake used to have, tucked up in her little mistress' apron while she read in her books. She would purr herself to sleep, and then purr herself awake again, now and then turning up her sleepy eyes as if to inquire what Grace *could* be about. Then she would peep her knowing little head over into the book to look at the pictures, and the child would turn leaf after leaf for her satisfaction.

Frank devoted some spare minutes every day trying to teach Mitty various tricks, which, he said, "were worth while," but which Grace thought but little of.

"You may coax him as much as you please, Frank, but you must never strike him to make him learn," she said, most decidedly, shaking her curly head. "You know mother has given me the privilege of these kittens."

Grace had a horror of learned animals ever since she went to a menagerie once with her papa and Frank. She asked the old elephant-keeper how he taught him to do so many funny tricks.

"By beatin' him, miss," he answered, "and keeping him 'fraid of me. If once he gets so he ain't 'fraid of me, I can't do nothing more with him."

Tender-hearted little Grace looked up with great compassion on the mountainous brown sides which towered above her head, and did not hesitate to give her red apple to "the poor old ephalent," hoping "it would make him just a little happy."

There was no more pleasure for her in seeing him dance, or stand with all his four feet on a barrel, or in any of his cruel tricks.

She was not willing to have any of her pets accomplished at such an expense. So Frank had recourse to bribes of cheese-crumbs and little bits of meat to teach Mitty his lessons. He proved a very good scholar though, and was always so full of fun and frolic, that he was ready to bound over Frank's clasped hands, even when he held them two feet above the floor.

"Very well done," said Uncle Jeffrey, as Frank was showing off his bright parts one evening. "But I would not spend too much time over it, my boy."

"You have a story in your eye now, uncle, I am sure," said Frank, preparing to listen.

"My eyes must be great tell-tales," said Uncle Jeffrey; and indeed they were, as all good-natured, laughing eyes are. Very pleasant sort of tales they tell, too.

"Well, it is true," admitted the old gentleman, "that I was just thinking of a young man who worked in a ship-yard, who had a famous little poodle that was a curiosity to everybody who saw him. In the course of six months he taught him to dance a jig on his hind legs. Of course he had to give his whole mind to it, and all his spare time. The dog did not dance half as well as an organ-grinder's monkey, it is true, but the young man prided himself a great deal on having taught him to dance at all.

"Now, in the same time, a companion of his spent all of his spare minutes in studying over a machine for cutting ship-timbers in a circular form. I dare say he could have taught a dog to dance, too,

if he had wished to. But he did not wish to. That was the difference between the two young men. Finally he invented a machine which could do in an hour the work of six men for a whole day. That machine is now used in every ship-yard in the country. But the young man kept pondering over these things, and invented another machine, which brought him a second great fortune. You may be sure such a mind did not suffer itself to rust out. The next invention was a boring-machine, which went through a block of granite at the rate of twenty-two inches an hour. A gentleman offered him ten thousand dollars for a partial interest in it when it was first tested.

"You see what an advantage it was for him that he chose an object worth thinking and working over. Very likely the other carpenter is teaching dogs to dance yet, or showing off their accomplishments in various ale-houses. He will likely be a day-laborer all his life, and not one that gets the highest wages either. These busy idlers are almost invariably the grumblers in the world, too."

"Like Tom Loper," said Frank. "He says the world owes him a living, and he is all the while grumbling because it does not send it along."

"He does little enough toward getting it," said mother; "and that little is but half done. I do not wish him to saw any more wood for us."

"Poor fellow!" said Uncle Jeffrey. "He was bright enough when he was a boy, but he spent his time learning all sorts of games and sleight-of-hand tricks, instead of delving into his arithmetic at school, or learning some useful trade by which he could get an honest living. We boys used to look on and admire and wonder at his exhibitions of skill as we sat around the evening fire-side after our hard day's work was over; but I don't think one of us would care to exchange places with him now. Teach cats for *play*, Frank, if you like, but never make a business of it."

Mother felt that this was a very seasonable hint, and thanked Uncle Jeffrey for it from her heart. Frank was a boy that must go heart and soul into everything he undertook. So it was very important that he undertook just the right things.

After this evening's conversation, little Mitty's education was much neglected, but Grace did not mourn over it any.

But Hetty took both her children in hand, and drilled them faithfully in what was most important for cats to learn. She taught them to catch mice, and to keep a wide-awake eye for any chance bird

that might hop about the door-yard. This last accomplishment was a great grief to Grace, and she wasted much good instruction on the old cat respecting it. But Hetty could not see it.

There was an old crow's nest in a tall elm tree not far away, which she paid particular attention to.

"How nice it would be to pick some of those little crows' bones for my dinner!" thought naughty Hetty. So she crept up the trunk and stole softly toward the branch where the great ragged nest was. But she counted her birds too soon. A pair of crow-bills, as sharp as nippers, attacked her on both sides, and she was glad to beat a retreat on the double-quick. She seemed to lose taste for picking little crow-bones after that.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

THOUSANDS of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instruments of their salvation; not a line that they wrote, not a word that they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name—your deeds—will be as legible in the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.

ON FINDING FAULT.—Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after the offense rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused party is struck with the forbearance of the accuser who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it.

EDUCATE the whole man—the head, the heart, the body; the head to think, the heart to feel, and the body to act.

OUT OF SCHOOL.

Oh, welcome hour! the school is closed,
And tasks and lessons done;
And wildly through the pleasant fields
The happy children run.

They climb the trees, they pluck the flowers,
For very joy they sing,
And scamper o'er the yielding grass,
Up on a gate to swing.

"Come down!" cried gentle Tom to Ann,
Who climbed the highest bar;
"Oh! if you tumble, you may die,
For you will fall so far!"

Alas! she kicked poor Tom away,
And spoke with angry frown,
Although the very dog looked up,
And seemed to bark "Come down!"

The little boy walked sadly home
When Ann's sharp tones he heard;
For pain and sickness he could bear,
But not an angry word.

She saw him leave; and all day long
No joy in play could find;
The text that she had learned that morn
Would come into her mind.

She looked—the evening sky was streaked
With golden clouds and red;
"Let not the sun go down upon
Your wrath," aloud she said.

And breathless to Tom's cottage door
She ran with all her might,
And begged forgiveness for her fault,
And left with sweet "Good-night."

He that gathereth in summer is a wise son; but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.—PROVERBS x. 5.

Now is the summer-time for me,
And, like the little busy bee,
I must improve the hours:
In every little plant I find,
I'll look for honey for the mind,
And fill my heart with flowers.

WILD OATS.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER IX.—GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY?

AS Johnny sat with his head on his hand, life seemed to him a very bitter thing. He felt almost as a drowning man feels whose moments are slipping from him one by one. All the leading events of his short life crowded before his mind; he remembered wicked deeds he had committed long ago—thoughtless speeches he had made to his mother. He could hear again the last words of his dying father:

"Johnny, I want you to promise me that you will be a loving and obedient boy to your mother—will you try? Be a comfort to her, my son; you couldn't have a better mother. Never do anything to make her unhappy; never join the company of bad boys; don't stay out late in the evening. When you are tempted to do wrong, ask God to help you."

Then Johnny remembered his own reply to these words, spoken through sobs:

"Oh, father! I will—you know I will!"

And how had he kept his promise?

"I don't think I've been much of a comfort to mother; I've made her unhappy more times than I can count. I have joined the company of bad boys, too—boys who swear, and chew, and smoke, and drink. How mother would feel if she knew it! I've staid out late evenings when Mr. Preston thought I was abed. He ought to take better care of his boys—but that's nothing to me. I've known I was doing wrong to go off in the woods Sundays. I never ask God to help me do right—it isn't often I think of it. I don't read the Bible unless I'm obliged to. To be sure, I never stole so much as a brass pin; but, may-be, I'm going to State's Prison—it looks like it; and all because I've got mixed up with a set of bad fellows. It isn't fair I should be sent to prison. I wonder if God could help me? I know God can do everything—I mean to ask Him.

"Oh, *my* Father in heaven, if there was ever anything I wanted in this world, it is to get out of this court-house and go free. Please help me for Jesus Christ's sake; and truly I will try with my whole heart to be a good boy."

That was all Johnny could do; it was all the wisest and strongest man could have done in such an extremity. He had no power to

prove his innocence, so he left the case in God's hands; and for the first time experienced a sensation which was akin to peace. He wiped his tearful face and looked up, determined to be prepared for the worst.

Mr. Eastman was just asking Mr. Preston and the postmaster to repeat their story about the intercepted letter, which it appeared had been written by the prisoner, requesting a Boston toy-merchant to send a large quantity of fireworks to his address at Springfield.

Mr. Preston occupied the witness-stand.

"Do you say, sir," said the lawyer, "that you identify the letter in question as the handwriting of your pupil, John Merry?"

"I have had no doubt upon that point," replied Mr. Preston.

"Will you be kind enough to give me that letter again for a second perusal?"

"Certainly, sir."

Mr. Eastman read the letter aloud.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you will please observe that this is a remarkable production for a youth of only twelve years. It is concise, well worded, and to the point. You who are acquainted with the childish mind must be aware that boys of this tender age are seldom capable of writing business letters in a very concise manner."

One or two of the jurymen seemed impressed by this suggestion.

"But more than this," continued Mr. Eastman, "the letter not only bears to my mind internal evidence of having been written by an older person than the respondent, but I am also prepared to maintain that the handwriting is quite unlike his. Here, my boy, you will please take the pen and ink which the clerk will give you, and write as I dictate."

Johnny's hand trembled, but he wrote quite legibly the whole letter as his lawyer repeated it, beginning with "Dear Sir," and closing with "Truly yours, John Merry."

Mr. Eastman received this copy from the hands of his client with a look of triumph, and said, as he offered it to the jury:

"See for yourselves, gentlemen, that the intercepted letter is nothing more nor less than a deliberate forgery—a clumsy one, too. See what a cramped, unformed hand the prisoner writes, compared with the easy, flowing characters of the imitation. There has evidently been some attempt at disguise; but the villain or villains who have been plotting against my client did not, it seems, consider it necessary to make very elaborate work with the letter. I apprehend the reason for this in the fact, that the answer and the fireworks were

not to go to Lincoln, where, as a matter of course, my innocent client would disclaim all knowledge of them, but were to go to Springfield, a place quite remote, where, if all plans had succeeded, the scamp or scamps would no doubt have called for them before this time."

A strong impression was made upon the jury, and Johnny's hopes rose high. Mr. Preston, after asking leave to examine the intercepted letter and compare it with the copy, declared himself fully satisfied that forgery had been practiced, and said he was surprised that he had not himself detected the cheat. After this he sat for some time earnestly engaged in looking over a quantity of boys' letters, which happened to be in his pocket-book, until court was adjourned. If he suspected the real forger he kept his own counsel.

In the afternoon court assembled again; and, as all the testimony was now out on both sides, Mr. Eastman made his argument; that is to say, he recapitulated to the jury the facts which have already been stated here, and adduced reasons why his client could not possibly be guilty of the crime charged against him. If the letter was a forgery, as it unquestionably was, there could not remain a rational doubt that some one had forged it with a wicked design.

Mr. Eastman talked with so much feeling that he called tears to many eyes. He said he was very happy to do what he could in behalf of a poor, innocent little boy who had no father to speak for him, and whose widowed mother was so ill that it had not been considered safe to inform her of the dreadful trial now pending. He was an eloquent man, even when pleading a case in favor of a guilty person; but now he made no labored effort; the words came naturally from a full heart, and he felt that he was carrying his audience with him.

After his speech was concluded, the prosecuting attorney replied to it; but his remarks sounded cold and forced; and it was the private opinion of the initiated that what he said was a mere matter of form, uttered because it is customary for a State's attorney to say something on such an occasion, not because he wished or expected to make an impression upon the jury. He stated what he called "the law and the evidence," and sat down, looking much less like a hangman in Johnny's eyes than ever before.

Then the judge charged the jury, exhorting them to be truthful to their convictions of duty. A judge's charge is intended to be impartial; but it was plain enough that Judge Cleveland believed Johnny to be innocent.

The jury retired to an ante-room to consider the matter. They

were not gone three minutes before they knocked on the door, which the deputy sheriff opened. They entered the court-room again, and took their seats.

"Are they never going to speak?" thought impatient Johnny, trying to read their faces. But they were only waiting for a question which the clerk of the court now proposed:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

The foreman, a solemn-looking man, replied, "We have."

The clerk added: "Mr. Foreman, what say you?—Is the prisoner at the bar guilty, or not guilty?"

The foreman cleared his throat, and slowly and deliberately replied, "*Not guilty!*"

Fancy the joyous throbbing of Johnny's heart, and the sweet sense of gratitude to God which he had scarcely ever known before.

The judge, with a benevolent smile, turned to the prosecuting attorney, and asked, as a mere ceremony, if he had anything more against the prisoner? Mr. Lee appeared to take pleasure in declaring that he had not, and that the clerk might "discharge the respondent."

Then the clerk, as if he were very much pleased too, immediately said, "John Merry, you are notified that you are discharged, and may depart hence without delay;" whereupon the sheriff proceeded to let him out of the box; but before the door was opened, which had seemed to the prisoner as heavy as a gravestone, a shrill shout of joy rent the air: "*Three cheers for John Merry!*"

It was the Preston boys, who sat *en masse* in one corner of the court-room, and had been watching the proceedings eagerly, and who in their great zeal had made a plan to take the discharged prisoner on their shoulders and march him in triumph through the streets.

But their uproarious enthusiasm was suddenly cut short by the judge, who demanded silence. "Young gentlemen," said he, in a stern voice, "you have been guilty of *contempt of court*, a crime punishable by a term of imprisonment. Mr. Sheriff, sir—"

Mr. Sheriff looked at Judge Cleveland, awaiting orders. The boys trembled and hung their heads, expecting to be marched forthwith to jail, there to taste some of the mortifications Johnny had known. But the merciful judge did not finish the sentence he had commenced. There was a twinkle in his eye, which looked anything but alarming, as he said, turning to the boys:

"Young gentlemen, I am satisfied from your penitent and subdued appearance that you did not contemplate doing anything wrong

I believe you were not aware of the impropriety of your conduct; and considering that your ill-timed cheering was called forth by sympathy for your calumniated schoolfellow, I have decided to pardon you. Remember henceforth to maintain order in a court-room."

The boys felt that they had made a fortunate escape.

Court was adjourned, and Master Johnny was marched to the principal hotel of the town, between an escort of boys, though not exactly upon their shoulders.

Perhaps there was somewhere in the world a happier lad than the ex-prisoner, but it would be difficult to find him. Johnny had always been a favorite with the boys, and might have had his choice of associates. He had had his choice, but it had proved a bad one.

"Where can Carbello be?" said he, when the excitement had somewhat subsided.

"That's what we'd all like to know. He and Pitcher started to come to the trial, but sneaked off somewhere else," said one.

"Rather suspicious," said another.

Johnny did not understand these insinuations as well as my readers do; but the meaning was made tolerably clear next day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GRANDMA'S PIECE-BAG.

BY HILDEGARDE.

BY my window I sat one rainy morning, a few years ago, watching the drops as they pattered against the panes of glass, and feeling very blue and disconsolate, I was aroused by grandma's cheerful voice—"Will my child go up stairs for me?"

We children always loved to do favors for grandma, and so I willingly replied "Yes."

"Go to the large black trunk, and you will find a chintz piece-bag; will you bring it to me?"

I ran quickly up stairs, and soon returned with the article. The chintz was of a curious, old-fashioned pattern, studded with flowers of every size, color, and description. As grandma opened the bag, my eye caught a glimpse of its contents; and after she had found that for which she was searching, I asked if I might look at the bits

of bright silks and pretty little scraps of cloth which it contained. Permission was granted, with the proviso that I should replace everything with care when my curiosity was satisfied. Then I was happy —no more blues for me that day. And seating myself on the floor near grandma, I emptied the rolls, bundles, and pieces on the rug.

Grandma was almost as much interested in them as I was; and as I admired a handsome pattern, or laughed at a homely one, she would tell me some little anecdote about them. It seemed as if that bag contained a reminiscence of each member of grandma's family.

There was a large piece of white silk, like her wedding-dress, and in it was rolled an antique netted work-bag that she used to carry on her arm. Then there was a piece of coarse blue and white cloth, that looked as if it were the identical piece from which "Brother Jonathan's" pantaloons were cut. I looked for a blue swallow-tailed coat, with large brass buttons on it; but as I did not find it, I concluded it must be in that curious-looking chest in the southwest corner of the garret. There was a bit of delicate pink lawn from a dress which my mother had worn, and a pair of mittens with the tips of the thumbs gone, and as grandma looked at these, she laughed over the pranks of Uncle Charlie's boyish days.

As I opened one roll, a little gold ring dropped out and rolled away under the table. When grandma saw it, she started with surprise, and said, "Why, that is your mother's ring that your father hid five years ago, in a roll of cloth, and we never could find it, nor he either. Some one must have picked up the roll and put it in here carelessly, and I so seldom open the bag. I wonder we found it at all." Then how we laughed; and at night, when father came home, didn't mother box his ears! He pretended it hurt him very much; but I don't believe it did, for he put the ring on her finger a few moments after, in a very lover-like manner, and—well, no matter.

As I took a large stocking from the floor, which was knit of mixed yarn, grandma's sweet face looked sad, and her eyes filled with tears, for she, alas! had been bereft of a dear son, whom she had given to serve his country, and he who begged that he might be buried in the old church-yard now rested in a Southern grave. She took the stocking, and folding it carefully, laid it away in a little trunk. She seemed to feel so sad that I could not ask her to tell me about Uncle Fred; but I knew that he was a brave Christian soldier.

I felt as if grandma would not care to talk with me more just then, so I replaced the rolls and carried the bag up stairs; but I often think of it, and mean to look at its contents again.

BEES AND BEE-HIVE.

"GRIEVOUS words stir up anger," and so do some little boys with a sharp stick. The little fellow whom you see in the picture is one. He is always in trouble, whether at home with his brothers and sisters, or in the garden among the bees and flowers. Instead of desiring to know the habits of the bees, their way of life, their industry and skill, he delights to disturb and trouble them. Doing nothing useful himself, he will not let any one around him, if he can prevent it. Let us see if we can not gain knowledge and information from even these *hum*ble teachers. They are always busy, work.

ing not only for themselves, but to supply little boys and girls with honey to sweeten their bread, or to bring money to their owner's pocket.

Some foolish people think that bees are dangerous creatures—that because they have a sting they are sure to use it on all possible occasions—that, like wasps, they are little Satans, full of malice and fond of murder! No doubt they can sting severely enough when it is proper to do so; but they are thoroughly harmless when let alone, and fully appreciate the kind attentions which they receive from their friends. These little creatures know their benefactors, and delight to follow them about and to do their bidding. Be gentle to them, and you may let them creep over your hands and face without the slightest fear.

I have read of one bee-master who used to assemble his bees on a large table, dividing them into regiments, battalions, and companies, and when he uttered the word "March!" they would move rapidly about in regular order, like soldiers on review. As to stinging their master, or any of the spectators, they never thought of such a thing. A lesson of harmlessness, good-will, and gratitude for benefits received! There is no need to be tameless and spiritless. Protection against robbers is well, but a too quick resentment is unmanly, for even the bees are too high-minded to indulge in it. They say: "Don't hurt us, and you shall be quite safe from our stings; be kind to us, and we will be kind to you."

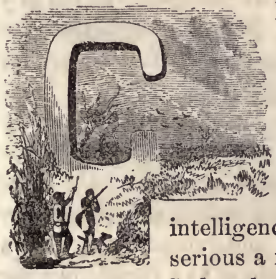
The bees are cleanly creatures. They have a genuine horror of dirt, of rubbish, of decayed and worthless stuff in their home. The whole hive is kept exquisitely clean; moreover, it is carefully ventilated. For this latter purpose a host of workers are engaged in using their wings like so many fans, vibrating them with almost inconceivable rapidity, and thus keeping the entire atmosphere of the place in motion. They know the value of oxygen to life and health, and they consent to work hard to gain it. If the people were as cleanly as the bees, we should seldom be visited by pestilence. It is strange that man should be so blind to that stern necessity of purity of person and of home which these tiny creatures perceive so clearly, and which can never be neglected without grievous consequences. There are millions of homes in the world which would be all the healthier, and therefore all the happier, if they were as free from dirt and foul air as the bee-hive!

The bees are jubilant creatures; work is no drudgery to them—they like it. So much of their life is occupied with it that they have

no chance of being anxious and fretful. Time does not hang heavily on their hands. Each day brings its duties, and they do not trouble themselves greatly about the morrow. They know, of course, that the winter will come, and for that they do not neglect to provide. This is but that measure of prudent forethought which men as well as bees are bound to exercise. The man who spends the earnings of every day *in* the day, and perhaps borrows from those of the morrow, is not a wise man, because the days are likely to come when he can earn nothing; and if he has no saved-up resources, he will then be in a pitiable plight, which will seem all the sadder when he remembers that, like the bee, he might have prevented it. But happiness in the toils of the present is perfectly consistent with due preparation for the requirements of the future. The bees sing at their work; follow their example, for song will make your work easier.

I DIDN'T THINK.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.



CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE, when a boy eight or ten years old, was told by a laborer that he might catch birds by putting salt on their tails. "Only put the salt there," he said, "and you are sure of the birds." Salmon could not quite comprehend the philosophy of the matter; but the intelligence was communicated to him in so grave and serious a manner, that he could not doubt the truth of the statement. So he adopted this plan of catching birds. He provided himself with salt enough to catch all the birds in the region, if salt could catch them. It was not long, however, before he began to suspect that birds could not be caught in this way. He made several unsuccessful attempts to fling salt upon their tails; and, last of all, he crawled to the brink of a precipice, under the brow of which stood a large tree, on whose branches several birds were perched. Here he had the best opportunity to accomplish his purpose, if such a thing were possible. With good aim, and trembling with excitement, he threw the salt, and away flew the birds, without waiting for the salt to hit their feathers.

"Salt won't catch birds," exclaimed Salmon, as he caught sight of the last bird escaping in the distance; and he saw that he had been

imposed upon, or, as people say now, that he was "sold;" and he returned from his hunting excursion, and told his father that "salt won't catch birds."

"You should have thought of that before," said his father; and his father was about right. If he had stopped to reflect a moment, he would have come to the same conclusion without trying to put salt on their tails.

Boys don't think. Girls don't think. How often we hear the children say, when they are naughty, "*I didn't think*," as if this fact were an excuse for their wrong-doing! How much ignorance there is, also, among boys and girls, simply for the want of a little thought! Young Newton was the only boy among a score of play-fellows who thought that a wind-mill could be made, or a kite constructed to sail through the air. Other boys were glad enough to play with both of them after they were invented; but young Newton did all the thinking for them. Doubtless it was a time of great excitement among them when Newton made the first kite and sent it up in the air. We can scarcely conceive of the hurrahs and clapping of hands that greeted the first kite in the air. And so with the first wind-mill and water-wheel. But these were the products of thought. If the boy Newton had been given no more to thought than his companions, the latter would not have had the privilege of sending up their cheers for a kite or water-wheel. So valuable is thought!

Now, young reader, never excuse your naughtiness or ignorance by saying "I didn't think." Resolve that you will think. Think twice before you leap once. Think over your studies in school. Consider the *whys and wherefores*. Be determined to understand the *reason* of things. Accept no explanation without understanding it. In a word, do not try to catch birds with salt before you decide in your own mind whether the thing is possible.

Home!—The world is for the working hour; but home is the place of refuge. We come to it when we are weary or weak; our refreshment is there; our rest is there; we reflect there; we recover from sickness there; and when we die in peace, we die there.

Of all human actions, pride the most seldom obtains its end; for while its aims at honor and reputation, it reaps contempt and derision.

SUMMER.

THE summer, with its ripening fruit and waving harvests, is now with us. We see around us the results of the farmer's toil and forecast in the spring-time. He broke up his soil, deposited the grain, pruned his fruit-trees, and guarded the tender plant. Now we see his crop approaching maturity; his orchards bending beneath their burdens, and abundance smiling on every hand. Suppose the farmer had allowed the spring season to pass away without preparing the soil, planting the seed, and watching the early growth, what had been the consequence? Barren fields overrun with weeds and briars.

The summer of life draws on apace, my youthful reader. Would you reap an abundant harvest? Would you bear precious fruit? Would you see smiling plenty on every hand? Then well improve the spring-time of life. What you now sow that also shall you reap. If you are diligent in the cultivation of your mind and heart, ever committing your way to God, then the maturity, the summer of life, will be crowned with abundance. But permit this season to pass unimproved, and the summer of your existence will be as dreary as winter, and the "angle reapers" at the last will bind you and cast you into the fire to be burned; for they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind.

A dandy inquired at a fruit-stand, "Are these peaches fit for a hog to eat?" "Try 'em and see," said the apple-woman.

THE RECONCILIATION.

BY VINA CLIFFORD.

"NEVER will I forgive you, Herbert Mills, NEVER! You have received the prize, it is true; but you have won it dishonestly and meanly; and if you can enjoy such ill-gotten pleasure, so be it."

"But, Edward—"

"I want none of your excuses; you have disgraced me this afternoon beyond all forgiveness before our teachers and the spectators; and, what is worse than all, in the presence of my own family and friends. Henceforth we are strangers!"

The trouble between the two boys arose from the fact that a valuable prize was to be awarded to the scholar who should best acquit himself at the closing examination of the ——— Seminary. Edward Rice and Herbert Mills had ever been firm friends, sharing each other's enjoyments and pleasures; but Herbert was a poor boy, struggling hard to prepare himself for college through his own exertions, while Edward was the only child of indulgent and wealthy parents; and to be thus disgraced in the eyes of all present at this examination was more than Edward could patiently bear. He had felt very sure he should secure the prize, and his boasted confidence of success made him less cautious, and probably was one great cause of his failure. Not so with Herbert; he knew the great future was before him, and that the path he was to tread in life must be of his own making, and he cautiously and calmly received and answered all the perplexing questions in that long and dreaded examination. When over, the teachers and his few friends and acquaintances congratulated him on his success, and predicted a brilliant future for him; all of which made Edward's mortification and disappointment harder to conceal, and the first opportunity he had he greeted Herbert with the cruel words with which this story commences.

"Fie! Edward," exclaimed the boys, who gathered round them. "You ought not to blame Herbert; you know he is our superior, and you might have known he would win the prize."

"What if he IS a good scholar? I wanted to show him that others can gain laurels as well as HE," sneeringly replied Edward.

"I guess you wouldn't have done as well you DID if it hadn't been for your open book, from which you read your answers," chimed in honest Henry Marsh.

"That is false!" angrily exclaimed Edward. "I would not deign to do so mean a thing."

"I care not a fig for your word of honor," continued Henry. "Here are a dozen boys who can testify to the truth of what I have said."

Edward finding his dishonorable conduct had been discovered, turned to leave the little group, as Herbert exclaimed, with much feeling, "I would much rather never have received this prize than to have occasioned so much trouble and hard words." And stepping up to Edward, he said, kindly, "Will you not accept the prize as a gift from me? Take it, if it will but make us friends again."

But Edward turned angrily away, without heeding Herbert's pleading voice, and hastening home, retired at once to his own room, cherishing bitter thoughts toward his old friend and schoolmate. Through the six weeks' vacation his anger continued unabated, and vain were all Herbert's attempts at reconciliation. At length, Herbert feeling he could not again enter the same school with Edward, made arrangements to continue his studies in a distant city. The day before he was to leave he sent his former friend a very kind note, telling him his plans for the future, and craved once more a token of forgiveness, that they might part at least in kindness. The afternoon and evening passed very slowly away to Herbert, who strongly hoped he should receive an answer to his message; but the evening and night went by without a word of reply, and with a heavy heart he started out early to reach the morning train which was to convey him to his future home among strangers. But what was his surprise, as he came in sight of Edward's home, to find it enveloped in flames. It was scarcely daybreak, but he was not long in arousing the people, and the alarm soon spread over the whole village. His first thought was for Edward; and rushing toward his room, he burst open the door, and without difficulty reached the bed, where he found his old schoolmate fast asleep! The flames were already crackling and roaring in the adjoining apartments, and the hot, thick smoke was now fast filling the room where they were. Herbert lifted the sleeper without awaking him, and letting himself down from the window with the help of another, they bore him to a place of safety. They soon found that the deep sleep from which they could not arouse Edward was caused by his inhaling so much of the thick smoke, which would have soon caused entire suffocation.

Herbert's efforts to restore his friend to consciousness were untiring, and the clear morning air, with their earnest labors, at length wrought the desired change in the sleeper; but deep was his gratitude, and deeper still his humiliation, when he found to whom he was indebted for his preservation.

"Oh, Herbert!" he exclaimed, in trembling accents, "can it be possible you have done so much for ME when I have been so unjust to YOU? Will you forget my unkindness, Herbert?"

"All is forgotten, and forgiven, too, if we are but friends again," nobly replied Herbert.

"Here, then, is my hand, and with it the friendship of other days," said Edward, with emotion, adding, a moment after, "I have felt for a long time that I alone was in the wrong, but was too proud to confess it, thinking it too humiliating to own myself in error."

As we find the two boys are friends again, and the past forgotten, my little readers will be glad to know that Herbert did NOT go away to school as he intended; but Mr. Rice, wishing to make some return to Herbert for the kindness he had shown his son, adopted him as his own son, giving him every advantage which wealth could procure. The once poor orphan boy excelled Edward through all their years of study, but he never received one word or look of unkindness from his adopted brother. Edward ever felt proud of his success, and willing to yield to him his well-merited honors.

THE CHICKENS.

You pretty little chicken,
  You need not be afraid;
What makes you run so quickly?
  Come, eat these crumbs of bread.

Stop here, you little tiny,
  And answer me, I beg:
Come, tell me how you managed
  To creep out of the egg.

Do let me stoop to touch you,
  You need not be afraid;
I would not dare to hurt you,
  Whom God, my father, made.

WHAT is the difference between perseverance and obstinacy? One is a strong will, and the other is a strong won't.

A fault confessed
Is half redressed.

DORY LYON.

IT must be owned that Dory Lyon had not the right name. If it had been Dory Dormouse, now, it might have done. That is as timid a little animal as there is, I think. The truth is, Dory has but little of the lion element in his nature. He is a sorry coward.

"Poor brindle cow can hardly pass
Along the hedge to nip the grass,
Or wag her tail to lash the flies,
But off he runs, and how he cries!

And when old Tray comes jumping, too,
With bow, wow, wow, for 'how d'ye do,'
And means it all for civil play,
'Tis sure to make him run away."

Being all the time on the look-out, Dory sees a great many marvelous things. Such risks as he runs, and such hair-breadth escapes from bears, panthers, catamounts, and all the other terrible things he has ever heard of! I don't know but he even goes so far as dear little Dotty Dimple, and sometimes expects a great whale to come rushing out of the woods at him. But Dotty was brave for all that, and Dory wasn't. If he had to knock about in a poor family with seven other hungry boys and girls, it would take a great deal of foolishness out of him. But his dear mamma has nothing to do but curl her darling's yellow hair, and trick him out in braided jackets and delicate ruffles. Nurse sits in his room and sews and sings every night until he goes to sleep, and never takes the lamp away. He has some one always at hand to "take care of him" and mind his whims. So no wonder he is growing up very idle and silly.

The next war we have, Dory will not be one of the volunteers, you may depend. That is not the stuff noble soldiers are made of—either to fight the battles of life or the battles of their country. Learn to be brave in your boyhood. Fight hard against silly fears, and you will be sure to overcome them. Don't fret at little hardships, but learn to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," and you will get your victor's crown at the last.

The Worth of Time.—Time is the only gift in which God has stinted us; for He never intrusts us with a second moment till He has taken away the first, and never leaves us certain of a third.—*Fenelon.*

THE DEDICATED SON.

THE great festival day of the Jewish nation was drawing near, and all the fathers, with many of their wives and daughters and older sons, prepared to go up to Shiloh to worship God in the way of his appointment. The simple preparations in the various humble homes were easily made, and the inmates set out with joyful hearts for the distant city. Here the ark and altar were stationed from the days of Joshua down to the death of Eli.

As a little company passed out from one of the smallest towns they met with frequent accessions from other travelers going in the same direction. It was in a simple age, when strangers did not fear to speak to strangers and offer those little kindnesses and courtesies which are especially dear to wayfarers. The times are wonderfully advanced in these respects since then. But many of these families were old friends and acquaintances, who rejoiced to see each other's faces and learn the various items of home news since last they met. There was no such postal system as ours by which every part of the country knows all about every other part, whenever there is any news stirring.

Of course a great deal of harmless gossip was put in circulation on these pleasant journeys. They were the great events looked forward to all through the year, and thought of for a year afterward.

"And this is Hannah's little boy?" said one, as she took the little prattler by the hand and looked down into his innocent face. "Now your rash vow must be performed, Hannah, and does not your mother's heart misgive you? The poor lamb will never find another resting-place like your bosom. The gentlest care of the old priest will be a poor exchange for a mother's love."

Had not Hannah thought of all this in many a lonesome midnight when the winds moaned and the storms beat against the walls of her little cot? and had not the thought made her fold closer to her bosom the little one who slumbered there? She did not need a croaking neighbor to remind her of the sacrifice she was making. She knew what it would be to miss that voice of music which for a few short years had made her home so glad. She knew, too, the dangers to which he would be exposed, as his opening mind looked out on the vice and wickedness on every side, and that the poor old priest, however kindly, was no guide for young footsteps.

What is it that makes her brow so calm, her look so exultant even, as she presents her little one before the Lord? It is her high and

holy faith in One greater than Eli. She knows that God can keep her darling pure and spotless, even in the midst of everything that would tend to draw him earthward. No doubt the little details for his comfort had been provided for with a mother's watchful care, and every year she wrought for him a little coat, and brought it up to him. How many sweet thoughts, how many prayers, were wrought with the stitches into that little garment no one but a mother's heart can guess. We do not know whether she ever lived to see what a gifted, holy man her son became! how honored of God and man! but she certainly lived to see what a noble youth he was.

Do you think she ever regretted giving him to the Lord in his childhood? How pleasant the thought that she and the son she loved so well would meet once more after their long separation, never to part again. That all those ages that have passed since then, they have been rejoicing in the many mansions prepared for those who walk with God on earth.

Do you heed as well the teachings of a pious mother who early gave you to the Lord? Will you meet her again in that "land beyond the river?" If Samuel had not heeded well her counsels, we should have had no better record of his life than that of the profligate sons of Eli. Listen well to the teachings of this earliest friend if you would rise to honor among your fellow-men and, what is vastly more important, secure the favor of your heavenly Father.

ETHEL.

THE SQUIRREL.

"THE squirrel is happy, the squirrel is gay,"
Said Harry one day to his brother;
"He has nothing to do, or to think of, but play,
And to jump from one tree to another."

But William was older and wiser; he knew
That all play and no work would not answer;
So he asked what in winter the squirrel would do,
If he passed all the summer a dancer?

"The squirrel," dear Harry, "is merry and wise;
For true wisdom and mirth go together;
So he gathers in summer his winter supplies,
And then he don't mind the cold weather."

A TRAVELER'S TALE.

I am a naturalist, and in my travel
Have met with many things I would unravel.
Some may suppose what I relate untrue,
Merely because the things to them are new—
So prone are men to give a firm opinion
On what is simply out of their dominion.
But really 'tis a plain, unvarnished tale,
Though some will say, "It's very like a whale!"

I saw a pony all in scales encased
I saw a salmon with a slender waist
I saw a hornet weighing many tons
I saw a whale regaling on some buns
I saw a monkey swimming in a pool
I saw some tadpoles walking with a school
I saw a puppy-dog climb up a tree
I saw a squirrel smaller than a flea
I saw a cheese-mite drag a cart with bread
I saw a horse with two horns on his head
I saw a bull fly swiftly through the air
I saw a crow with feathers white and fair
I saw a swan pour forth a plaintive song
I saw a nightingale full ten feet long
I saw a shark sit warbling on a rail
I saw a linnet with a bushy tail
I saw a fox in color brilliant blue
I saw a butterfly cooked in a stew
I saw a rabbit all in feathers clad
I saw a turkey-cock;—but I'll not add.
Enough to say that this, and more I saw;
I speak the truth without the slightest flaw;
And he who reads the story with attention
May see it's not a matter of invention.

The correct rendering of the above depends upon the punctuation.

Nothing sits so gracefully upon children as habitual respect and dutiful deportment toward their parents.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

SINCE last month we have traveled somewhat among the mountains of New Hampshire, and stood upon the summit of one of its humblest yet grandest hills. Old Monadnock rears its modest head just high enough to give a clear and distinct view of the lakes and streams and neat white cottages in the green vales below, with its beautiful landscape of variegated forests, waving fields of grass and grain, its orchards, and well-tilled farms.

Forty lakes and ponds can be seen from the top of this mountain, and many quiet villages nestling among the hills on either side. We enjoyed this trip to its fullest extent, and can recommend it as one that will well repay those who undertake it.

We have also paid our best respects to the "powers that be," at Troy, and soon found ourself at W.A.R. with friends. The lion and the lamb were together. Please do not ask me too many questions about which was which. W. A. R. can answer them. We had a pleasant visit, and were soon away. But here comes one of our friends, looking as young and smiling as when, *so long ago*, she chatted regularly every month, and made us all MERRY with her kindly words and genial smiles. We will always be glad to take Aunt Sue by the hand and give her the post of honor in our circle.

"ABNER ALLEN'S," DEAL, LONG BRANCH, N. J., *August* 2, 1866.

DEAR MERRYS:—Very pleasant was it just now, as I sat in "No. 19" (a corner room with two (!) windows in it), writing in the east window, ever and anon glancing at the white sails gliding over the blue strip of ocean that I can just see over the bluffs—very pleasant was it to receive MERRY'S MUSEUM, to read the Chat, and to find that AUNT SUE was still affectionately remembered. Though I may not answer all such kind messages, personally I always feel grateful for them, and return all loving remembrances with interest.

Between me and that "strip of ocean" is a field where a party is now playing croquet, and when I hear a hearty laugh I have to stop writing and look to see whose ball has been sent off across the field. Did you ever play croquet? If you want to get an insight into your companions' characters, watch them at croquet. I wonder if our folks know there's "a chiel among them taking notes" when I play croquet with them; if my thoughts were put into words, they would read somewhat this way: "Ah-ha! sir, you're a little disposed to cheat, are you?" "That was liberal to strike your adversary's ball so gently, just because she is a little lame; I like you better than I did." "That's mean to laugh at an adversary's failure." "Conceited and inefficient." "That's generous, to applaud an enemy's success," etc., etc. Then there's the bowling alleys, and the barns, and the chickens, and the horses and cows, and the flag-staff. And didn't we have a new flag the other day, and a "flag-raising!" Yes, indeed! There were forty children here, the day I arrived; fancy forty children with eighty lungs! But they are all very good; they scatter over the fields and down on the shore, and we are the best of friends. They all formed in procession at the "flag-raising:" the smallest four carried the flag on a little hand-barrow (made by Uncle Ben;" Uncle Ben is the landlord's brother, and spends all his time in catering for the children's amusement; makes them young sets of croquet, wooden napkin rings, paper cutters, picture frames, to be covered with shells, mends fractured croquet balls and toy wagons, puts shelves and hooks up in the ladies' rooms, makes mosquito frames for their windows—though I've been here three years and never saw a mosquito here yet. Oh! he's a great "Uncle Ben!" Well, he made the little hand-barrow). The band consisted of four pieces: a gong, a tooting machine, a flageolet and castanets (AUNT SUE was one of the performers; and the old ladies laughed till their eyes dropped brine). We marched around the flag-staff; then drew up in a line; four

young ladies wreathed with water lilies (the straw wagon had carried thirty souls to the pond in the morning to get the lilies) hoisted the flag, while "The Star-Spangled Banner" was sung with a *will* by the whole company. Three cheers for the flag were given; then we formed into line again, the band leading the way—around the house, across the piazza, through the parlor, into the entry, where the General dismissed us. The gentlemen are playing base-ball, and the laughing and shouting are irresistible: I must put on my hat and go and look on; and then it will be tea-time, and after tea there will be music and singing and dancing, and perhaps games or charades, so no more writing this second of August, 1866.

And now it's to-morrow (!). I went to the ball ground, and just as I got there I espied a flock of wild ducks, and pointed them out to the gentlemen. The chief gunner was keeping the game, but preferring "duck" game to "ball" game, he sang out for some one to take his place while he rushed for his gun (as the ducks had come into our pond).* All the men and boys were playing ball, and there seemed no available person; until some one sang out, "Oh! here's AUNT SUE, she'll keep game—will you?" "I never did, but I can't learn younger; I will, if you'll show me how." So I sat down in the chair of state (it has an elegant shingle-desk attachment), called the names of the "batters," put down the "tallies" and the "outs" and the "home runs," etc., in the most approved style, and enjoyed it heartily. I have lots more fun to tell you about—the crabbing parties, boating excursions, etc., etc., but the manipulator is no respecter of persons.

I desire publicly to express my thanks to the Cousins whose autographs I have in the beautiful book presented to me by them last New Year's Day; and to one and all of the Cousins I send my best love. AUNT SUE.

July 21, 1866.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Have you forgotten a shy little stranger Cousin who, a year ago, came timidly asking permission to enter the Merry circle? Yes, I see there is scarcely one in the lively group remembers me. Nevertheless you did give me liberty to "speak," and a few of the Cousins welcomed me. Is it too late for me to claim the privilege now? I have not forgotten you during the year of silence that has flown away. —there have been so many changes in that time.

Aunt Sue, dear Auntie, why do you suffer the light of your countenance to shine upon us so seldom? We miss you so much. I suppose you would like us to imagine you comfortably ensconced in a great arm-chair in the corner smiling benignantly upon us. That will do very well for the imagination, but we want you to appear there oftener.

And Uncle Hiram, where are you? Eloped with Aunt Sue, I guess. While Uncle Merry has gone to seek "cooler climes," with only Uncle William to take care of them, these belligerent Merrys will be in danger of breaking up the Merry republic and establishing a monarchy, the bonds of which will be so firm that Uncle Hiram's hatchet shall try in vain to sever them. BERTINA.

GLENCOE, *August* 9.

DEAR COUSINS:—I have come to have just a minute's chat with you, but it can be that only, for as my first and only letter was nipped, I intend to make this so short that Uncle Merry can give no excuse for not letting it be seen.

Mamie, I want very much that you should write to me, and if you will do so, and send me your address, I will gladly answer you.

Ditto, all the Cousins; Uncle Merry has my address.

But I must not forget my determination to make this letter as short as possible. BLUESTOCKING.

MOSSY DELL, *July*, '66.

DEAR UNCLE:—Please let me speak a few words, and don't allow the hatchet to descend until I have had my "say."

Vincent, I have no photos at present, but will be glad to hear from you, as I am "most crazy" to hear what you know about me. Will you not gratify my curiosity?

A. Van A., W. A. R., Blue-Bell, Ego Ipse, Maple Shade, Elfelda, Lizzie E. N., Coy, and Rubie Linden, each and all of you, I hope, will soon gaze upon a missive from this Coz.

Sid, you are indeed a gay correspondent.

* I would state for the benefit of those interested that the ducks left before Mr. B. got there.

Evening Star, I am "living in hopes." Please respond.

Cis, is your address the same as given in the Chat several months ago?

Sigma, Fiddlesticks, Teaser, O. O., Daisy W. and Mignonnette Wildwood, Golden Arrow, and others, where are you? Please gladden our hearts with a few cousinly words.

Best love to Aunt Sue and the Cousins, from, yours Merryly, MOSS ROSEBUD.

PELLA, IOWA, *July* 22, 1866.

DEAR COUSINS, ALL OF YOU:—I have been almost out of existence for a long time. I am happy to meet with you again. Hope you have enjoyed yourselves finely since I have been absent. I am not a "*bright particular*," and of course was not (?) missed from the circle.

In the Corner, please don't be *too* angry for my l-o-n-g delay. It has been utterly impossible. But look out soon! Is your address the same?

Lizzie E. N., you, too, will hear from me soon.

Cousins, if any of you have a desire to see a *good-looking* Coz, send your names and cart(e)s to EM MOORE.

LINDEN FOREST, 1866.

DEAR CHATTERERS ALL:—From my forest within the limits of a "beautiful sea-girt isle" (neither New York nor Long Island), I salute you.

Moss Rosebud, you got my name and then subsided without telling me yours!

Juno, can't you spare any time from the banisters to write? Have you seen Emma C.?

Cricket, Edith, and Frolicking Fan, you have my full and free permission to obtain my address from Uncle, if you will use it.

Mamie, what or *who* prevents you from writing?

Le Magnet, forgive me. I *wanted* to come, but could not. Give my love to Miss L.

Prairie Rose, I *dreamed* that I saw you a few nights ago.

Uncle, don't clip me this time.

Hastily—Merryly yours,

RUBIE LINDEN.

NEW YORK CITY, *August* 1, 1866.

MY DEAR UNCLE:—I should be happy to subscribe myself one of your nieces if you will allow me the privilege.

I have taken the MUSEUM for a great many years and *of course* like it very much. It is not only fitted to amuse, but to *instruct* both *old* and young! I did not intend to take it longer, but found it much harder to give it up than I expected. I can assure you it is a welcome visitor, and I should not know what to do without its monthly visits. I hope, dear Uncle, you will not fail to admit into your Merry circle a little

FAIRY.

We would not fail to admit you for anything, but feel like scolding you a little because you did not come before. The door was open. Fairies are favorites of ours. Will you not take your place in our Merry Album? where we wish to have all our little Merry friends. We will send our *c. de v.* in return.

CAMBRIDGE, *July* 29.

Well!!! Uncles and Aunts, Grandfathers and Cousins—if you don't call this unwarrantable abuse, I should simply like to know what is! For a mild statement of my theory—if one can't have and express theories, what's the good of living in America?—I am pounced upon by sixty-and-nine affectionate (?) Cousins, who scream madly with excitement and derision about my poor little letter. Imagine the agonies I endured upon witnessing in the June and July numbers those fierce threats and warnings. Suffice it to say, I have serious thoughts of securing a *life-insurance*. It would be utterly beyond my powers to answer *all* of the kind friends who have tried to annihilate by a blow this miserable person. He still prolongs a wretched existence. But I will say a word to Sans Souci, if he, she, or it will listen.

I confess to have been touched to the heart upon reading your satirical words at the bottom of page 29, July number. I *had* called loudly—not to say squalled—for Iva MacGregor to appear. To say the least, she is not "on time." I call call again: Iva MacGregor, the Merry throne belongs to thee, fairest, wittiest, and best! If the Queen comes *not*, look to the "rickety pile!" There may be strange thoughts in my cunning brain of which ye have no ken. After the above burst of eloquence, the Cousins will notice that I subside.

Mademoiselle Fleta, I received your "extinguishing regards"—was much af

fected—but refused to be "put out;" sorry—but can't help it! If there is a direful mystery in which Miss MacGregor and Miss Fleta are involved, I would even go so far as to send a postage stamp to either party in hopes that they may be induced to unravel this tangled skein.

Peace, dear, do you find your situation —ahem!—*peaceful*?

"Sober Ellen's" admirers have so resented the idea of her being *erased*, that, forsooth, she must don the gold-paper "round and top of sovereignty."

Juno, amid all this racket let not the magic circle lose its luster! Methinks when there's a lull it will be very pleasant to hear sweet music and beautiful thoughts. "Evangeline" shall quiet our "angry passions;" "Our Garden" shall make us laugh in spite of "cares of state;" "Tears, idle tears," shall fall over "Enoch Arden;" and, peradventure, "Snow Bound" will not be deemed out of place these summer evenings.

Finally, Miss Frances Frolic will oblige me by stating *her* "plan." My "heart" hath ceased to "smile;" alack! there is too great a storm brewing! We shall meet again. JOLLY JINGLE.

BROOKLYN, *July* 24, '66.

Come, Merrys, Attention! What remains of me is going to write a letter. A con*Sid*erable portion of your humble servant has evaporated during "the heated term," so you need fear no crowding from me.

Cousin May, pity 'bout that "Restriction;" I'm sorry.

Frolicking Fan, the needle in my "compass" still points "North." What (Y)ales yours?

Welcome, yes, thrice welcome, ye "Laughing Waters" of Batavia! we need something to make us grin a little. Welcome all ye new ones—Edith, Cricket, Lathom, Marmion, and all.

Eugene, I wish you a speedy cure.

Uncle, do come home—things are in such a muss at the "sanctum."

Yours, meltingly, TAGHCONIC.

August, 1866.

Sid, have you "squelched Miss Crockery, *alias* Regina Pacis, yet? No? Ah! I see how it is; she has taken French leave of her "rickety pile," and left you,—very valiant, perhaps,—fighting —what?

Sans Souci, I think you *are* "free and easy;" penny trumpets—child's play—indeed!

Saucy Nell, you may "count on me:" do you think J. J. able to fill the office of public blotter well?

I am ready to receive and answer every letter the Cousins are disposed to send me; dost hear, Edith, Forrest, Blue-Bell, Verbena, Delia, etc.?

Sigma and Franc, why so long silent?

Yours for Saucy Nell, HERO.

Knock! knock! knock!

Uncle Robert remarked in the July number that the heat, etc., had driven some away; but it seems so many are gone that there are none to open unto me. I shall have to open the door myself, for I want to come in very much.

Some of the Merrys, please write to me. I will answer all letters immediately. Uncle has my address.

LATHAM.

The door is always open, and this weather we have the windows open too. You are welcome to our Merry band; there will always be enough to receive you.

August 3, 1866.

MERRYS ALL:—I am sorry that I am not prepared to deliver an eloquent speech in favor of Queen Nell; the contest is getting so warm as to make it almost stifling this hot weather. Won't some one tell us of the Arctic Ocean, freeze us with a look, or something as cool? that would be deliciously refreshing just now.

Frolicking Fan, "heretofore," *i. e.*, my address is Box 34, Fall River, Mass. Won't you please write? Coy, ditto.

Mamie E. M., I once knew a young lady in your city the initials of whose name are the same as those of your name given in the Chat.

Shooting Star, welcome.

Metacom, when did you leave R—— School?

Lizzie E. N., has that "liberal supply of photos" failed? I should judge so by your silence. With regards to all,

VINCENT.

August 7, 1866.

Now, Uncle Robert, please don't shake your head and say, "No room for this—must go into the basket," as you know I haven't been in but once this year,

and even then I suffered from the hands of the manipulator. So just give this a clear passage, or something may happen, you know.

Lizzie E. N., I am afraid your picture man isn't very punctual, as I haven't yet heard or seen anything from him.

Jolly J., what have you been doing to bring upon yourself such wrathful denunciations? You seem to be completely crushed under them.

Sid, have you concluded to retire upon your laurels? If not, why don't you let us hear from you?

Juno, I hope you have grown neither old, wrinkled, or gray-headed, for I guess that would be about the end of you.

If any one feels a desire to write to me, just do so, and I will respond immediately.

A kind and hearty welcome to Minnehaha and all new Cousins from

METACOM.

FARIBAULT, MINN., *July* 30, '66.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Will you have any objections to admit a Bob White in your circle? I have to travel a great distance before I can reach you, as my home is in Minnesota; will be happy to hear from you and all the Cousins.

BOB WHITE.

Little brother Fred is three years old; and although he thinks himself quite a man, he is extremely afraid of hoppy-toads, and all kinds of bugs and worms. He came running in from play the other day, in great alarm, with the exclamation that there was a "*caterbug*" on him.

The same little fellow amused us greatly one day last winter as he stood at the window watching the descent of the first snow of the season by repeating to himself, "Oh, the pretty white rain! oh, the pretty white rain!" It was one of those bright, original thoughts of childhood.

Cousins May and Delia, I had rather hear from you first.

Edith, thanks for the compliment, and come with me while I present you to Sans Souci, Violet Forest, and Kate M. The latter I know you would like, if she would but come often enough to let you see.

"Cis," have you become an "ocean rover," or grown weary of the gossip, that you are so long absent?

As ever, ADDIE W.

MERRYS ALL:—Did you ever see a snowbird in the summer? if you never did before, you shall have a chance to now, Uncles William and Hiram permitting.

Jolly Jingle, will you be so kind as to inform me whether you belong to the masculine, feminine, or neuter gender?

Black-eyed Annie, I am a black-eyed Annie too; will you write?

Allie Frank, I would be glad to hear from you. But I see the manipulator is about to descend upon me. Good-bye.

Yours Merryly for ever and ever and the day after. SNOWBIRD.

Extracted Essences.

HARRY C. H. DOUGLASS, we would like to have "pitched our tent" next to yours. We wish you were upon the shores of that "beautiful bay." Please let us know in season next time. Any letters you may send to the parties named in your letter will be promptly forwarded. We can not give you their address.

HERO, you are all right on our books. The bill was a mistake.

MOSS ROSEBUD, you must send the real name and address of your friend when you introduce her to Robert Merry.

LULIE C., we will certainly admit you to our circle, and shall be glad to see you at any time.

ELLA, why do you wait for us to say "Come in," when the door is always open, and all inside are so smiling and happy? Take a seat and chat all you wish.

DIOGENES enters with lantern in hand in "search of light," and hoping to secure photos of Jolly J., Saucy Nell, Vincent, etc. Let him have light.

PEOPLE'S LINE OF BOATS TO ALBANY.—Travelers between New York and Albany will find ample accommodations upon this deservedly popular line. The spacious boats Dean Richmond and St. John are fitted up without regard to expense, and seem like magnificent floating palaces. They leave foot of Canal Street, New York, at six o'clock every evening.

Fleta Forrester's Puzzle Drawer.

has been most successful in answering the July Puzzles, having even given the correct solution of Minx's difficult question. He won his first prize the previous month, and is now entitled to his SECOND PRIZE.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

50. Friends, my head is small and narrow;
Mouth quite large, and very wide;
Two or three I've of the latter!
And four eyes I boast beside!

I suppose I must be lazy,
For I seldom leave my bed!
Though, on one or two occasions,
I have risen to have it spread!

I don't wait for invitations
To attend your State levees!
Always break them up!—my dancing
Rather terrifies weak knees!

Finally, I'm quite a Rothschild,
For two Banks depend on me!
And should *they* break,—why, sirs, truly
All the world would be at sea!
F. F.

51. I am composed of 9 letters:
My 9, 2, 3 is a division of time.
My 1, 5, 4 inhabit our earth.
My 8, 6, 7 is anger.
My whole is a popular writer.
A. R. T.

52. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 3, 9, 5 is a girl's nickname.
My 6, 7, 1 is a knock.
My 8, 7, 3, 11 is a title.
My 1, 2, 4, 10 is a poet.
My whole has a beautiful scarlet blossom. *Blue Stocking.*

53. Behead a poisonous insect, and leave a poisonous serpent; curtail the last, and leave an ancient coin.
Dwight.

ANAGRAMS.

54 Your moles N. *Myr.n.*

55. Run! I am a divine salt!
"*Double-you-see.*"

56. O, Rachel! *Fred.*

57. Ha! ha! shall Zebra mash? (*Scriptural.*) *Etta.*

58. A scared lot! *Angie P.*

59. No retail. *Violet Forest.*

60. Cabalist. *Gertie.*

61. I am used by fishermen. Behead me, and I am a grain. Restore my head, and curtail me, and I am a serpent. *Snowdrop.*

62. When has a man more than two hands? *Yarick.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

63. Country of wheel-tracks. *Bittersweet.*

64. Fish, go in! *Aubrey.*

65. Puncture notches. *Fred.*

66. A yearly falsehood. *A. R. T.*

67. Transpose a bird into a Roman Emperor. *Franc.*

68. Behead an animal, transpose, and leave a workman. *Fred.*

69. I am composed of 16 letters:
My 8, 12, 14, 5, 16 is a fruit.
My 11, 3, 9, 13 is earth.
My 4, 6, 1 is found in every kitchen.
My 10, 7, 2, 15 is worn by priests.
My whole is an "empty exclamation!" *Hero.*

70. My first is a girl's nickname; my second is an article she wears; my whole is of great value to the scientific world.
Roguish Kate & Oddity.

71. Behead the spiritual and leave the real. *Minx.*

72. 210001500. *Bruce.*

73. What town with the State in which it is situated, contain: 1, something found wherever a number of houses are collected in one locality; 2, a division of all thickly settled cities or town; 3, a still more comprehensive division; 4, a large collection of houses, stores, etc.; 5, a still larger collection; 6, a space including many of 4 and 5; 7, a great area, comprehending all yet mentioned; 8, a region of indefinite, but generally of vast extent; 9, a continent; 10, that by which it is surrounded; 11, that part of the globe uninhabited by man or beast. *Massasoit.*

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of October.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "F. F.," Drawer 6, P. O., New Haven, Conn.

Answers to Puzzles in July No.

1. Moly; M-odwall, O-pah, L-ucama, Y-ulan.
2. *One Word.*
3. Blade, lead.
4. Departure.
5. Henry Shaw, Coshocton, Ohio.
6. Solomon. (Sol & moon.)
7. Goat-sucker.
8. Reformation.
9. Rat, cat.
10. Satellite.
11. Argentiferous.
12. Connoisseur.
13. Partridge.
14. Parishioner.
15. Atrocious.
16. Mowing-machines.
17. Opiate.
18. Eugene S. Gibbs, Lyons, Iowa.
19. Stale, steal, slate, tales, seal, sale, ale, lea.
20. Wolf, owl.
21. Sandal-wood.
22. Rifle. (Rye fell.)
23. August.
24. Jew's harp.
25. Saltpetre. (Salt Peter.)

Of the above 25 PUZZLES—

WILLIE W. PERRY answers ALL.

Violet Forest answers all but 1—24.

Remus, ditto.

Mab, ditto.

Keystone, ditto.

Genevieve answers all but 1, 11—23.

Arthur answers all but 1, 7—23.

Quaker answers all but 1, 7, 11—22.

Rush answers all but 1, 10, 22—22.

Dwight answers all but 1, 11, 15, 25—21.

Ego Ipse answers all but 1, 7, 11, 18, 25—20.

Myron, ditto.

Clara answers all but 1, 7, 18, 22, 24—20.

Ora Webster answers all but 1, 7, 11, 12, 13—20.

Roguish Kate & Oddity answer all but 1, 3, 7, 11, 12, 18—19.

Florence answers all but 1, 7, 11, 12, 15, 24—19.

C. W. J. answers all but 1, 11, 12, 16, 22, 25—19.

Phe answers all but 1, 3, 7, 11, 12, 18—19.

Schuylkill Nell answers all but 1, 7, 13, 15, 20, 23, 25—18.

Lizzie Tipton answers all but 1, 3, 11, 12, 19, 21, 22—18.

Nellie answers all but 1, 2, 3, 7, 11, 22, 24—18.

Minnehaha (N. Y.) answers all but 1, 3, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 20—15.

H. of B. answers all but 1, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 18, 25—14.

Rubie Linden answers all but 1, 4, 6, 7, 11, 12, 14, 17, 18, 20, 23, 25—13.

Mamie E. M. answers all but 1, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 18, 22, 23, 24, 25—13.

Hero answers 2, 3, 8, 9, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24—11.

Etta answers 2, 5, 8, 9, 12, 16, 17, 19, 21, 23—10.

Lilly answers 2, 5, 8, 9, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23—9.

Harry C. H. Douglas answers 3, 6, 8, 9, 21, 23, 24—7.

Yarick answers 8, 9, 14, 16, 23—5.

Albert Amerman answers 5, 8, 9—3.

Henry Shaw answers 5—1.

Answers to Correspondents.

Minnehaha (of New York), I have duplicates of your puzzle, sent by several of the puzzlers, already in my possession. Suppose all give "*gnu gun*" the go-by and hunt up something newer!

Henry Shaw, I should not dare to publish your rebus, "U R A B U T L N," such a commotion among the Nellies might follow.

Myron, all puzzles *received* have been duly credited.

Lilly, you sent a brave list of answers for the little mite I fancy you to be.

Vincent, you are very kind. Thank you.

Mab, if you had not unfortunately employed as the subject of your very creditable effort the identical sentence which formed the answer to the one last published, I think it would have been worthy of the engraver's hand.

Thanks for Enigmas, etc., to Mab, Quaker, Blue Stocking, Etta, Rush, Remus, Vincent, Roguish Kate & Oddity, Keystone, Myron, Arthur, Violet Forest, Florence, Hero, Clara, and Yarick.

HAWTHORN BLOSSOMS.

BY MRS. J. E. McCONAUGHY.

CHAPTER IV.—A SHADOW IN THE HOUSE.

ONE sunny day when the bees were humming in all the flower-cups, little Grace turned away from her pets and playthings to lay her tired, aching head in her mother's lap. She had been twining a wreath of beautiful flowers in the garden, and fastening it upon the head of little Susie. Mother passed her hand gently over cheek and brow, and felt an unusual heat about them. Her loving heart quickly took the alarm. She laid her softly down on the nice easy lounge, and bathed her head with fragrant waters, and gave her a cooling draught, which she hoped would soon put down the fever in her veins. She fell asleep, and mother watched with an anx-

ious heart how the red spot deepened on her cheek. Before nightfall papa called in the family physician, and little Grace was found to be very ill. Neither love nor happiness can keep off sickness from the house—nor turn away death when he knocks at the door.

Papa's writing-table was deserted now, and mamma's thoughts all centered on that little snow-draped couch, and the burning head which tossed so restlessly upon its white pillow. Noisy Frank was still enough now, and stole up and down the house in slippered feet, an unknown thing for him. All the golden curls were cut away and laid up carefully in a folded paper, in the drawer where mother's choicest treasures were.

One lonesome midnight, as mother sat alone by her darling's bedside and listened to the sobbing rain at the casements, her heart was filled with sorrowful, painful thoughts. She felt that her little one was standing upon the verge of the border land, and as a Christian mother she felt that Grace should know her true condition. She took the little hand in hers, and as the bright eyes turned so lovingly toward her, she said, with heart almost breaking, "Would my little girl be much afraid if she felt that Jesus was calling her to come up the shining way to him?"

Grace turned with a glance of quick surprise toward her mother, and that look pierced like a knife into her inmost heart. But she mistook the cause of her surprise.

"Mother, I am not afraid to go to Jesus anywhere. Nothing can harm me where he is;

'Seeing I am Jesus' lamb,
He, I know, will lose me never.'"

She tried to sing, but her voice failed her, and mother's voice was choked in tears of joy as well as sorrow.

But little Grace did not die. I know you will be glad of that. God heard the prayers of her father and mother, and gave her back to them again.

A little girl who had read various memoirs came to the sad conclusion, that "all the good little children die;" but this is far from being true. A great many good children grow up into good men and women, like your dear father and mother, or who would there be to do God's work in the world?

When Grace grew better, and could sit up in the big rocking-chair for a little while at a time, joy filled the house.

"I think I should like to see my kittens," she said one day.

Frank was not long in gathering up Mrs. Hetty's family and march-

ing them into his sister's chamber. Snowflake seemed overjoyed when she found herself in her old quarters once more, on her little mistress' lap; she signified her satisfaction by a loud purring, after rubbing her round head against her wasted arms, now and then placing her paws on Grace's breast, and looking up in her face with a short, low cry.

What should saucy Mitty do but jump upon the table, and before any one could snip his ears, poke his nose into a bowl of strawberry cream! Cats are often as different in their behavior as children who have had the same training.

Old Hetty walked around Grace's chair, rubbing her feet with her mottled sides and purring out her congratulations as best she could. Then what should she do but jump up on papa's knee, as if to share in the joy which she knew he felt. It brought a little bird-like laugh to Grace's lips, the first they had known for many a long day, and you may be sure a flood of sunshine poured in with it into all those hearts that loved her so fondly.

"Are you the very old cat I drew up out of my grandmother's well when I was a boy?" asked papa, stroking Hetty's graceful head and neck.

"Please tell me about it, papa," said Grace, her whole face lighting with the anticipated pleasure.

"The water had got very low in the well, I remember," papa went on to say, "and we could only get about half a bucketful at a time. One day I went to get grandmother some water, and the bucket came up very heavy. 'The water is rising,' thought I; 'how glad grandmother will be! I thought our well would come all right!' So with great satisfaction I turned away at the windlass until most of the rope was coiled up. Then I thought I would peep over and see how full the bucket really was. What do you think I saw there? Not much; but the biggest, greenest pair of cat eyes I ever saw before or have seen since. I was too scared to see anything else, but stopped my turning just as a great cat uttered a most unearthly 'meaw.'

"'Why, John Hawthorne, don't make such a noise as that,' said grandmother. I found my voice at last, and quickly brought her to my side. She comprehended the case at a glance, and quickly rescued pussy from her uncomfortable quarters. She set off on a run like a very wild cat, though she was wet to the skin. She never even stopped to thank us for saving her from a watery grave. We were very grateful to her, though, for not getting drowned in our well.

How she came there, whether she had heard the old proverb about 'truth in the bottom of a well,' and was hunting for it, supposing it some kind of small game, I can not say. We wondered over it a good deal, but could not imagine how she got down, unless she fell off from the well-curb."

"Poor puss," said Grace, "I should think it would break all her bones; but I am glad you drew her up all alive, papa."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GLASS HOUSE.

PERHAPS you have heard of the mouse who built her nest in a loaf of bread a few hours after it was baked. When the good farmer's wife came to cut it, she found not only the mother mouse, but nine little mice about as big as bumble-bees tucked up in a coverlet of writing-paper.

About as strange a fancy seized another little architect of the same class. A row of pint bottles lay on the store-room shelf; and when the season drew on for using them, the housekeeper took them down one by one, to see that they all were in readiness; what was her surprise to find that one was nearly filled with straws and bits of paper! Out hopped a little mouse, and very quickly another followed. On examination it was found to be a regular mouse-nest, with a front door corresponding to the neck of the bottle. I guess she was the first mouse that ever lived in a glass house. It is an old saying that "they who live in glass houses must not throw stones." I think this little mouse would have to be very careful, don't you? When you hear that expression used, however, it commonly means that we should not condemn in others what we do ourselves.

Little Fanny came home with a great complaint against her schoolmate Laura, because she had made some unkind remark about her. She said that Laura was "a hateful, deceitful girl, and she wondered that anybody could like to play with her." Don't you think Fanny was throwing stones against the walls of her own glass house?

"Mother," said little Paul, with a flushed face and pouting lips, "I don't want to play with George; he gets mad at every little thing, and won't let me play my way at all. He's a real selfish boy." Take care, Pauly, you are in a glass house. Let us all look out that we are ourselves what we desire others to be. If we obey the golden rule we shall not go amiss. "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

JACK THE TEASER.

I HAVE known some little boys that never seemed quite happy unless they were making somebody miserable. I very well remember one in particular; his name was Jack, and he always appeared very much delighted when he had done a naughty thing; he would chuckle over it as though it was something smart, and greatly to his credit. If he could knock another boy's hat into a puddle of water; or trip him up with a string in the grass; or jerk the dipper when he drank at the pump; or joggle his elbow when writing or making pictures; if he could hide the little girls' bonnets at school, or run away with their playthings and make them cry for their doll-babies, he would laugh as though it were fine fun.

If one wanted to be quiet, or read a pleasant book, he would be slamming doors, upsetting chairs, racing up stairs and down, teasing little sister, and pulling baby-brother's pug-nose; in fact, he seemed to set everything in commotion wherever he went. At school he would stick pins into his companions to make them jump out of their seats; he would fasten papers and rags on their backs; he would scare the girls with toads and worms; he made the dogs howl, the pigs squeal, the cats fight, the ducks quack; and indeed the very birds seemed to utter sharp, shrill notes at his very approach. No dog ever wagged his tail in secret content by his side; no pet lamb ever took a dainty morsel from his hand; no timid little dove ever sat upon his shoulder; not a creature ever fled to him for shelter and

protection. His school companions disliked him, and some feared and dreaded him.

There was one shy, sensitive lad, named Hugh Hilton, that Jack used to play his pranks upon, until poor Hugh's life became quite wretched. Hugh had been weak and sickly from his infancy, and some people said "the lad had not right sense." But whatever sense he had, he made better use of than many another boy who could boast of more brains. To be sure, the lad never could learn very much from books, and never got much beyond the alphabet; but he had a kind and loving heart that could not bear to see any living thing suffer, and he had never so much as killed even a flea in his life. He was obedient to his parents, and had a most devout affection for his mother; and so far as he knew the right he tried to do it. He always went to church and Sunday-school; and though he could never tell much that he heard there, yet his heart seemed to relish it and grow better by it. Well, this poor weak lad used to attend the same school with Jack; and so much did he dread him, that he might be seen of a morning, with his dinner-pail in his hand, trudging through the fields and climbing over fences to keep out of Jack's way.

One day, as Hugh was going alone through a wooded place bordering a stream of water, he was startled nearly out of his wits by a shrill shriek close behind him; at the same instant his cap was thrown into the water, and he found himself sliding over the bank. When Jack and his bad companion saw the plight he was in when he lifted himself in the stream, they laughed and shouted as though it were gay sport. But it was sorry fun for poor Hugh. He went dripping home; and that night a fever came on him that kept him languishing in his bed for weeks. A part of the time his mind wandered, and then he would fancy himself in the water, and would cry most piteously for help. Then, again, he would imagine himself lost in the woods, and would look so wild and frightened that it was pitiful to behold him. His mother sat by his bedside hour after hour gently stroking his brow to calm and soothe his spirit; and in the intervals of consciousness she would talk to him about the "bright and happy land;" and he would ask, "Can I go there, mother? shall I be happy there, and not be frightened any more?" Said he, "When I get to heaven, I will go straight to Jesus and ask him to bring you up, too, mother. Will you come soon, mother? Tell Jack to be a good boy and love Jesus, and by-and-by he will come, too, and not be naughty any more. Come soon, mother," were the

last words poor Hugh uttered; and his spirit took its flight to the "happy land."

After this, Jack seemed quite thoughtful for a time, for he could not but feel that he had been in a way the cause of Hugh's death; though he could not tell when he committed the naughty deed that it would be attended with such serious consequences.

It is a good many years since I have heard of Jack; but I hope he has given up his naughty ways, and learned the happiness of making others happy. Pearl Peveril.

TO MAMIE J. H.

These are indeed your *Merry* days,
Of girlhood's happy charm,
With smiling friends to comfort give,
And shield you from all harm.

But there will come life's changes soon—
For time will onward steal—
Friends will part, hearts will move,
And join the loves they feel.

Then, when your table's fully spread
With love, the bread of life,
For those with whom fate has placed
Your lot in this world's strife,

There should fall from that festive board
A crumb of love of thine.
Oh! may I be the lucky dog
To call that morsel mine. W. A. R.

Do good! do good! there's ever a way,
A way where there's ever a will;
Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
And to-day when the morrow comes still.

Do good! do good! we are never too young
To be useful in many a way;
For all have a heart, and a hand, and a tongue,
To feel, and to labor, and pray.

WILD OATS.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER X.—THE BIRD'S NEST AGAIN.

AS the reader has probably divined, Carbello was the real criminal. He had never been detected in stealing, but the crime was not new to him. He had commenced in childhood by abstracting money from his father's purse; and as Mr. Carbello was a man of free and careless business habits, the small drains were unnoticed. Encouraged by the ease with which he could pilfer without being discovered, Alexandrio had continued the practice, though usually with great caution, saying to himself—

"It's all in the family. Father would give it to me if I asked him —so where's the difference?"

Until now he had never ventured to take money from any individual except his father. Indeed, he had few temptations, his pockets being always filled to overflowing. But of late the supply had ceased; or, rather, it was very much curtailed, owing to the fact that Mr. Carbello was beginning to be shocked by his son's expenses, and was alarmed lest such extravagance should lead to bad consequences. He wrote lectures to Alexandrio upon the sin of spending money so lavishly; but the spoiled boy twisted the sheets into lamp-lighters for his cigars, and that was all the good that came of them.

"Money he must have," he said; "a pretty turn of affairs, indeed! If he were only at home there would be no difficulty, for he could easily rifle his father's pockets, as he had done before."

But the thought of robbing Mr. Lindsey never occurred to him till he saw several rolls of bank bills lying in that merchant's desk, and observed that Mr. Lindsey, after locking the desk, hung the key under it, out of sight. To a youth of his lax principles, this was a great temptation; the wicked desire seized him to take one of these rolls. The desire was not resisted, though the opportunity for putting it in execution did not occur for some days.

But one evening, when the boys were, as usual, lounging about the counter, eating sweetmeats and cracking jokes, there was a sudden false alarm of fire in the street, and everybody rushed out of doors at once; everybody but Carbello, who deliberately took the key off its nail, unlocked the desk, abstracted the money—one roll of it—and then ran out of the store before any one had time to look about and miss him from the crowd.

He had not forgotten to relock the desk and put the key in its place; and as days passed, and no inquiry was made, he almost concluded that Mr. Lindsey had not perceived the loss. However, Carbello was too cautious and too shrewd not to use all possible means to avoid detection; and though he really had some slight regard for Johnny, he did not scruple to lay a snare for him as the most available scapegoat he could find. He had no desire to see Johnny falsely accused, but reasoned thus:

"It isn't likely the roll of notes will ever be missed. Mr. Lindsey is just such a man as father, so careless that you might pick out his eye-teeth and he wouldn't know it. If he should ever think of the hundred dollars, he will conclude he has made a mistake and never had so much money. And, any way, if there *should* be a fuss made, I'd rather have Merry in the scrape than to be in it myself, of course I would."

So Carbello drugged his conscience, which was always a sleepy one, and tried to have a good time with his stolen treasures.

Dolly had really found the bill in Johnny's vest pocket, because Carbello had put it there. But as for Samantha, she knew very well hat it was Carbello, and not Johnny, who had placed money in her hands to give Mr. Lindsey. Samantha was not naturally a bad-hearted girl, but Carbello had flattered her vanity and her weakness for wines, and thus acquired a great influence over her, so that she had been bribed by him to swear falsely.

Carbello had become frightened by hearing Mr. Lindsey make some mysterious allusion to a loss of money. This was on the Friday evening after the theft, and now his first impulse was to get away from Lincoln. He made up a party next morning to go to "the Corner," pretending a wish to help Johnny buy a gun. He thought he would take a private trip to Springfield, where he had acquaintances, and wait till the whole affair had blown over. It was on the spur of the moment that he wrote the letter for the fireworks. Pitcher was not in his confidence; it was Carbello's habit to keep his own secrets. But he did not care to run away entirely alone, lest suspicion should be excited; and he chose Pitcher for a companion, because the morose boy had a grudge against the teacher, and was anxious to leave the school from sheer spite.

The reader will recollect the conversation which the two boys held in the boat by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet, and the plan they laid to go on shore, feign a sprained ankle, and then play a game of absconding.

This plan, which they thought a very wise one, was frustrated by the appearance of Mr. Preston and the sheriff, and circumstances did not again favor their elopement until the day of the trial, by which time Carbello was thoroughly alarmed, and unwilling to risk longer delay. He had told his poor victim, Johnny, that he was unable to sleep, which was very true, though his wakefulness was not the result of pity, but of apprehension for his own safety. What he feared was, that the hastily and carelessly forged letter would be brought to light and examined, in which case he knew it would witness against him. He fairly tore his hair for rage.

"Was ever a blockhead so stupid?" said he. "What did I want of the fireworks? It was only that I might cut a figure before the Johnsons, at Springfield! I meant to outshine the display they made last Fourth of July; but why did I care? I could howl if it would do any good!"

After all, Carbello, as he paced the floor of his room in the watches of the night, was more to be pitied than Johnny in jail. It is always better to suffer wrong than to do wrong.

Pitcher's grudge against Mr. Preston was as bitter as ever. He had by no means a forgiving temper, and Carbello took good care that in this instance there should be plenty of fuel added to the flame. So when the day of the trial had come, Pitcher was as ready as Carbello to run away, and indeed really believed that the scheme was of his own devising.

The two boys set out with the others to walk to Derry, a distance of four miles, but purposely fell behind, and at a turn in the road were lost to view. They crossed a field and came out at Lincoln Corner, where they took the cars for Boston, intending to proceed to Canada.

But the arm of justice was too long for them, and the nimble sheriff overtook them next day at Danville Junction, where they were quietly eating sandwiches and sponge-cake.

The dreadful letter had done the mischief the culprit feared. It had been proved to be the work of Carbello, who was made a prisoner at once. Pitcher was also forced to accompany the sheriff, he being an object of suspicion by his flight, and supposed to be an accomplice of Carbello's. Pitcher vainly wished he had not followed the promptings of his foolish temper; he could see now how small was the spark which had kindled a great fire.

We will not follow the unhappy boys on their dreary journey to prison. Pride was the strongest point in Carbello's character, and to

him the humiliation was dreadful. Pitcher was soon proved innocent, and set at liberty. Carbello's guilt was made evident; but he did not suffer the penalty of the law, for his father appeared, and hushed the matter by a liberal donation of money. Silence is said to be "golden;" and so perhaps it is when it is bought with gold!

Alexandrio and his father left the State; and the son has not been heard from at the North since that time, not even by his friend and chum, John Merry.

We will now proceed with the fortunes of our hero, who has been left long enough in the state of exultation following his release. So grateful was he, and so penitent for all past misdeeds, that I think we may conclude he was somewhat tired of sowing wild oats.

He had learned thus far nothing but harm at the Preston school. He determined for the rest of the time to study, whether his preceptor required him to do so or not. This was difficult. Lively boys do not love to learn their lessons unless there is some immediate incentive. It was of less consequence to Mr. Preston what progress his boys made, than what was the report of the Agricultural Fair upon his fancy sheep and poultry. However, for his mother's sake, Johnny made it a matter of conscience to study hard. She was well, and did not hear of the trial until it was all over. She was very thankful, she said, that her son's innocence had been proved; but since this dreadful thing had happened, she no longer felt safe to have Johnny away from her; she could not consent to let him stay at Lincoln any longer than the three months, even if she could afford the money for his tuition and board, which she could not. She wanted him where she could see him every day; she believed home was the best place for a boy.

Johnny wrote to his mother about the gun and note of hand; but not until he had gone to Mr. Tinkham and returned the gun; then his conscience was easier.

The time flew rapidly, and Johnny left Lincoln with regret. The last part of his stay had been pleasanter than the first; for in addition to his better conduct, which of itself made him happier, he had been something of a hero, a character all boys like to sustain. Still, he was very glad to go home again. It seemed to him that Brownie had grown taller by several inches, and that Ada Foster was prettier than ever. But his mother, even in the long three months from April till July, had not changed in the least, only to grow better, if that were possible. She was surely the finest woman living, and the silver threads beginning to appear in her hair, made it prettier than ever.

Johnny had to go to the barn-yard forthwith to see old "Duck-legs," the Jersey cow, and to count the hens and chickens. He was rather sorry, on the whole, that he had been away in the spring, for he should have begged a corner of the potato-patch, and sowed it with onions, and by this means have made the whole family rich.

It was very enlivening to have Johnny about, and Mrs. Merry, who had missed him as only mothers can miss their boys, was rejoiced to hear him whistling, shouting, pounding, and making general confusion, for the house had latterly been all too quiet. The "bird's nest," as it was called, deserved its name again; still the mother-bird was sometimes sad. Johnny noticed this at last.

"Mother," said he, "seems to me you don't laugh as much as you used to; do you feel well?"

"Oh, yes, Johnny—well in body."

"That means, that it's in your mind the trouble is," said the little fellow, putting his arms about her neck. "Tisn't anything about me, this time—now *is* it? Can't you tell me what it is? for you know I'm a boy, and boys can be a great deal of help."

Mrs. Merry looked at the rag-carpet, which was littered with Johnny's shavings, and smiled as she thought of "boys' help."

"I don't like to burden you with my troubles, dear. You are too young to understand the many ways in which I have to pinch and save in order to make our little income hold out."

"Is that why you sweeten the sauce and pies with molasses instead of sugar?" asked the boy, suddenly, "and why you won't let us have any cream on our strawberries?"

"My dear son, times are hard, and the interest from your father's

life-insurance, together with the eggs and butter we sell—well, we can barely buy the necessaries of life, Johnny; what we should do in case of sickness I dare not think."

Johnny looked very serious. Mrs. Merry did not go on to tell him of her efforts to get a little work to do—such as binding shoes or making coats—and how impossible it had been to find employment.

"Mother," said Johnny, suddenly, "why under the sun don't Uncle Drummond do something? He hasn't any wife and children. He said he be so glad to take care of us all."

"I suppose your uncle finds other ways for his money," said Mrs. Merry, with some hesitation; "perhaps he has so much business that he forgets his promises. Johnny, your school-bill was sent to me, and I had to pay Mr. Preston before you came home."

"Why, Mother Merry, Uncle Drummond was to have paid that! He said so in black-and-white! If it hadn't been for paying that bill, you wouldn't feel so poor! Oh, dear! and if it hadn't been for my scrape with Mr. Higgins, I wouldn't have gone to the Preston school. That's just so."

"May-be your Uncle Drummond will return the money to me some time—I hope so," said Mrs. Merry, picking up a stitch in her knitting as if she were not looking at it, but at something a great way off.

"Mother," cried Johnny, springing up from his lowly seat on the rug, "I'll tell you something! I'm going to be a man—*a man!*"

"Not to-night, my son?" said Mrs. Merry, smiling.

"No, ma'am, not exactly—nor to-morrow either, come to think of it; for to-morrow will be the Fourth of July, and I'm bound to have fun, of course I am. But after that I'll certainly be a man, and support the family."

"All I ask of you, Johnny, is to be good and obedient. Just now I advise you to go to bed."

"Yes, mother—but not in the house."

"You don't think of sleeping out of doors?"

"No, mother—but in the town-house, you know, to watch the cannon. Won't you let me, please?"

"Why, Johnny, I'm afraid you and some of the other-side boys will get into mischief."

"Oh, no, mother; I'll be as steady as a mill. Just say I may sleep in the town-house with a lot of the fellows, that's a good mother."

"Will you promise not to do anything wrong?"

"There!" thought Mrs. Merry, as the door closed after Johnny;

"it's so hard for mothers to refuse their children any little indulgence. Johnny means well, but he is so impulsive. I'm almost sorry I allowed him to go to the town-house, for there may come trouble of this cannon affair yet."

What she meant by the "cannon affair," and what really came of it, must be left for another time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HARVEST-MOUSE AND HER CRADLE.

OLD puss sat for an hour on a fence just overlooking the meadow, and after a while her patience was rewarded. Along came a little field-mouse, not much bigger than a good-sized bumble-bee, when down she pounced upon him, and though such a crumb, she thought it worth while to bear him home in triumph. With true tiger instinct she cruelly played with him; letting him go and catching him again every minute, until, at last, poor silly puss actually lost her game. Ah, how ashamed she felt! I don't suppose such a thing had happened to her half a dozen times in all her life. But "the best laid schemes of mice and men," as well as cats, often prove failures. I am glad she missed him that last spring she made, are not you? The little mouse forgot the pain of her sharp claws in the joy of his new freedom. Away he darted like a flash—and was soon effectually lost to puss in a ten-acre lot. But he was not lost, nor was his little "wigwam" lost like the Indian's when he couldn't find his way home. There hung the little round cradle on the top of a few stout grasses. It was as large almost as a foot-ball, and woven in and out of long, fine grasses. It might have been said to be all windows, for you could see all that was going on inside from every part of it, the walls were so thin. The little harvest-mouse is no mole. He wishes to keep his eyes open on the look-out for any stray flies and bugs, which are his especial favorites. Its little ones are packed away in the nest as close as herrings, sometimes as many as eight in one cradle. There they lie and sleep away until their mother comes home.

"When the wind blows the cradle will rock," so they are very comfortable and happy; but it is a sad day for them when old puss, or some great mousing owl, catches their mother. There is no other way for them to do but to starve to death, unless they are old enough to get their own living.

J. E. McC.

GROWLER AND STUB-TOES.

GROWLER was not a cheerful-looking dog by any means, and his name and nature corresponded. Somebody had trimmed his ears when he was a pup, and that gave a still worse expression to his head. But he had some good points notwithstanding his ill looks. He and little Stub-toes were great friends. Stubby was an unfortunate child, who had to look out for himself principally, mother was so busy with baby-sisters number one and two, and her wash-tubs and dinner-kettles.

It would have fared hard with poor Stub-toes if it had not been for old Growler. It was a mystery how many accidents that child managed to meet with in the course of a day. If he was standing beside a big bucket of water, the chances were ten to one but he would fall into it. Growler couldn't begin to lift out such a fat little lump, but he could tug and pull at his clothes and help Stub to help himself; and that was quite as well. He fought valiantly with the turkey for pitching at Stubby's red apron one day, and made him beat a hasty retreat with his dignity much ruffled, so he lowered his wings and muttered to himself all the rest of the morning.

When Stubby's cry was heard, which probably averaged ten times every forenoon, and fifteen every afternoon, off Growler would jog, looking as sour as a lemon. "There's that child in trouble again," he would say to himself; "he's the plague of my life." Then he would charge on the flock of geese, or chase off the brindle cow, or tug Stub's apron loose from the briers, as the case might be; and off the little master would trot again as happy as ever.

Don't be too hard on the surly dogs; they may be of more use in the world than you know of.

IT is useless to talk about beginning to do better to-morrow; either begin to-day, or say nothing about it.

THE ADOPTED PRINCE.

DO you remember how happy it made you all when your little baby brother first began to smile, and twirl his little helpless hands, eying them all the time with baby wonder? There was once a mother whose heart grew sadder and sadder as her little one developed day by day. She would hush his pretty cooings, and rush away into some secret room if she heard a footstep. A cruel king had made a law that all the baby boys belonging to his slaves should be killed. He was afraid they would grow up to men, and get to be so strong some day, they would march up to his throne and tell him to come down. He knew without any soldiers they could not conquer. So if he killed these little boys he thought he was safe. This loving mother managed to hide him for three months; but now he was growing so restless and wide-awake, and the cruel soldiers of the king were so sharp-sighted, she knew they would soon find her beautiful one. She believed that God would take care of her baby; but did she sit down in her house and passively wait for him to do it? No; she did the best she could to secure his safety. She made a little boat of the rushes which grow beside the river Nile. These rushes are over ten feet in length, and are often used for little boats. Then she carefully filled in each little chink and seam with pitch, so that her birdling would be snug and dry in his little nest. And now the sorrowful parting moment came. That pious mother prayed, you may be sure, all along the winding way she took down to the river's side. The last kiss was given; and with a heart overflowing with anguish, yet with strong faith in her heavenly Father, she went her way, having stationed the older sister to keep watch over her treasure. I do not think her busy hand wrought much that day. I think she would watch the watcher as closely as she could without exciting suspicion.

Now, mark how wonderfully God ordered all things for the safety of this child for whom he had a glorious work in store!

He put it into the heart of the proud king's daughter to walk with her maidens by the river side, and there she spied the little covered ark. With a woman's curiosity she wished to see what was inside, so it was brought to her. Eagerly the dark brows bent over it; and what should she find but a little weeping baby—a child of marvelous beauty! Tradition tells us she had no child of her own, and God opened her heart to take pity on this little deserted one. How Miriam's heart must have beat, and how eagerly she would telegraph

THE ADOPTED PRINCE.

back by signs to the watching mother the great event that was taking place! The natural query arose in the princess' heart of what shall she do with it? Little Miriam quickly offered her services to procure a Hebrew nurse for it, which pleased the princess. How would her little feet fly on such an errand! She knew the lowly home where a nurse could be found. She knew a poor heart that would bound with joy at such a summons.

"Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

Gladly would the mother have paid all she possessed to have had this blessed privilege granted her.

In due time the little adopted son was brought before the stern old king. The grim old faces of stone beside the throne seemed to frown upon him, and there were sidelong glances from haughty courtiers; but little did the innocent baby care as the favorite princess took him in her jeweled arms and suffered him to play in baby glee with the dazzling gems on her breast.

And so the infant Moses was trained up in all the knowledge of the Egyptians, and was thus prepared one day to become the illustrious leader of his poor enslaved brethren, bringing them out of bondage into a good land of freedom.

God shapes all the events of your life as much as he did of Moses'. Do not repine, then, at what seems hard to you, for it may in the end work out your highest good, and lead you also to be a blessing to others.

'Tis strange the power each *Merry* pen
Wields o'er the human heart—
The friendships they produce in us
Who dwell so far apart.

They draw us near in concourse sweet,
They speak from heart to heart
Of mutual joys and hopes that live
When from this life we part.

As we pass through each changing scene,
And at last lie down to rest,
May we, on looking back in life,
Love *Merry* days the best. W. A. R.

HOW THE LITTLE HOME WAS BRIGHTENED.

BY MRS. J. E. McCONAUGHY.

"I DID feel real ashamed of this old place, Abby, when that nice lady called. I should love to go to her Sunday-school, I'm sure she speaks so kind and pleasant. But we can't go in these old things, that's certain. I wish I could do something to earn money enough for shoes for you and for me. Wouldn't that be nice? Mother can't help us much, I am sure, when she has to be out all the time washing. Then when she gets home she is too tired for any more work. May-be I could pick berries enough to buy my shoes if I got up very early. Oh, I do believe I'll try."

"If you go to Sunday-school, I want to," said little Abby, as she idly pulled a weed to pieces as they sat on the low old door-step.

"'Deed you shall, Abby, if I get to go myself. I'll turn every stone but you shall have a chance. But, dear me, that will never do. Miss Rosamond said she would call again this evening, and I want things a little better-looking than they were this morning."

And Katy sprang up with great energy and determination to hunt for the old broom. It came to light at last, under the old shaggy lilac-bush, and Prudy set to work with a will. How the dust did fly! What a scampering there was among the spiders in the smoky corners of the little room! It did not take very long, as there was not much ground to go over. Then the few things they had were set to rights as well as the children knew how. Katy took especial pride in washing the four ruined plates as nicely as she could, and then standing them on their edges on the old dresser. The blue-and-white cream pitcher, which was kept wholly for ornament, was turned around so as skillfully to hide its broken nose. The few cups were set in a row, and the pewter spoons and tin cup polished with ashes until they shone again.

"Dear me! sissy, your apron is a sight!" said the older sister, with a troubled brow; "so is mine for that matter," and she glanced

down at it. "Now if you will run out and pick up some bark, we will make up a fire, and I'll wash. I guess it'll surprise mother some;" and Katy bustled about with an air of great importance.

But wash she did, more than a dozen pieces, and that very neatly, too. Then she scrubbed up the small kitchen, and ironed her own and Abby's apron as well as she could.

I will set mother's tea-kettle over the coals, and wash us a dish of potatoes for supper. Won't mother be pleased to see how much we have done? I believe I will often help her the same way."

In fact, little Katy took a new start from the day the kind young lady came into her lowly home and invited her to the Sunday-school. She became in a short time a regular scholar, and so did her little sister. Mother had found out that it rested her more to go to the church, and hear the sweet singing, and join in the prayers, and listen to the words of counsel and comfort from the minister, than it did to sleep all Sunday. The little home soon took on a new look. It was whitewashed outside and in, and the rambling vines trained up, the briers cut away, and the roses allowed a fair chance.

There is nothing like the church and the Sabbath-school to mend ragged homes. If you would see it proved, get some thriftless family, who roam about all of God's holy day, to go to your Sabbath-school regularly, and persuade the parents to find a seat each Sabbath in the church. You will not fail to see a great change in their appearance and prospects before half a year has rolled away.

OUR LITTLE MAY.

DID you ever see our little May? No. Then I will tell you of her, for I can see her as though it had been but a day since she sat at my feet with her lap filled with flowers, singing a little song. We called her May because she came to us in that beautiful month. Her eyes were like blue violets, and her smile bright as the sunshine. I can hear the little feet on the stairs and through the hall, see the tiny figure flitting in and out among the flowers in the garden, the little round face shaded with tangled golden curls looking in at the open door. She will never come again with winning ways and pleasant smiles. One of our Father's messengers paused at our door and waited for our darling, so she said to us: "Good-bye; May's little angel has come—she must go."

So the little angel took her by the hand and led her into heaven.

PERTINE.

LITTLE WILLIE'S LESSON.

"MAMMA, will you talk to me about the verse papa read this morning, about feeding our enemies? What is an enemy?"

"An enemy, my dear," said his mamma, "is a person we dislike, or who dislikes us. I hope my Willie has no enemies?"

The child thought a moment, and then said, "Oh, yes, mamma, I know Thomas Webster dislikes me, so he is my enemy; but I can't do what the Bible tells me, for he is as well off as I am, and always has plenty to eat and drink."

His mamma then explained to him that the text did not mean only that we are to give bread and water to our enemies, if they require them, but that if they are in any situation in which it is in our power to help them, we should gladly do so. "And then, you know, dear Willie," she added, "perhaps we may change them from enemies into friends."

"Tom is a very disagreeable boy; he always teases me, and cheats me at play when he can."

"Well, dear child, you have been better taught than poor Tom. The blessed Saviour said, '*Love* your enemies,' and He died for *His* enemies. Let us ask Him to make our hearts kind and tender, that we may love even those who do not love us."

It was not long before Willie had an opportunity of practicing his new lesson. The two boys were at school together, and both were ciphering. Tom finished first, and, scampering off in high spirits, seized Willie's pencil, and ran off with it. It was a sad annoyance at first to the poor little fellow; but he soon borrowed another piece, and, as the afternoon was to be a holiday, he was soon in good spirits again. After dinner, he started with several schoolfellows for a country ramble. It was a beautiful afternoon in the autumn; everything was rich and ripe; the golden corn was waving in the fields; and what was better than all besides to our young friends, there were plenty of blackberries on the hedges. Each boy was provided with a hooked stick; the larger boys helped the smaller ones, and all were full of fun and glee. In the midst of their merriment, who should they see coming toward them but Tom Webster. He joined their party, but could not reach the highest and best blackberries, as he had no stick. Now all these boys had, at one time or other, been unkindly treated by Tom, and not one was willing to offer his stick. When Willie first saw Tom he naturally felt angry, remembering his unkindness in the morning; but he soon thought of the Scripture

text, and his mother's words, and running up to Tom, gave him his stick. The boy was at first ashamed, but the open, pleasant countenance of little Willie soon made him feel at ease. He took the stick, roughly expressing his thanks. They walked home together in the evening, and Tom could not help asking his little companion how it was that he had thought of lending him his stick. Then Willie told him of the struggle that had at first passed in his mind, of the words of Scripture, and of his mamma's instructions; and as Tom listened, his heart softened. He asked Willie to forgive all his past unkindness, and promised never to tease or cheat him again. And from that time there were on the best of terms. Thus did little Willie change his enemy into a friend. MARY D.

ALL GOT WORK TO DO.

A CHILD went wand'ring through a wood
Upon a summer day;
She hoped to meet some pretty thing
To join her in her play.

The cloudless sky above was blue,
The grass beneath was green,
And all around were lovely flowers,
The brightest ever seen.

A honey-bee went humming by—
"Stay, little bee," she cried;
"Oh, do come back, and play with me;"
And thus the bee replied—

"I can not stay, I must away,
And gather in my store;
For winter drear will soon be here,
When I can work no more."

She heard a pigeon cooing soft,
High in a bough above—
"Come down, and play awhile with me,
My pretty, gentle dove."

"I can not come and play with thee,
For I must guard my nest,

And keep my sleeping children warm
Beneath my downy breast."

She saw a squirrel gathering nuts
Upon a tall beech tree—
"I love to see you bound and leap;
Come down, and play with me."

"I dare not play, I must away,
And quickly homeward hie;
Were I to stay, my little ones
For want of food must die."

She came unto a stream that leaped
Between its rocky banks—
"Stay, pretty stream, and play with me,
And you shall have my thanks."

The stream replied, while in the pool
A moment it stood still,
"I can not play, I must away,
And drive the village mill."

The child sat down upon a stone,
And hung her little head;
She wept awhile, and sobbed awhile,
Then to herself she said—

"The stream, the squirrel, dove, and bee
Have all got work to do;
I must not play my hours away,
I must be busy too. R. P. S.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions or tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts; but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may not find room to enter.

Be on your guard, and strive and pray
To drive all evil thoughts away.

SONG OF THE WATCH.

I've a noisy little band,
Bright and playful, to command,
In the school-house on the hill,
Where they sportive gather still.
Starting early on my way,
There I bend my steps each day.
As the swarming door I near,
Chatter, chatter, "Mistress here!"

One by one, with conscious look,
Steals each straggler to his book.
How they tease! "Say, won't you tell,
Mistress, ain't it time to spell?"
Then I range them on the floor,
Teaching alphabetic lore,
Watching busy tongues and hands
As the class before me stands—

Full of fidgets, full of fun,
Till the recitation's done.

There I spend the dreamy hours
When the bees hum 'mid the flowers,
And the sun with golden glimmer
Bathes the woods in greenest shimmer,
While the branches softly sway
To the fairy-zephyr's play.
Farther off, the mountains rise,
Soft the warm light on them lies,
While adown their purpled sides
Blue the streamlet winds and glides.

One thing sadly I deplore,
And 'tis wearing on me sore;
I've no watch the time to tell,
Which the urchins know full well.
So they fret and fuss and tease,
Robbing me of all my ease.
"It's almost half-past three, I guess;
Please to give us our recess!"
"'Twas time for reading long ago!"
"Can't I say my lesson now?"
"It's *my* time for 'Rithmetic!"
Cease! My heart and brain are sick,
Weary of the strife and toil,
Of the endless dull turmoil.
Could I but a watch obtain,
Hushed their clamor, stilled my pain.

Mellow twittering scarce is heard,
Or the song of woodland bird;
But the cricket, shrill and clear,
Tells his story void of fear.
Now, the impatient little crowd
Murmuring, drown his pipe so loud.
Constant tease, each lazy one,
"Mistress, *do* let school be done."
As they watch the long rays fall
Slanting on the bare white wall,
And the birds sing soft and low,
"Don't know the time, but you may go."

Thus in hurry and in haste,
Wanting plan, and making waste,
Out of order, out of time,
Science' dreary hill we climb.

How I've wished and wished again—
(Pity that 'tis all in vain!)
Wished, by some good fairy's power,
Skilled in coining wondrous dower,
That anon my joyful eyes
Might a little watch surprise!
Oh, how great the need and pleasure
Of possessing such a treasure!
Bootless every wish and wile,
Till dame Fortune kinder smile.
When my ship comes o'er the sea,
No vain longings then for me!

* * * * * * *

Welcome to my ship of fate
With its longed-for golden freight!
Now how pleasantly I rule
Empress in my little school!
Early on my way I start,
Bearing an unburdened heart,
With elated, happy face,
Smiling, put my watch in place.
When it's *nine*, the bell I ring,
Kling-a-ling-a, kling-a-ling.
Every foot is on its way,
Daring not to disobey.

Thus the minutes glide along
Like the measures of a song,
Every lesson duly heard,
Not a fretting, teasing word!
For the watch, with steady hand,
Aids to guide, and to command.
To some genii, thanks I trow
For this "Lady's Watch" I owe.
Honors great are surely due
Makers and inventors too!

Iron arms, uncouth and long,
Shaped it well and knit it strong;
Every wheel and screw so small,
Fitted, polished, wrought them all;
And no brow was worn with care
Making this bijou so fair.

Would you learn whose wise command
Guides the brawny giant-hand?
Search this burnished plate with me,
And you'll trace its pedigree—
Robbins, Appleton & Co.
Neatly is engraved below.

'Tis a tiny, jeweled treasure,
Made the passing hours to measure;
Fitted in a golden case,
With a snowy lettered face;
Perfect little fairy fingers
Beating time that never lingers;
Shining wheels revolving quick,
With a clicking, silvery tick;
Social, charming to the view,
Constant, changeless, ever true.

Not Geneva's boasted art
Makes so perfect every part.
But our own New England shore
Gains the goal ne'er won before;
Yankee wit and Yankee will
Triumph over foreign skill. MADGE.

COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.—Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

Troubles never stop forever—
The darkest day will pass away.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

HOW rapidly the months go past! and before we realize it, one goes and another takes its place. Old October is quick upon us, and sober Autumn bids us prepare for a still more solemn Winter. Chilly winds and stormy days without only bring pleasant firesides and warmer hearts within. The family group gathers around the evening lamp, and the loved ones at home read and chat or work and laugh as the heart prompts or necessity compels. No need of boys and girls going away from home for pleasure, when so much real enjoyment can be obtained there if they will only seek it. How many forgetting this wander among pretended friends, and before they are aware of it, fall into the company of bad and wicked companions, and not only forget their home, but forsake its wise counsels and holy influences. Stay at home. Read good books. Study your school lessons. Help your parents, or brothers and sisters. Solve the puzzles in the MUSEUM, or improve yourself in writing letters to the Chat, and write and tell Uncle Robert how you succeed. We are always glad to receive your letters, but must tell some of you that you do not take pains enough when you write. One great object of the Chat is to improve in the art of letter-writing, and we hope all will bear this is mind that their letters may show that they have put forth their best efforts. But we will now hear what you have to say.

Jolly Jingle, methinks thou at least will find that I am not sleeping! All sorts of unimaginable "theories" grace thy page, but you will find a "diff. 'twixt" theory and practice. A yawning gulf, wide as the Gulf of Mexico, stretches between "this and that."

Indeed? "Blot out Miss Ellen?" Down on thy knees, disloyal subject, and crave her Majesty's clemency, lest thou be decapitated like some of Fleta's enigmatical subjects.

Stirring up a revolt after the Chinese fashion, eh? Pshaw! I call the knights who wear "Queen Nell's colors, sound the trumpet, and with her battle-cry upon our lips, loyal subjects of "Queen Nell," dash into the foe! annihilate Jolly Jingle, chieftain of this revolt; capture his "bloodthirsty" followers, imprison them, and feed them on Andy Johnson without speeches for a month, and, dear me! what penitent subjects they will become. Comrades, shall we make a "Jolly Jumble" out of him? Why did he not shout from the deep recesses of his soul, ere he unsheathed his Damascus blade,

"I held some slack allegiance till this hour!"

But no! wretched being that he is, abused unwarrantably, with his life's *assurance* already secured, he pitches into the fray, wounds a decimal of his opponents, and then beats a speedy retreat. "What a blessing in disguise. (!)"

Jolly *Jumble*, W.A.R. is practical, not theoretical. Our war for the Queen is opposed to all Napoleonic dogmas! Let Queen Nell be led forth to the coronation!

But, lo! a usurper! Peace Regina. Her quondam Majesty of a sheltered court in the far North steps majestically upon the scene, crowns herself, and seizes the scepter, and "sways the rod" of Queendom, and bids us be good and loyal vassals of her court. Who can look on at the usurper-ess without shedding a "trickling tear?" Down with her! There is no peace! Avenge the insult offered to our reigning queen and to the royal House of Merry.

But she has vanished! The throne was tottering beneath its "weight of royalty"—was shaken from "turret to foundation-stone." Gone? and not an ounce of ink spilled in her behalf? Where be the court? whither have they fled?

"——— fighting — what?" Hero? Redoubtable heroes who dare to taunt the sole surviving descendant of "Rodrigo, the Cid." A hero-ic Merry. But, Merry, I weep for you. And has Cousin Juno gone? Truly "some of thou art false."

Virginia and Moss Rosebud, my pen has been idle for a cycle of time. I have trimmed up its point, replenished my inkstand, and will flourish. SID.

Sept. 6, 1866.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY :—I have long wished to be a member of the Merry band, and participate in the "delightful Chat;" but so much was said about hatchets, manipulators, and such like fearful instruments, that my courage always failed me; but I have resolved at last to buckle on my armor and run the dreaded gauntlet, or fall in the attempt. Should I succeed in getting through, reward me for my prowess by a seat at the side of Juno.

Be so good, Uncle Merry, as to recommend me to modest little Bertina and sentimental Addie W. and all the Merrys who would not care to know a humble Ohio boy, brought up among green hills, and whose lot has recently been cast in the city. Affectionately,

EUCLID.

P. S.—I promise not to be offended if any of the Merrys should write to me. Box 496, Allegheny City, Pa.

Your request is granted, as near as it is in our power to grant it. We welcome you to our *circle*, and hope you will make some demonstration to prove your right to a seat at the side of Juno.

GIPSEY SETTLEMENT.

DEAR COUSINS :—May I join your Merry circle, too? I have heard you laughing and talking every month for some time, and feel as if I should like to be in the good times, too.

Now don't give me a cold reception. Some one come and talk with me, or I shall be frightened and run right back again.

I run wild out here in the wilderness, have no friends at all, but I hope to make some now. Delia, won't you correspond with me? I have taken quite a fancy to you.

I have a great dread of my letter being thrown into that horrid basket, so I shall not dare to make it any longer.

Uncle, *please* spare me this time.

GIPSEY GIRL.

OAKLAND, *Sept.* 8, 1866.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS :—I do so want to become well acquainted with you all, that I again ask leave to chat with you for a little while; I won't stay long, for I don't relish the idea of having the manipulator descend on my devoted head.

Em. Moore, we should be good friends—can you guess why?

Jolly Jingle, I pity you extremely.

Saucy Nell, has J. J. frightened you into silence? or has he succeeded in "blotting you out?"

Evening Star, I think we must be distantly related.

Cousin Vincent, don't think of freezing yet a while.

Uncle, I won't tempt you any longer.

Yours brilliantly, SHOOTING STAR.

DEAR COUSINS :—Once more I afflict you with my presence.

Jolly Jingle, I infer from your words near the bottom of page 72, September number, that you intend to take possession of the throne itself. It would certainly be a much more sensible proceeding than to make yourself hoarse screeching for other folks, who won't take any notice of it. As you commenced the "row" about Saucy Nell, you should not complain.

Delia, I was not less surprised than pleased at your promptness. Hope you can say the same with regard to me.

Rubie Linden, I am suffering from a desire to become acquainted with you.

Sigma, have you, too, melted away in the summer heat? You appear to have evaporated completely.

But the manipulator is visible in the dim distance, like the shears of Atropos, and warns me to depart.

Yours, reluctantly, FORREST.

September is with us once more—the month of brightness and good cheer. It gives one a thrill of joy to see all the beauty about them.

Flib, dear, the "Minnehaha" is ready for a sail. Won't you go with the captain? Have you forgotten our picnic at Fairy Dell?

Daisy, I know some one who knows you—guess who it is.

Loyalty, "Our Mutual Friend" is here. I lift my eyes and look at him; he is near enough to touch me with his hand.

Pontiac, I heard of a pretty (!) speech of yours. It made me shake in my boots to think you could be "guilty of a thing so rude." "*Vale!*"

Coy, do you ever come to G——ford nowadays?

Jolly, there's nothing like having good grit! I feel in my bones you'll never say "*die.*" A Yankee never does—they put their toes on the mark, and *fight* it out. PERTINE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., *Aug.* 21, 1866.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS: — Here I come again to make you another call. I know I come too often; but the Chat has so irresistible a charm for me, that I only fear that by too frequent demands upon your time and attention, I shall be excluded altogether.

Shooting Star, Em, and Virginia, we welcome you to our circle.

Juno has worked herself into quite a heat because she imagines she is forgotten by us. But Jolly Jingle by his "ravings," and Blue-Bell by her threats and prophecies, so occupy our minds, that our attention is diverted from every other person and thing. But I must cut short my letter, for in these days one can hardly get a word in the Chat, except it be a long electioneering speech, or some stirring appeal to the Merrys to rise and avenge some fancied insult; therefore I cease. Adieu, all ye Cousins, and do not forget

HARRY C. H. DOUGLAS.

Which is yours, Harry, a long electioneering speech, or a stirring appeal? Please let us know, that we may act accordingly.

BOGTOWN, N. Y., *Aug.* 20, 1866.

DEAR UNCLE:—I can't stay but one minute—am in a great hurry — but I wanted to ask how you are after such warm weather, if you have had any down in the sanctum; and, further, I want to tell A. Van A. that it may be natural for a "country gentlemen" to have a liking for peat (it being more plentiful in the country than in the city); but in consideration of the liberty he has taken in trespassing on the rights of the Merry Union, he would better retire to his Maple Shade before he gets tuckered out, or he may get in a *box* marked *peat* instead of "15," and put in the cellar to that "Country Gentleman's" office, ready for kindling in the coming season.

Jersey, are you hunting for Jasper and other precious stones? or where are you?

Black-eyed Anna, I presume you are all through house-cleaning; if not, do brush out the webs In the Corner, and see if you can't see Oddity.

Say, Uncle, can't I be roguish if I do no mischief without the Cousins suspecting? I'll play them some game.

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the best of men,"

and ROGUISH KATE AND ODDITY, too.

We have lately been favored with calls from Cousin Jennie, Kitty Clover, Arthur Lee, Tommy, Oliver Onley, Loyalty, etc., and some very mysterious-looking cards from Leslie. We return our thanks for the calls of the Cousins, but shall have to appoint a committee to look after Leslie? What can the cards mean? Why has he been absent so long? Will Pertine, Flib, and Minerva please investigate the whole matter, and report.

PAPER FOR THE MERRY FAMILY.—We have note paper, printed at the suggestion of one of the Merry family, with the Merry badge upon one corner, suitable for writing purposes, which we can supply if desired; either style, with Boys' or Girls' badge, can be furnished.

TO ALL IN ARREARS.—There are a few who are still owing for their subscription to the MUSEUM, and we again ask them to forward the amount at once by mail, as we are very much in need of all of it just now.

LIFE AND DEATH ETERNAL; A Refutation of the Theory of Annihilation. By Samuel C. Bartlett, D.D. 390 pages. Published by the American Tract Society, Boston. Wyman & Broughton, New York.

This is an able and elaborate argument against the theory of the annihilation of the wicked at death, by one who is perfectly competent for the task, and the true teaching of the Scriptures clearly stated and ably presented. The publication of it is opportune, and will meet a want long felt in the community. It should have a wide circulation.

ESPENSCHEID THE HATTER.— A little friend of ours, when reciting the catechism, on being asked the question, "What is the chief end of man?" replied, "The head."

To all who consider this answer correct, we commend our friend Mr. Espenscheid, the hatter, 118 Nassau Street, of this city, who has the latest style of both hats and caps in great variety of the best quality in the market. We have tried him for many years, and can commend him to all.

Fleta Forrester's Puzzle Drawer.

answers all but one of the August Puzzles, and wins his *first prize*. *Gilbert*, I suppose to be a new comer, as I do not remember having met with his "hand o' writ" before. I congratulate him on his surprising success.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

73. Sharpep in stih teclenged opts si dial
Mose thare cone grapnten hitw teclalsei rief;
Nashd atht teh odr fo primee githm aveh daweys,
Ro kewad ot yescats eth vigiln yerl.
Eugene.

74. Entire, all avoid me; behead me, and I am unpleasant; behead again, I am what many hope to be, and but few get to be; behead again, and by doubling my new head you obtain an honorary title. *Roguish Kate and Oddity.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

75. 1000 a small pinch you 5080 R. *W. A. R.*

76. Harbor an extremity. *A. R. T.*

77. Harvest falsehoods! *Gertie N.*

78. Encountered a disciple of Æsculapius. *Florence.*

79. Scrape with your foot a large town. *Rubie Linden.*

80. Learn wisdom. *Fred.*

81. I am composed of 18 letters:
My 18, 2, 10, 12, 16 is the name of a woman mentioned in the Bible.
My 11, 17, 14, 1 is found in the forest.
My 15, 8, 7, 4, 6 is a fruit.
My whole has been the means of saving many a brave soldier's life.
Edward C. W.

82. Entire, I am under you; behead me, I am over you; again behead me, and I am all around you.
Albert Amerman.

83. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 6, 4, 3, 1, 5 is found in every book.
My 8, 9, 2, 11 were much used in the war.
My 2, 10, 11, 11 is a boy's nickname.
My 6, 7, 9, 3 was a mythological being.
My whole has terrified many an ignorant person. *Ego Ipse.*

84. My *first* invites the farmer forth
At earliest day-dawn;
My *next* all are ambitious here
To do, and warning scorn!
My *whole* the babe is watching
As it glides in at the door;
Now, it crows with glee, and, clutching,
Strives to catch it on the floor!
Elmer.

ANAGRAMS.

85. Lop side. *Metacom.*

86. Accept less. *Yarick.*

87. Nice hams. *Violet Forest.*

88. One sourer. *Allie Frank.*

89. A mean hat. *Rush.*

90. Lec, try ballast! *Dwight.*

91. A. N. Longacres, M.D. *Double-you-see.*

92. My first is a joke; my second is the one who perpetrates it; and my whole is decidedly sharp. *Delia.*

93. My first is a seat; my second is part of a fowl; and my whole is a bird. *Clara.*

Fill the following blanks with the same words transposed:

94. The —— is resorted to for ——. *Minx.*

95. That you are full ——, is no reason why you should do ——. *Fred.*

96. The —— intends to —— the volumes. *Benny T.*

97. At ——, he sought to —— the insult. *Massasoit.*

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of November.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "F. F.," Drawer 6, P. O., New Haven, Conn.

Answers to Puzzles in Aug. No.

26. The pebble in the streamlet scant
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dewdrop on the infant plant
Has warped the giant oak forever.

27. W. C., "Double-you-see."

28. Bull-finch.

29. VIVID.
30. CLI,M,ate.
31. Timothy ; omit thy.
32. The Alabama. 1, Mabel, blame ; 2, hate, heat ; 3, Malta, talma.
33. Sage, age, sag, gas.
34. Loqua city. (*Shooting Star* says "Publi city.")
35. Anecdotes.
36. Pusillanimity.
37. Importance.
38. Dichromatic.
39. Bathing.
40. Eschatology.
41. Carbuncles.
42. William H. Seward.
43. Chesapeake.
44. Tissue ('tis you).
45. Rocket (rock it).
46. Accident (ax I dent).
47. Hours are like sponges ; they wipe out good resolutions.
48. Phlox.
49. Golconda.

Of the above 24 PUZZLES—

GILBERT answers all but 40—23.

Willie W. Perry answers all but 34, 38—22.

Roguish Kate and Oddity answer all but 31, 38—22.

Florence answers all but 38; 46—22.

Double-you-see answers all but 31, 37, 38—21.

Alle Frank answers all but 31, 34, 38—21.

Phe, ditto.

Keystone answers all but 34, 38, 45, 46—20.

Bittersweet answers all but 31, 34, 36, 38—20.

Shooting Star answers all but 31, 32, 34, 35—20.

Quaker answers all but 31, 34, 38, 40, 45—19.

Blue-Bell answers all but 31, 34, 36, 38, 45, 46—18.

Clara answers all but 28, 29, 30, 31, 33, 38, 45,—17.

Moss Rosebud answers all but 28, 31, 34, 36, 38, 45, 46—17.

C. W. J. answers all but 31, 34, 36, 37, 38, 40, 45, 46, and part of 47—15½.

Yarick answers all but 27, 31, 32, 34, 38, 40, 45, 48, 49—15.

Hero answers 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 32, 33, 39, 43, 48—10.

Metacom answers 26, 28, 29, 30, 39, 42, 43, 44, 47, 48—10.

Rubie Linden answers 26, 27, 29, 30, 39, 42, 43—7. [—7.

Eugene answers 26, 27, 29, 30, 39, 42, 43

Edward C. W. answers 26, 29, 30, 39, 42, 43—6.

Harry C H. Douglas answers 26, 43, 44, 47, 48—5.

W. Derrah answers 26, 39, 43, 47—4.

Albert Amerman answers part of 26, 29, 43—2¼.

Frank Duncan answers 42, 48—2.

Notices to Correspondents.

Gilbert, had you looked for something more likely than "*Theology*" in "*C.S.A.*" in answering to 40, you would have made a clean sweep. You may have a seat by Cricket.

Uno, I am glad to meet you as a Puzzler, although you are hardly "puzzling" enough in your contributions this time. Try again.

Moss Rosebud, your offering is identical with No. 30 in August Drawer.

Willie W. Perry, Minx expresses a desire to obtain the photo of the Cousin who succeeded in guessing her riddle in the July number.

Vincent, I found no puzzles inclosed in your letter.

Lizzie Tipton, a Cousin desires your address. Shall I give it ?

Roguish Kate and Oddity, to your request, I can only say that I am not prepared *just now* to respond favorably.

Eugene (of Boston), write to Uncle Merry, 172 William Street, New York.

Minx, I will make inquiries.

W. Derrah, your question is not new, although you may not have been aware of it.

Edward C. W., I have not time to sort over all the contributions in order to ascertain whether your previous offerings were accepted or not ; but, as you will see, your last is published in this Drawer.

Thanks for Enigmas, etc., to Albert Amerman, Eugene, Eddie E. Perkins, Clara, Allie Frank, Metacom, Roguish Kate and Oddity, Florence, Phe, Quaker, Edward C. W., Em, and Rubie Linden.

GIRL IN A SNOW-STORM.

LITTLE ALLIE WINTERS.

DID any of you ever think, as you walked down Pearl Street, or Chestnut Street, or Broadway, with your eyes so bewildered by the bewitching shop-windows, that you were in great danger of never getting to the place you started for? Did you ever think what a contrast in homes you can find in a city? I hardly think a little boy or girl who reads this will say, "I never thought of it."

You have too often seen the little bare-footed urchin in tattered

rags pass wearily by the richly dressed lady with an upturned look of mingled wonder and envy; and you may too often, for your own comfort, have been pulled gently in your morning walk, and saluted with the ever-recurring "Please, sir," or "Please, ma'am, a penny!" You have too often watched the pale old woman at her little stall of apples and candy on the corner, by the great Marble Hall, as she eagerly took the penny or little crumpled bit of paper in exchange for a candy-ball or a cup of peanuts, not to have *felt* this.

But have you ever, when walking in some of the little by-ways and coal-blackened and refuse-hilled alleys, chanced to see a bit of shining gold or a sparkling diamond flashing out from the distasteful rubbish? If so, you may have felt for a moment as I could not help feeling when first I came across little Allie Winters.

It was a cold autumn day, when winter seemed in a great hurry to get along before his time. I had been to see a woman who had often done little pieces of sewing for me, but whom I had heard was now ill. I had never chanced before to be at her house, as she had offered to do work, and had always taken and returned it, as I trusted she would, from the honest face with which she first applied. I found her in a poor and very much exposed little room on the fourth floor of a large, rickety building, with almost nothing to tell of comfort except the extreme neatness and order that struck my eye upon entering the room. There was no confusion. The worn furniture was carefully dusted, and each article in its exact place. The bed was neat and clean, though its covering was faded and patched. The remains of a fire scarcely soiled the little fire-place, where an old, well-rubbed fender still did duty in keeping dust and ashes from a too free access to the cleanly swept hearth. This description may seem very commonplace; but think a moment, and see how very rarely you will find it really so among the very poor. Was *neatness*, then, the jewel? It is always pleasant and praiseworthy; but it was not this that reminded me of gold in the ash-heap. It was when, after a talk with the good widow, whose sad history had been confided to me, and who had been well-nigh overcome in her struggle with poverty, the door suddenly opened, and a clear, ringing voice broke out—

"I've had a *good* time, mother—and see!" Then, aware of the presence of a stranger, Allie Winters drew back a moment and stood with her large hazel eyes sparkling beneath the long lashes—a sudden look of bashfulness reddening her brown cheeks—the diamond in the dust!

A good time! with her faded green-and-black plaid frock clinging close about her wet form, and dripping still from the cold rain-drops which she hardly heeded as they fell. A wet copy of the "MUSEUM," and two or three papers glued together by the rain, were in one little cold hand, while the other held a small brown silk purse, which she came up and placed in her mother's hand.

Mrs. Winter took the purse, and bidding Allie go into a second room and put on something dry before she told her story, had hardly time to tell me that Allie was her only child, and the very best of girls, too, when the bright face, divested of dripping hood, and peering above a very nondescript sort of loose frock, appeared, with a few bits of kindling and a stick of wood. A little fire soon smoked and snapped and finally burned on the hearth, and Allie sat down to take off the chill a little before getting her mother's tea ready.

"And so you have had a good time, Allie?" I could not help saying. "Do you like rain-storms cold as this in October?"

A bright little flush went over Allie's face as she answered, "I was not thinking about the rain at all; only that I had sold more papers and 'MUSEUMS' than usual to-day, so that my heart grew light as my purse grew heavy. I should not wonder if it was partly *because* it rained, though," she added; "for when I had once been refused by two or three persons, and was thinking whether to turn and run home, a gentleman spoke to me rather roughly, and asked me 'what I stood there for, to be rained on, with no umbrella, holding up my papers like a statue.' 'Only because I hope to get enough to buy some tea for my sick mother,' I replied. 'Oh! the sick mother!' he began; and then, as if sorry he had made so cruel a remark, he turned back and put *that* into my hand—the largest piece in the purse, mother. 'If your mother *is* sick, it'll do her good; and if she isn't, it'll buy a salve for your conscience, perhaps,' and he hurried on; I laughed in spite of my vexation; but I hadn't time to tell him I wasn't begging; and he looked so very nice every way, that I thought he could spare it, and more too, and never miss it, so I just took it as a present for you from your Best Friend. I had enough in all for your supper, and something over for more magazines to-morrow. So," she added, turning to me, "*isn't* it a good day?"

"It is always a good day to us," I replied, "when in spite of dark skies and pelting drops we can manage to keep a warm heart. Did you know, Allie, that you have fuel enough for one good large fire, to last all winter, already laid in?"

Allie looked up wonderingly. "What? where?" she asked.

Mrs. Winters smiled. "Your fire is burning, Allie, now. It doesn't go out often. You've kept it burning a long time. It was kindled once for you, and I do not think it will go out while there is any one to love you, or for you to love."

"Love is the fuel," said Allie; "it keeps the heart warm; but I don't know about the *room!*"

"Don't you know the old proverb, 'Where there's a will there's a way?' Now, *love makes a will* that is never at a loss for some good way. It has kept many a cruse of oil full, and many a barrel of meal from growing empty, since the widow fed the good prophet. Keep up this fire in the heart, and busy hands will find plenty to fill them."

So far, in Allie's case, this is well fulfilled; and the love that grows in her heart and shines in her open face will prove the magnet to draw riches from many a hand that would otherwise be closed to the often despised children of "the sick mothers!" KRUNA.

THE FROG AND THE SNAKE.

A FROG having lived several months in the vicinity of a public road, resolved to leave its retired residence and take up its abode on the highway. So, early one morning he bid farewell to the swamp band of which he was a member, and commenced his journey. Some time during the afternoon, while hopping along a rut in the road, he overtook a snake which had been warming itself in the sun. The eyes of the snake gleamed like balls of fire, its crest was flattened, and its forked tongue blazed like lightning from its open mouth. Just as the reptile was about to swallow the adventurous frog, a wagon-wheel rolled along through the rut and crushed both the frog and the snake.

MORAL: Those who quit the endearments and advantages of home expose themselves to a thousand dangers. Especially are they in danger of being assailed by the serpent intemperance, which lures them into the rut of evil habits, where they may be crushed by the wheel of accident or misfortune. G. W. BUNGAY.

A TRULY great man borrows no luster from a splendid ancestry.

HAWTHORN BLOSSOMS.

BY MRS. J. E. McCONAUGHY.

CHAPTER V.—THE CAT FISHER.

USUALLY little folks mend fast when they have been very sick. All know how fast little bones knit together after they have been broken, and it is much the same with little hearts, is it not?

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.'

See if you can not comfort yourself with that thought the next time you are unhappy. Perhaps you will think as a little boy did when exhorted not to cry because his cut finger "would not hurt him at all to-morrow." "Then," sobbed he, "I won't cry to-morrow."

Grace was fully as patient as most children who are getting well, and much more so than many I have known. If she could get enough to eat, and papa would tell her plenty of stories, she would be just as happy as if she could skip about and play.

If papa did have to borrow a good many lamp-light hours to write in, still he found some time every day to sit down by his little daughter's side and amuse her with the stories she liked so well. I presume it would have amused the many readers of the distinguished author to have seen him ransacking his brain and library for all the cat and dog stories he could find. They seemed always to be the favorites, though none came amiss.

"George Weaver has got a cat that can take the shine off from yours, Grace," Frank said.

"What can it do?" asked Grace, pleasantly.

"It can catch fish! You know he lives at the mill, and that cat will sit on a particular stone she has, and watch and watch in the clear water of the mill-pond, and when a fish goes sailing by, she'll make a grab at him and have him on land quicker than a wink. She spends half her forenoons on that watch—when it is warm and bright. If the fish are big enough, George takes them away from her to fry for dinner. He gives her the heads, though."

"That is very singular," said mother; "cats are usually very delicate about wetting their feet."

"I don't *wish* my cats to catch fish," said Grace, no wise disconcerted by the thought of this pussy's superiority. "The next I'd know, some of them would be getting *drownded.* Didn't Hetty bring home four rabbits last winter as good as a dog?"

There was no disputing that Hetty was a famous hunter, and that she was striving hard to bring up her children right. She would go mewing all about the house with a little sleek mouse she had captured, to find her little folks and give them a mousing lesson. The moment that sound was heard, Mitty would give a bound and be at her side in a twinkling, but Snowflake was a little slower, it could not be denied. Too much ease and luxury is apt to spoil cats as well as children.

Grace was much interested in George Weaver's cat, and when papa came down stairs she asked him if he ever knew a kitty that caught fish.

"I can't say that I ever knew one, exactly, but I know of one. Helen Bruce tells a pretty story of a great, strange cat which appeared unexpectedly to a poor family living on a very desolate little island, just at the opening of winter. Mother insisted that she should be killed. "They were too poor to feed a cat, and she would always be thieving around." But the children begged so hard, that they saved her life and gave her a place by their cabin fireside. As the winter wore on, they suffered greatly for food, and it seemed quite likely that they must starve to death. What should this old cat do but bring them some fine large fish every morning and lay them down on the floor! She would creep out on the thin ice where no one else dare venture, and watch at the air-holes until some fish came in sight, and then she would strike him as surely as an Indian's harpoon. So a cat supported that family in great plenty all winter."

"I guess they were glad they didn't drown her," said Grace.

"The Lord sent her there, I do not doubt, to preserve their lives," said mother.

"He can make use of very humble instruments," said papa, "to do a very great work. A spider once saved the life of a good man whom some wicked people were hunting in order to kill him. He crept into an oven to hide, and directly God sent a little spider to weave a thick web over the mouth of it. Just after his work was done, the cruel soldiers came that way. One of them glanced at the oven, and seeing the spider's web, remarked, 'Nobody can have been in there for several days—we will not waste our time searching it.'

So they passed on. Don't you think he was glad to hear them say that?

"Cats have been known to serve as good purpose as watch-dogs sometimes. A robber had broken into a house and was plundering about, when suddenly a watchful old cat flew in his face and tore his cheeks in a frightful way. He was glad to get off alive, without the spoons and sugar-basins."

"That was the kind of a cat for me," said Frank. "I wish I had a real watch-dog, father. One good dog is worth a half a dozen cats."

"He'd always go around snapping at my kitties," said Grace, decidedly. "Robbie's folks have got a dog and cat, and how do they get on? Kitty puts up her back and spits, and Rover barks just as sharp, every time they find each other."

"Wait until we go on the farm, Frank," said papa. "Then there will be room enough for your dog, and six cats for Grace if she likes."

That "farm" was the day-and-night dream of the Hawthorn children, not to say of their papa and mamma, too. There were to be found all manner of delight and contentment, and they only wished that "the good time coming" would hurry up.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PEOPLE who boast of their knowledge, generally have very little of it.

WILD OATS.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER XI.—FOURTH OF JULY.

"I'VE sowed my last wild oat," said Johnny, snapping his fingers as he walked briskly away from the house, his head buzzing with pleasant fancies of what he meant to do to support the family. He really felt some sense of responsibility, and turned over the several projects of becoming a lawyer, doctor, minister, and president of a railroad. However, by the end of five minutes he met his old friend Nat Doolittle, and instantly forgot everything but the coming Fourth of July.

After all, he did not spend the night in the town-house, but in a barn. I have already stated, in a former part of my story, that there was a foolish feeling of rivalry between the boys of Lyman and North Lyman. Instead of uniting in their sports, they kept as far apart and as antagonistic as possible. It might be supposed that if any occasion could draw them together, it would be the celebration of the glorious Fourth; but it was just then that the feud was bitterest. A bone of contention existed in a little old cannon which year after year had boomed out national salutes till its throat was nearly dry. This cannon had formerly belonged to a training company, and neither side of the river had an exclusive right to it; but as it was stored in the gun-house on the south side, the South Lymanites claimed it.

When Johnny promised himself so positively not to sow any more oats, he did not reflect upon the temptation which was to come to-night. It had been discovered during the afternoon that the boys from the other village—the "Sodomites," so called—had taken the cannon from the gun-house and stowed it in Mr. King's barn, intending to fire the first salute with it next morning.

Johnny and half a dozen other boys resolved to defeat the designs of the Sodomites; so they boldly marched to Mr. King's; found nobody at home but the lady of the house, and had no difficulty in wheeling away the cannon to their own side of the river and hiding it in Mr. Seth Emerson's barn.

Mr. Emerson was a man who sympathized with the party-spirit of the boys, and was quite willing they should occupy his barn while watching the property they had taken so much pains to secure. It was almost certain that the Sodomites would come under cover of

darkness and try to steal the cannon again; so you may be sure there was very little sleeping done by the seven young heroes who constituted the guard. Whenever Johnny saw anybody winking, he hastened to pass around a snuff-box, which proved as enlivening as a bottle of hartshorn or a cup of tea.

It was very dark; there was no moon, and the stars were invisible. Long before any one had thought of dozing—indeed, some time near midnight—Johnny, who had quick ears, heard a faint sound of footsteps.

"Hush!" said he, with his finger on his lips; "the Sodomites are coming!"

So they were, but very stealthily, perhaps hoping to catch the seven watchmen sleeping at their posts. They halted before the double door, and stood there a few moments so quietly, that even Johnny began to fancy he had been deceived and there was nobody there. The Sodomites were, in fact, listening at the cracks, to make sure whether the barn was inhabited.

"Come on!" said a gruff voice at last—the voice of Washington Bangs, a full-grown man; "what are you afraid of, boys? There's nobody here, and if there is, we soon rout 'em out."

With that he tried the long latch, which was of course barred on the inside.

"Child's play!" said Luther Potts; "lend a hand, boys, and we'll tip over this thing as easily as a cob-house."

The hearts of the seven heroes fainted within them at the sound of Luther's Potts' voice, for he was another full-grown man, and one of the strongest in town. The doors began to shake like loose casements in the wind. The watchmen tugged with all their small weight against the opposing force, but it was of no avail—the enemy was too strong, the doors were opened wide.

In spite of the darkness, it was soon evident that the Sodomite force was a very large one, and Johnny and his comrades were obliged to yield, though resisting to the last, and determined to die like men.

"You mean, old skulking things," cried they, "to come over here with a lot of grown-up men to take advantage of us little fellows!"

"Who's a better right?" replied the Sodomites, laughing in derision.

"You've got the good-for-nothing old cannon," said Johnny, ablaze with scorn; "but we hope you've been mean enough about it—yes we do!"

"Poor little Southerners!" said Luther Potts, insultingly; "pity about you!"

"Hail, ye heroes!" said another; "hail, ye heroes! *seven in a band.*"

"Luther Potts, go and hate yourself," shouted Nat, as the cannon was wheeled off; "go and hate yourselves, all of you, for sneaks! Hope the cannon'll burst before your house, Wash Bangs, and stave in all your windows."

The boys felt a little better for expressing their minds, but they could not forbear following the precious cannon to the ferry. It was almost as mournful as following an old friend to the grave, only in this case grief was smothered in wrath and indignation.

The Sodomites placed the disputed property on board the ferry-boat, and were about to launch off, when Johnny suddenly seized Nat by the shoulder, whispering, "I've got an idea! Nat, Nat, I've got an idea! Let us cut the line!"

The boat was propelled across a rope by means of pulleys.

"Agreed," replied Nat; and the boys whipped out their jack-knives simultaneously. It is not quite certain, however, that they would really have carried out Johnny's bold suggestion if at that instant the Sodomites had not shouted at the top of their voices—

"Three cheers for the small volunteers! When you want your cannon fired, just call on us! Hip, hurrah!"

The sound was as exasperating as an Indian war-whoop; it made the boys' blood tingle, and it seemed just then to all seven that nothing they could do was quite desperate enough to suit the occasion. Johnny did not hesitate in the least—neither did Nat; but with one hasty clutch they each caught the rope and sawed at it with their sharp knives. It did not give way at once, being thick and strong; but in the darkness no one saw what they were doing till it was too late and the rope was severed.

Then there was a curious veering of the boat, which plunged about unsteadily like a drunken man. Luther Potts and Washington Bangs, who acted as ferry-men, could scarcely believe their senses at first; and even when they were satisfied that they were actually adrift, they were slow to comprehend how the accident had happened.

"Who cut this rope?" cried Luther Potts; "I believe to my soul 'twas you, John Merry!"

"Believe away, then!" returned Johnny. "Hullo! fire us a salute when you get across, will you?"

"Did you do it, Johnny?" asked the other boys, *sotto voce.*

"Keep dark!" was the whispered answer; "it's just as well you shouldn't know."

They had no oars in the boat, and only a solitary paddle with which to stem the current, consequently the Sodomites made small progress.

Johnny and his party stood on the bank and strained their eyes to see the cheering spectacle of their enemies drifting about in the water.

"They'll get there about Christmas at this rate," said Henry Smith, performing a double shuffle.

Meanwhile the boat was slowly and steadily drifting toward the piers of the old bridge, and the probability was that it would lodge there.

"They'll have to wait for daylight," said the Lyman boys, clapping their hands. "Hurrah! Give us another three cheers, you Sodomites—why don't you?"

"I'll tell you what it is, my friends," said Johnny, walking about in great excitement, "we've got the advantage of 'em this time; let's keep it up; let's do something; now's the chance. Look here! they've got two cannons up to Benton and only one Fourth of July; they'd spare us one cannon! Let's see!—it's twelve miles to Benton. Who's got a horse? I'll be the one to pay for him!"

"Mr. Emerson owns a horse, you know," responded somebody gleefully, but in stifled tones; "he'll let us have old Tom and the hayrack."

"Come," said Nat; "if you'll go, John, I will."

"Go? I'd go if I went on my head," replied Johnny, turning a somersault into a heap of sand.

"Now hear me speak," said Henry Smith; "Mr. Emerson is a good, honest man, as a general thing; but he's mean about his team, and if you ask for Tom, you won't get him."

"Who else has a horse?" cried Johnny. "Squire Perkins, hasn't he?"

"Yes—one that can't be touched by any man alive, except the Squire; and Dr. Wade has another that I'd as soon drive as a streak of chain-lightning."

"What *shall* we do, then?" said Johnny, pacing the bank and swinging his arms. "I could walk to Benton, but I can't bring the cannon on my back. Hush! don't you tell anybody as long as you live, boys; but I've a great mind to borrow Mr. Emerson's Tom out of the stable and say nothing about it."

"Agreed!" was the quick reply of Nat, who never proposed any

startling plan himself, but always accepted Johnny's without demur. The other boys were shocked, and tried to remonstrate, having a wholesome fear of the law; but Johnny snapped his fingers, and said "he wasn't made of milk and water—he meant to do something for his country and the good old Stars and Stripes; he wouldn't be seen letting those old Sodomites go in and win!"

If any one had suggested the word "jail" to Johnny, he would certainly have hesitated before attempting his mad project. But no one thought or spoke of such a termination to the night's excitement. And Johnny did not once remember his mother, or his promise to be a man for her sake, or his determination to cease sowing oats.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FIRST STEP TO RUIN.

"MY first step to ruin," exclaimed a wretched youth, as he lay tossing from side to side on a straw bed in one corner of his prison, "was leaving the Sunday-school and going out in the fields on Sunday, robbing birds' nests, and sometimes fishing. I knew it was wrong. My mother and my teacher taught me better. My Bible taught me better. I did not believe them; but I did not think it would come to this."

THE COXCOMB.—The word coxcomb has two very different meanings: a *plant* worthy of ADMIRATION; and, a *youth* worthy of EXECRATION.

THE CAPTIVE JEWESS.

PSALM 137.

A LONELY captive sat upon the Euphrates' banks and tuned her harp to a mournful dirge. She had no heart for the pleasant songs of Zion she was wont to sing in her far-off home.

A proud and merciless conqueror had torn from their homes a happy, industrious people and carried them away captive to populate new-made cities. Whole families were taken. The aged and the young were summoned to go forth on this long and toilsome journey.

Old associations were all broken up; but most of all the devout Jew mourned his absence from the Temple courts. Nowhere but in the Holy City could many of the symbolical rites of his religion be performed. This made the burden of captivity doubly saddening to his heart. Along the river banks the gray osier willows waved their slender arms and bowed their mournful heads, as if in sympathy with the maiden's grief.

"Can you sing nothing but those doleful dirges?" asked a haughty Babylonian maiden as she passed with her companions near the captive singer. "A sight of your moody brow is enough to drive all mirth from our hearts. Come, let us hear a cheerful note from your harp. If you have no gay music fit to accompany dancing feet, strike up one of those stirring airs for which your Temple worship was so famed."

The captive's head drooped lower at the mention of that word around which all the holiest associations of her childhood clustered. It was the language of her burdened heart—

"How can I sing sweet Zion's song
On this side Zion's hill?"

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

"They are always a morose and thankless set," said the daughter of Babylon as, with disdainful mien, she led her maidens onward under the willow shade. "They mope and repine at their lot as if great Babylon were not more glorious than all the paltry cities of Israel."

But what were the splendors of that heathen city compared with the glories of that Temple where Jehovah dwelt? "If I forget thee, oh, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

Do we value as highly our religious privileges? Should we mourn as much if they were taken away from us? We had better lose all that we possess than to lose the knowledge of God our Saviour, and dwell among those who disregard his worship.

MIND what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a firework that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping—

Something sterling, that will stay
When gold and silver fly away.

THE NEW KNIFE—A TALE FOR BOYS.

A BRIGHTER, rosier, happier face was never seen than little Harry Willett's, as he sauntered, one sunny afternoon in June, down the winding lane that led from his father's green farm, and took the road to the village. The warm breeze tossed his brown locks lightly, and the merry sun peeped saucily now and then, through the torn brim of his straw hat, into his frank blue eyes, and flashed into the dimples of his happy mouth.

A fine face Harry had—not a pretty face, if by that you mean very nicely-formed features, and great, handsome, long-lashed eyes, but an open, a kindly, truthful, generous face, such a one as made you think, with a quick, warm glow at your heart, what a comfort and pride he must be to his mother, and how her eyes must brighten whenever his shone in upon her, through the busy day.

But Harry's face, contented and smiling as it usually was, wore a peculiarly gratified expression to-day; that something very delightful had occurred there could be no doubt. He was altogether too happy to whistle, and he sauntered along, with his hands in his pockets, and those glad blue eyes of his full of pleasant meditation.

If you had been walking with Harry in the stillness of that warm afternoon, you might have heard an occasional very pleasant jingling in that right-hand trowser-pocket of his; and if good Betsey, the maid at the farm, had been there too, she would doubtless have told you what a budget of old nails, and bits of lead, and tin, and all sorts of "trumpery," Harry always carried in his pockets, greatly to the wear and tear of said pockets, and of home patience in mending them. But ah, Miss Betsey, something rather better than old nails, and lead-sinkers, and tin "whizzers," rattles there now! Nothing less than two big, bright, silver half-dollars, all Harry's own, to spend as he likes! Now and then he takes them out and looks at them, to be sure that they are safe and a reality, and, with the utmost content at the confirmation his eyes give to the fact, drops them back again into the jingling pocket.

The truth was, that the possession of this wonderful treasure was the greatest event, in the money way, that ever happened to Harry, and it needed the witness of all his senses to keep up the conviction that it was really no dream. Harry's father, although a thrifty farmer, who gave his little boy good clothes and all home comforts, had seldom any money to bestow for his own especial spending, Harry's utmost ambition and success having heretofore extended to

a bright quarter. An old friend of his father's, from a distant city, spending a few days with them, had dropped into Harry's hand that morning, in parting, the gift of the two bright half-dollars, to buy anything he might happen to want.

"*Happen* to want!" Oh, how much, and *how long* Harry had wanted a *knife!* how long he had wished and hoped, and wondered when the time would come that he should own such a treasure! Twelve years old, and no knife, had been a damper more than once when he had tried to follow with the big boys at school; and you may be sure there was not a moment for indecision as to how and when his money should be spent. For a knife that very afternoon it should go—that was settled at once.

What boy does not remember the pride and pleasure that came with his first knife—the dignity and manliness its ownership conferred! What boy will not fully appreciate the glad thoughts that filled Harry's heart, as he walked along through the warm dust of the highway to the village! He could not decide whether it should have a white handle or a dark one, but, at all events, it must have two blades; and wouldn't he show Joe Smith next day that some boys could make whistles as well as others, and couldn't he mend little Susy Martin's lead-pencil for her, instead of seeing her go up to the teacher every time it wanted sharpening. Oh, to-morrow was to be a grand, happy day!

On Harry's way, not many yards from the dusty road, stood a small, dark, unpainted house, at the low open window of which he caught the sight of a face he knew very well, and he paused, and then walked up with a pleasant smile to speak to his friend Josey Wood. Josey was a weak, suffering, crippled boy, and he half-reclined now on a couch his good mother had made for him, all stuffed with hay, and covered with neat chintz, and drawn up close to the window, so that the sweet warm air blew in on his white forehead, and he could reach out his hand and touch the creeping rose-vines, filled with buds, that clambered about the sill.

Josey's mother was very poor, and she worked hard all day with her needle, for there was no one to provide for herself and her little crippled boy, and yet she found time to do a world of kindness for him. She it was who trained the roses, who kept the room so daintily clean, who carried him in her arms out into the fields in the warm days, that he might feel the soft grass, and hear the birds sing, and watch the feeding of the flocks. She it was that sung old songs to him, and told him stories when he felt ill and the pain made him

nervous and sad. She was a good mother to Josey, and he loved her dearly, and tried as much as he could to keep back from her his trouble and pain, and always spoke to her gently and sweetly.

But Josey had one great pleasure of his *own:* he had a remarkable talent for cutting curious and beautiful little things out of wood; these he stained with dye that his mother made for him, and she carried them down to the village, and sold them, when she went home with her work. To be sure, Josey could not make many of these, for his little nervous fingers were often useless with pain; and some days he was obliged to lie very still on his back, doing nothing. But the joy he had whenever his mother *did* bring home money of his own earning was more than I can tell you. His hot cheeks would glow for the whole evening, and his mother had to take him in her lap and soothe him to sleep, or he would have lain awake all night, dreaming of his riches.

He was feeling very bright to-day; and the little pine table, drawn up to the side of his couch, was covered with bits of wood and tiny cups of coloring that belonged to his work. He laid down the knife with which he was cutting, and put out his thin hand to meet Harry's, with an expression of delight. The two boys had not seen each other for some time, and Harry had a host of wonderful things, of boyish interest, to relate, and altogether was so affectionate and cordial, that his presence served to do Josey as much good as the June sunshine, and, indeed, his plump, glad face, all in a glow with exercise and the warmth of the day, was a cheery sight for anybody.

"What are you making there?" said Harry, pointing to the materials on the table.

"Oh, something famous," said Josey, smiling. "It's going to be the greatest thing I ever did. It's a kind of work-box, you see. I've got a splendid picture for the top, and here's a queer invention of my own for the spools. I shall be rich, I expect, when I sell it —eh, mother?" and he smiled playfully.

At the word rich, Harry's hand instinctively dropped into his pocket that held the two half-dollars; but he looked at Josey's wan face, and worn, patched clothes, and something in his heart restrained him from parading his newly acquired wealth.

"Don't stop working, Josey," he said; "I should like to see how you do it—it's such a puzzle to me how those beautiful things are made. I am sure I could never do it in a lifetime."

"Oh, perhaps you could if you'd nothing else to do," said Josey, pleasantly; but the words made Harry sober, as he thought of his

own strong limbs and vigorous frame, and thousand ways of amusement, and he stood looking at Josey as he worked in silence.

It was curious indeed to see how skillfully he cut and carved, and how smoothly and gracefully the rough wood came into form under his touch. The work evidently interested him greatly; but now and then his hands trembled, and his shortened breath showed how fatiguing even a little exertion was; but he talked pleasantly to Harry, explaining the why and the wherefore of everything he did, seeming to enjoy his admiration and sympathy very much.

"What a sharp knife that is of yours, Josey," said Harry; "it cuts like a razor."

"Yes," said Josey, "that knife was my father's. The little blade was broken when I first had it, but this one bids fair to last a good many years, and luckily, for I don't know what I should do without it;" and he plunged it into one side of the box, where he was hollowing out a groove. There was a quick, low snap, and Harry started and leaned into the window. Ah! it was too true; in Josey's quick, excited motion, the knife had broken! The blade snapped near the top, still stuck fast in the wood, and the smooth, worn handle was left in his hand. Poor Josey turned very white, and lay back on his couch, and into his hollow eyes came the big tears; he put up his hand, as if he would smoothe the contraction of his forehead; but a look of pain had fixed itself in his face, and he could not put it away.

"Josey, dear boy," said his mother; and she came up and put her arms around him, and drew out the broken blade from the wood. Her tears she did not try to keep back, but, pitying him as she did, could only weep and soothe him. She was too poor to say the words she wished to say—that she would soon replace his loss.

"Don't cry, dear mother," said Josey, faintly; "knives can't last forever, you know; and if this must break, see how nicely it has come off, so near the handle! I can use this blade for a great many things, and one of your knives will help, too. I can get along nicely, I think."

But Josey found it hard to comfort his poor mother. She knew how many lonely hours that knife had cheered—how many dull ones it had brightened—how much delight his work had always been to him—how *impossible* it was for her to get him another for a long time; and she remembered, too, that on these slight earnings of Josey's she was dependent for the means of procuring for him those little luxuries, that were almost necessaries, when he was feeble and suffering.

Harry could not speak, but his blue eyes were full of tears, and a great pain filled his heart, as he caught the look, more touching than all the mother's words, with which Josey gathered up the severed handle and blade and put them into a drawer of his little table. Oh, how few the boy's sources of happiness must be when the breaking of a simple knife could put such a desolate look into his face! Excitement, as it usually did, had made Josey a little faint, and while he lay back with his eyes closed for a few moments, his mother fanning him with her broad palm-leaf fan, Harry slipped away.

It was late in the afternoon when he came again toward the house, on his return from his long walk to the village. The soft light of the setting sun fell upon Josey's low window, and the pale boy lay looking out on the rosy and golden clouds in the western sky. There was still a sad look on his face, but he smiled when Harry came up, and listened pleasantly to the boy gossip he had brought from the village.

It was not until some minutes after Harry had bade him good-bye, and he had ceased to watch his stout little figure hurrying up the road, that Josey discovered in the far corner of the window a closely folded package of white paper, directed to himself; and as he slowly and wonderingly unrolled it, there dropped from it heavily upon his couch a big, beautiful knife, stouter and handsomer than the one he had lost, and with *two fine blades*. Josey trembled so, and his eyes grew so dim, that he could not read the words on the inside of the wrapper, and, all in wonder, his mother came and read these lines, written in an unformed boyish hand:

"DEAR JOSEY—Please to accept this knife from me, because I would rather you should have it, to make up for the one you broke, than to have the handsomest knife in the world. I bought it with *my own money*, on purpose for *you*. Your affectionate friend,

"HARRY."

Poor Josey! The tears that had been kept back fell fast enough now, and, like a little child, he hid his face against his mother's breast, too glad and grateful for words.

There was no pleasant-sounding silver in Harry's pocket when he went to his room that night—no strong, beautiful knife, better than the silver, to take its place; but his mother's kiss was tenderer than ever when she bade him good-night, and angels of peace and love hovered about him, with blessings promised to those who "lay up treasures in heaven."

ANNA M. PHILLIPS.

FREEING THE BIRDS.

IT was a happy month indeed which little Millicent spent in the country. It was the very first time she ever remembered being at grandpa's, and there were enough wonders to take up a whole summer in exploring. Not that cousin Fanny saw so much to interest; indeed, she would have thought it very dull but for her bright-faced, merry little companion. The fact was, Mitty had "learned to see," and Fanny had not. You might think it strange when you looked at her, for she had a pair of fine black eyes as bright as beads; but for all that they did not see half as much as Millicent's blue ones. I think the difference lay deeper than the color. One gave her mind to what was about her, while the other just walked along, and walked along only seeing enough to keep the path without stumbling. Fanny learned a great deal from her younger cousin that summer. When she bounded off into the grass with such delight to pick a stray periwinkle which was half hidden in the grass, Fanny naturally felt a shade of corresponding pleasure and interest. She, too, looked out for periwinkles as they pursued their walk.

Grandma gave the poultry-yard into their hands for the time at their earnest request, and such fun as they had hunting for hens' nests! It was a pleasant sight to see the chickens and doves come to receive their morning meal. Out doors and in the barn they hunted faith-

fully, though Fanny never thought of looking in any of the sly places, and there was where Mitty had the best success.

"It always makes me sad to come here, Fanny," said her cousin, as they paused in their rounds before two cages with birds in them; "I wonder Uncle George can keep these poor little prisoners here. Just see how drooping they look! and that cardinal grossbeak hardly sings a note; canaries don't know any better; but these little wood-birds do. See how that goldfinch's feathers are dropping off! and how worn his wings are beating against his cage! I mean to beg Uncle George to give them their liberty again."

It was a new idea to Fanny that birds were not perfectly happy in their new home. She was not skilled in the sign language. She did not see it. So, also, many people are not skilled in the language of hearts. There are sorrowing, sighing ones on every side whom they never think to cheer and comfort.

Little Mitty's eloquence was not lost on Uncle George. He had felt some misgivings on the matter himself; and now, to please the two little pleaders, he took out the cages one dewy morning to a pleasant hillside, and gave the goldfinches to Mitty and the cardinal grossbeak to Fanny.

"Now, I'll give you leave to do just what you please with these birds," he said; "you may take them back to the city with you or let them go to try their chances among the cats and hunters."

It did not take a half minute to decide. The two doors were quickly thrown wide open, and the little prisoners fluttered distractedly for an instant, then poised themselves for a rapid upward flight, pouring out notes so quick and glad that they sent a thrill to Mitty's heart. To Fanny it was only common bird music; but she was very glad to feel they were free. The grossbeak flitted like a bright red flame in and out of the apple-trees the whole summer long; but the goldfinches did not venture near their old place of imprisonment.

Cultivate a loving, sympathizing heart which will rejoice in doing a kindness even to a little bird.

A weather-beaten sailor stood one day beside a cage of beautiful birds and inquired the price of them. When told, he counted out the large sum into the owner's hand, and then undid the door, and one by one they soared away exulting in their new-found freedom. In answer to remonstrance he only said, "I was a captive once."

Let us never delight in that which causes sorrow even to the humblest of God's creatures; never let us willingly deprive them of life or liberty.

A NOBLE INSTITUTION.

DOUBTLESS the young Merrys would like to know all the good work that is going on in this big city of Manhattan. I can not tell them one half, or even one hundredth part of it within the limits of the Museum, but I can at least give them a peep into a noble institution which I lately had the pleasure of visiting. This is a Home for crippled children, on the corner of Second Avenue and Sixth Street—and a home indeed it is, as far as kindness and benevolence have power to make it so. Those who have it in charge would like to do a great deal more than they can at present accomplish; they would like to have a larger Home, with more little inmates to be comforted and cured. But, alas! Fortunatus has never come to them with his magic purse, which grew full again every time it was emptied; and until he does so, they must depend upon human contributions to eke out the requisite funds. For all that, however, the society, which devotes itself to the relief and cure of the ruptured and crippled, whether rich or poor, young or old, and to patients either in or out of the institution, has already accomplished a glorious work. It has heard the nimble footsteps of those who once limped or crawled to its door, scarcely daring to hope for relief; it has seen many a pale cheek grow bright and rosy with new-found health, and sent forth many restored cripples to do their part in the busy world.

The Home branch now shelters about twenty-six deformed children, as patient, even blithe, a band of little folks as one could wish to see. They are made so through the love and gentleness which form the crowning spirit of the institution. Dr. Knight, the resident physician, holds no hard charity-scepter in his hand, but rather gives each little sufferer a share in his heart. It is beautiful to see his firm yet gentle authority; beautiful to see the children crowding about him, content if they can merely touch his arm or his knee, and more beautiful still to see his earnest face light up with radiant pleasure when the little ones evince any improvement which his watchful eye is so keen to detect.

"See," said one bright-eyed little creature to me on the day I first visited the Home, "when I first came here I couldn't walk or even stand up—*now* I can walk first-rate."

"Certainly, and she shall be able to walk even better than that," said the Doctor's cheery voice.

The girl gave him a bright glance and nodded. Yes, she felt sure of it, for the Doctor, she knew, was a man of his word. Next I noticed a frank-faced boy, who seemed to have nothing in the world the matter with him, except that he had a fancy for wearing a brace from his throat to his temple.

"That little fellow," said the Doctor, "had a twisted neck—a bad case—but he will soon be all right."

"Why is that child here?" I whispered to the Doctor, looking toward a shy little puss who sat demurely making bead rings.

"She *had* a club foot," said the Doctor, "but she is nearly well; her foot is straight enough now."

Some had paralysis, some white-swellings, some hip disease—one and all were under treatment for lameness or distortion of some kind. I was in the midst of suffering and deformity, and yet, somehow, I felt so glad I could have shouted, for were not nearly all of the little creatures being cured?

The blessings of Him who said to the lame man, "Take up thy bed and walk," have fallen on the labors of the good Doctor. All his studies and labors, his steadfast, unwearied delving into the dry soil of science, have come into fruit and flower. He is successful even beyond the hopes of the sanguine. God grant that his prayers for a still larger field of usefulness may not be in vain! He sees so very much to do, and comparatively so little done; he feels that each of his twenty-six home-patients represents even twenty-six more hidden away among the poor of the crowded city, who might be made happy and useful members of society if they had but the means of cure within their reach. He has but three or four rooms for the children now, and he needs a great building, airy and spacious, from whose door no little sufferer need be turned away for want of room, and I, for one, hope he will have one before long—don't you?

But even now, with this great need unfulfilled, the Second Avenue Home is a noble institution, with a record to which the society may already turn with pride. I have read its last report, giving the history of 1865, its third year, and a very inspiriting report it is, calculated to make the money fairly jump out of one's pocket (if pockets were not so wofully deep). But, besides this, I have twice "been there to see;" I have looked into the patient, hopeful faces of the children; I have watched them clustering around the Doctor's knee, quite forgetting, it would seem, all the needful suffering he may have

been forced to inflict upon them; I have seen their books and their toys, their tiny white beds, and their maps and slates, and simple school-exercises; have heard their fine parlor organ uniting every childish voice into rich harmony; have heard their merry laughter and seen the palest face among them lit with a sweet smile; better than all, I have heard them with one accord offer thanks to the Giver of all mercies for the comforts they enjoy! So I *know* it is a home indeed for the little creatures, where the sting of poverty is taken away and the burden of suffering lightened, or lifted tenderly from their lives.

Many a time, in the stillness of the bright October nights, those young faces, eloquent each with a separate story, rise in turn before me; even now I hear the echo of one of their beautiful hymns.

"O Jesus, blessed Jesus! but for thee
What would this world of sin and sorrow be?
Where could its children in their varied woe,
For sympathy, for healing, comfort go?
Thine, only thine, the will and power to bless
Poor helpless man in all his wretchedness.

"O Jesus, loving Jesus! who may trace
Through all its wondrous windings thy sweet grace
To sinful men so pitiful, so kind,
So rich in blessing—all may seek and find,
Not only for the sin-sick soul relief,
But consolation for all earth-born grief.

"O Jesus, gentle Jesus! who may tell
What sympathies, what tender mercies dwell
Within thy loving bosom—prompting still
To heal or soothe all forms of human ill!
That man, the sinner, pardon may obtain,
And man, the mourner, solace in all pain.

"O Jesus, gracious Jesus! at thy voice
Earth's poor, heart-broken, sorrowing ones rejoice—
As well they may, since thine alone the balm
To heal all sickness; thine alone to calm
Life's troubled waters, bid all anguish cease,
And fill each bosom with thine own pure peace.

"O Jesus, faithful Jesus! whose but thine
The blessed power to soften and refine
The human heart; its ministries employ
To find in doing good its sweetest joy—
Most blessed in blessing others; thus to be
Most like, and nearer, dearer, Lord, to thee!" M. E. D.

GROWLER.

BY EULA LEE.

THE clock struck eight, and though thrice called,
Poor Johnny's just crawled out,
And thinks that every one's at fault,
And he's abused, no doubt.
He slams the doors to give full vent
To all his naughty spite,
And makes us wish, I grieve to say,
He'd been forgotten quite.

"What made you wake me up so late?
I sha'nt be dressed for school;
I don't want any breakfast—
The toast and steak all cool.
And some one sat in my own place,
And used my napkin, too;
I never can have anything."
(Without a great ado.)

"Then there's my books to cover, too,
And not a lesson learned;
Oh, dear! who ever saw the like?
I wish the whole were burned.
Now, Minnie, don't get in my way,
Nor touch a single thing."
Then Minnie sighs, quite audibly,
"There, Growler's come again!"

And still he scolds and frets and frowns,
And throws his books about,
As if one's path grew smoother
For getting in a pout.
Poor Johnny! did you ever think
What cruel thorns you're planting
For self and friends so kind and true,
Your life-path ever haunting?

And God is looking down, my boy,
From yonder glorious sky;
I wonder if he really can
Love such as you and I.

Then let us strive, as years pass on,
To earn the love he gives,
For a grumbler is the *meanest* thing
That on his footstool lives.

ACQUAINT THEE, MY CHILD.

ACQUAINT thee, my child,
Acquaint thee with God,
And joy, like the sunshine,
Shall beam on thy road;
Sweet peace, like the dewdrop,
Shall fall on thy head;
And sleep, like an angel,
Shall visit thy bed.

Acquaint thee, my child,
Acquaint thee with God,
And He shall be with thee
When fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in danger
That threatens thy path;
Thy joy in the valley
And shadow of death.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

A JOYOUS welcome to the bright Indian summer with its soft and balmy air and beautiful though faded leaves. Autumn is my favorite season, and as each glorious day speeds swiftly by, I cling to every golden hour as to a precious friend taking his departure from me, counting each moment as it passes. What treasures of beautiful leaves are floating about us, making us long to gather them all, that none shall decay! How they sadden the heart with their withering brightness, and remind us of our own short pilgrimage here below. How many lessons to mortals does each falling leaf convey! Let us each shed a cheerful ray around us as we plod onward, and may we all grow beautiful as we near our journey's end! Chilly winds will soon drive us from the doors and windows to the warm fireside, and Jack Frost will spread his icy mantle over ponds and lakes, urging us out into the cold moonlight for a merry skate; sleigh-bells will jingle cheerily and winter be upon us in good earnest, but do not let it creep into our hearts, young Merryites, but keep them warm toward one another and the dear old MUSEUM; but, hold! I must give way to the crowd around me.

L. I., *Sept.* 21, 1866.

UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—From the center of Merrydom a voice cries, yea, even the voice of Coy, saying, "Kindly greeting to all." How many will send the echo back again?

Upon one of those melting days of the just-vanished August there came a silent messenger, placing in Coy's hands a tender, touching message. For it came to pass that one Harry plaintively asked, "Coy, why so long silent?" Poor H. C. H. D.! Then the *maiden* consulted her oracle for a response, and forthwith came a multitude of excuses. But from the jargon of words she could firmly grasp only these, and nothing more: "School just closed—Examination; Tired! Can't! Thermometer. Spirit boils. Manipulator! *New Editor!* Afraid of him! [Oracle fibbed.] Off on a summer jaunt." Imitating the coroner who accounted for the fearful mortality of the season thus, "There are so many dying now who never died before," so I plead, there are so many writing now who never wrote before, that I step aside to give them room. No! I have not forsaken the MUSEUM. Truly, often "I can't *sleep* for *dreaming* of it," and—the Cousins.

Allie Frank, are you *so* misled by a *ruse* that you can't chat occasionally?

On the defensive, COY.

You came just too late for last month, but we are glad to see your handwriting again, and knew that your love for the old MUSEUM has not faded and vanished away. Shall we never see your face again in the sanctum? You will be always welcome.

Oct. 1, '66.

Ha! ha! You shall not cheat the Chat out of a letter from me this time.

Fleta, I'll know better than to be so kind as to write to you and then have my letter confiscated.

Jolly Jingle, can you jingle your voice loud enough to shout—Long live Queen Iva?

Em Moore, I guess you do not live far from here.

Won't some of the Cousins write to a fellow-coz? and be sure and put it in a cart(e). But my time has—

IOWA BOY.

CITY OF SHAD.

DEAR UNCLE ROB:—I suppose you'd change the old proverb so as to make it read, "Better never than late;" but I can't see it.

I take up the MUSEUM semi-occasionally, and read each time of some everlasting row about kings and queens, "blottings out of our brightest stars," and also ravings about penny trumpets, etc., etc., till I am all confused, and sigh for the happy day when all our Merry food was peas and hominy. But everything peaceful and harmonious has gone up, and anarchy has come down like night. I suppose I'm behind the times, but it is a mystery to me how sich doins have taken the place of our

nice, sober, quiet talks. I don't know anything about this fight, but as I have implicit confidence in Sans Souci, I'll take the side she's on.

Some one once asked me, "What's in a name?" Let that person write a letter to a young lady some time, and direct it to a young gentleman of the same name (as I did once), and they'll soon find out.

My letter looks rather s(e)lim, but, Uncle, you will excuse brevity, and I'll come again (when I can't stay so long).

MUSTARD.

NEW YORK CITY, *Sept.* 1, 1866.

DEAR UNCLE :—I thank you very much for receiving me so kindly, and to get acquainted right away to my Cousins.

Willie H. Coleman, have you any objections of making an acquaintance with a new comer?

And Sunbeam, do speak to me and say I am welcome.

Uncle, please allow me to sit by Blue-Bell. I do hope some of the Cousins will condescend to write to me. Uncle has my address. Dear Uncle, by next month I promise to send you my *c. de v.*, but send yours right away. I should be pleased to receive the *c. de v.* of any of the Cousins, or all. You need not be afraid, dear Cousins all, to write to a

FAIRY.

ALLEGHENY, *Oct.* 20, 1866.

UNCLE MERRY :—Imagine my feelings when I opened the MUSEUM this month and discovered the fact that I had been admitted into the Merry circle—that I was a real, genuine, regular, veritable, *bona fide* member of the far-famed *Merry circle*—a society made up of such persons as Saucy Nell, Forestina, Jolly Jingle, Jasper, Mignonette, Lizzie E. N., Pertine, Forest, Flib, Juno, Albert Wolf, Sans Souci, Roguish Kate and Oddity, Rubie Linden, Addie W., Franc, Sigma, Coy, etc., etc., whew! Emperor Napoleon himself could never have felt more important.

As I am but comparatively a stranger yet, of course I feel backward about talking; so who will be the first to condescend to open the conversations? Rubie Linden, what do you say to starting it? Pleasant weather! Yes, very! Please tell me, is that "beautiful sea-girt isle" from which you write, Australia? Reason why I ask, I have a red-headed cousin living out there, and aunt's very anxious to hear from him.

Don't you think, Uncle, it will be time enough to make a "demonstration" to prove my right to a seat at Juno's side when she denies it?

But having a faint recollection of some relentless tool which it was fatal to tempt with letters of undue proportions, I will reserve a few other excellent ideas for another time.

Remember me kindly to Roguish Kate and Oddity of Bogtown.

EUCLID.

CONSERVATORY, *Aug.* 14.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS :—Please may I enter your charming circle? I commenced taking the MUSEUM when five years old, and this is the fifth year I have taken it, and I feel as if I could not part with it. I have long wished to become a member of the Chat, but have dared to enter. Will please some of the Cousins write? Please, dear Uncle, don't clip this. Love to all from a

ROSE GERANIUM.

CLAVERACK, *Sept.* 2, '66.

DEAR MERRYS :—I should like to join the Merry circle very much, if you will receive me.

Saucy Nell, I'm in for you—you may consider me as one of your friends.

Jolly J., are you of the masculine or feminine gender?

Moss Rosebud, will you correspond? Ditto any other Cousin. Uncle has my address. Merryly, your new Cousin,

DOLLY WINKLE.

IN *My* SANCTUM, *Oct.*, 1866.

DEAR COUSINS ALL :—"Out of sight, out of mind," so I suppose it is so with you, and except when I speak you forget my existence, but this is to remind you that "I still live," and have an interest in the Chat as heretofore.

Tulips, you were "too bad," you should remember that "the truth is not to be spoken always."

Hero, "I am ow'er young."

Blue-Stocking, since you desire my acquaintance, I have a picture which, if you send me your address, you can have "sent by mail, free of charge."

Roguish Kate and Oddity, your letter was telling; I congratulate you on your success.

Spectator, what "port" did you "sail" from last? send me your address, I have something important to tell you.

Rubie Linden, I hope you are satisfied that no "who" prevents my writing to *you.*

W. A. R., you are very complimentary—thanks.

Belle-Rose, if I should get a letter from *you* I should think "something" *had* happened.

Uncle, what *is* the matter? the Cousins are all crying "peace! peace!" but there is no peace. *Peace*, wherever thou art, come *reign* in our midst.

To those Cousins wishing to exchange pictures, I would say, "a new supply just received;" don't all speak at once for the picture of

Your Merry Cousin, MAMIE.

You have not been out of "mind," even though out of "sight," and we are glad to know you have not entirely deserted our circle. Mamie shall have a letter as soon as possible, and a call whenever we are again in that vicinity. In answer to your questions we refer you to Kitty Clover's letter.

ST. LOUIS, *Oct.* 16, 1866.

DEAR MERRY:—After a long silence I once more take up my "Gillott's 303" for the laudable purpose of chattering with you a little while, and hope to be able to do better in the future than I have done in the past.

Roguish Kate, I have answered your last.

Sigma and Franc, I am astonished at you. Sigma, why don't you answer my letter? If I am to consider myself "dropped," say so, and I will be satisfied; but if I am not so to consider myself, answer my letters with a little more punctuality in future.

In the Corner, I believe you are indebted to me also.

Le Magnet, what in the world has become of you?

For those who wish to know the direction of Cis, I will state that it is—Care of Messrs. Scott and Brothers, No. 9 Locust Street, St. Louis.

But this epistle is already too long, so I will close, and believe me I remain as ever, Your Merry Cousin, CIS.

Oct. 15, 1866.

UNCLE MERRY:—In my last letter to the Chat, dated June 25th, I inclosed a letter to be forwarded to Delia. I have not received any answer to that letter, and I thought it might be because the letter had been mislaid and not sent to her. Be so kind as to let me know whether the letter was sent or not.

Verbena, I have looked for a letter from you every mail day since I received the August MUSEUM, but it has not come yet. How much longer am I to wait for it? Not long, I hope.

Delia, I think I, too, may say, "I fear you 'are not what you seem,' viz., willing to write to and X with any of the 'Cousins.'"

Gipsey Girl, is your "settlement" near this "Forest?"

You need not be afraid of coming too often, Harry Douglas. If we did not come often, I fear we shall soon be forgotten.

I don't know, Juno, but what you have become a "wrinkled, gray-headed, crabbed old maid." Have you?"

Minnehaha of N. Y. and Virginia, you are both welcome, and if either of you should write to me, you may rest assured that you will soon receive an answer from VIOLET FOREST.

All letters which come to us with stamp for postage have been forwarded as desired. The one you wrote was sent to Delia. I have heard nothing of the matter you refer to, and presume nothing will be done about it.

"Absent, but not forgotten," is an old and familiar saying, but Kitty Clover (after a careful perusal of the "Chat" for the last four months) finds *this* more in keeping, "Out of sight, out of mind.'

Now, ye Merrys all, I will not be passed by with silent contempt, and therefore shall intrude my sweet (?) self once more within the parlor and demand a hearing.

"I've something sweet to tell you." We've all wondered at the long silence of Leslie; but it's all very easily explained now; he had an *object* in view—he has *gained that object*, and I fear he'll chat with us no more, for it seems to be much more congenial to his nature to converse with *the one* than the many.

In the name of our Merry band I offer our heartfelt congratulations. We would fain wish thee and thy fair bride a peaceful voyage o'er life's fitful sea, and thine should be a cloudless firmament, but none such *can* meet your vision until you have passed through the portals of the celestial city, and behold the boundless ether of the New Jerusalem.

Love to "Cousin Jennie" and all who've not forgotten KITTY CLOVER.

Extracted Essences.

ABBY T. NICHOLS, you have spoken our sentiments exactly.

RUBIE LINDEN, the Merry paper is twenty-five cents a quire, printed with the Merry badge on one corner of the sheet.

COUSIN JENNIE, we regret we could not have seen you more during your stay in our vicinity. We enjoyed your little visit to the sanctum very much, and hope we shall hear from you again in the Chat.

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by F. B. Carpenter. Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York. Price $2.

This is a simple record of personal incidents and reminiscences of Mr. Carpenter, who spent six months at the White House while painting his great picture representing the Signing of the Proclamation of Emancipation. During that time he had access to the rooms of Mr. Lincoln, and was with him in his daily life, and is better able to write such a book about him than any other man living. It is one of the most interesting books of the season, and contains a great variety of scenes, incidents, and reminiscences which should be read by every child in our land. We will send the book as a premium to any one who will send us three new subscribers with the m ney.

ONE HUNDRED GOLD DOLLARS, by Mrs. J. E. McConaughy, published by J. C. Garrigues, Philadelphia. This little volume is an interesting narrative, showing a difference in two boys in regard to money. One looked upon it only as a means of obtaining comforts, and the other as an end in itself. The one grew up to be happy and useful, and the other to be miserly, selfish, and wicked. It should be in every Sunday-school library.

THE NEW GOLDEN SHOWER.—This new music-book, by Wm. B. Bradbury, contains the gems of the "Golden Shower" with about one half additional new pieces, designed for Temperance meetings, as well as Sunday-schools and social gatherings. The first "Golden Shower" was one of the best music-books ever published; but this new and revised edition is so near perfect that we can cordially recommend it to all engaged in the Sunday-school cause.

Mr. Bradbury has also issued a "New Golden Chain," with about one third new pieces. The "Chain," "Shower," and "Censer," when bound in one volume, make a "Golden Trio" of the best Sunday-school music ever published. We hope Mr. Bradbury will long be spared to make glad the hearts of the children of our country.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.—Among the many publication houses which furnish books and primers for children, we know of none superior to that of Hurd & Houghton, 459 Broome Street, New York. They comprise almost everything which children require, in the best modern style. "Little Red Riding Hood," "The Three Little Kittens," "The Children in the Wood," primers, Bible Alphabets, etc., etc., beautifully illustrated, and numerous styles of art, will carry sunshine wherever they go.

PRANG'S REWARD CARDS.—These beautiful and attractive cards, printed in colors, make the best possible presents and rewards we have ever seen.

The Bible Alphabet, printed in black and in gold, the Ten Commandments, and Scripture Texts, in five parts, are just the things to awaken an interest in the young and encourage them to commit to memory its mottoes. A beautiful set of Infant-class Cards, Bible and Prayer-book Cards, Sabbath-school gems, are among the publications of Mr. Prang. We know of nothing of the kind equal to them in this country. All of their publications are gems, and are admirably suited for their purpose. See advertisement in this number.

Fleta Forrester's Puzzle Drawer.

answers the greatest number of the September Puzzles, and wins his *first prize*.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

98. (Substitute certain figures for the letters in the following, and the sum will be found a correct one.)

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E) D E C K ( L T D L/E
   D N
   ---
     N C
     N C
     ---
       C K
         E
         -
         L
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Willie D.

99. What's the difference between a slave-driver's whip and the early autumn frost? *W. A. R.*

100. My first is useful on a ship; my second is useful on a door; and my whole is a mountain. *W. S. Arthur.*

101. A quadruped, and something essential to the toilet. *"Double-you-see."*

102. Curtail a boy's name, transpose, and leave a fish. *Fred.*

103. I am a word of 6 letters, and contain—1, pulverized earth; 2, repose; 3, a color; 4, a pronoun; 5, impolite; 6, something of frequent occurrence in country roads; 7, the past tense of a verb; 8, veritable; 9, a stratagem; 10, a boy's nickname; 11, the decay of a certain metal; 12, something used by every good housewife. *Rubie Linden.*

104. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 7, 2, 4, 17 is a measure of distance.
My 12, 9, 15, 16, 11 is a fish.
My 13, 14, 6 is a vegetable.
My 1, 5, 8, 14 is to be prudent.
My 1, 17, 10, 3 denotes prosperity.
My whole was a great writer. *Montrose.*

105. I am composed of 19 letters:
My 6, 2, 16, 8, 19 is a fabulous being.
My 13, 5, 15, 1, 9 is to fret.
My 7, 10, 18, 14 is binding.
My 12, 17, 11, 4 is a mark.
My 3 is always found in evil, but never in good.
My whole are spoken of in the New Testament, and are what we *all* should possess. *Dwight.*

106. E., show the river! *"Double-you-see."*

107. They near C. *Metacom.*

108. Her tin choir. *Violet Forest.*

109. Pet sip tea. *Myron.*

110. Best mug, one dime. *A. R. T.*

111. Seed patch. *Carrie Daniels.*

112. Some croup. *Gertie N.*

113. Insane cur. *Alf.*

114. Queer saints. *Allie Frank.*

115. I am composed of 23 letters:
My 2, 3, 1, 14, 8, 9 are shy birds.
My 15, 16, 21, 5, 19, 20, 18 are high or low, ardent or depressed, evil or good, wicked or holy, as you prefer.
My 6, 10, 11, 7, 22 is one of Shakspeare's most famous characters.
My 6, 17, 11, 12 is a city of Europe.
My 13, 4, 23, 19, 7, 8 was a prophet.
My 2, 3, 12, 5, 3, 8, 22, 3, 18 is to be of a complaining disposition.
My whole is an undesirable possession. *Massasoit.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

116. Cut your relations. *A. R. T.*

117. Plunge her in. *Genesee.*

118. The old folks sick? *Vincent.*

119. Sly orbs! *Abbot.*

120. 1000, 1000, 1000,
S
Roguish Kate and Oddity.

121. Counties in Illinois: 1, a kind of spring; 2, to glance; 3, to desire; 4, captive; 5, a fish; 6, a calm place. *Fred W. C. C.*

122. Entire, I denote a pair; behead, and I am victorious; again behead, and I am a preposition; curtail me, and you know me best. *Bonnie Bell.*

123. Convert an angel by transposition into a short sentence; curtail the latter, and have by transposition a musical character; behead the last, and leave a musical instrument. *Esther.*

124. Behead a fish, and leave a victory; behead the latter, and leave a preposition; or curtail the fish, transpose, and leave a victory; curtail the last, transpose, and leave a pronoun. *Benny T.*

☞ *Answers to the above must reach me before the 8th of December.*

☞ Send puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, to "F. F.," Drawer 6, P. O., New Haven, Conn.

Answers to Puzzles in Sept. No.

50. The Mississippi River.

51. Mayne Reid.

52. Pomegranate.

53. Wasp, asp, as.

54. Enormously.

55. Valetudinarianism.

56. Cholera.

57. Maher,-shalal,-hash,-baz.

58. Sacerdotal.

59. Oriental.

60. Basaltic.

61. Boat, oat, boa.

62. When he has got a little behind-hand. (*Albert Amerman* says "when he *doubles* his fists!")

63. Rut land.

64. Carpenter. (*Shooting Star* says "Enter-o-cele; enter, O! seal!")

65. Picnics.

66. Annually.

67. Raven, Nerva.

68. Ermine, miner. (*Keystone* says "Polar Bear; a laborer.)

69. "Blot out Miss Ellen!"

70. Magnet.

71. Ethereal, the real.

72. *Tu*mid.

73. MARQUETTE, WISCONSIN: 1, street; 2, square; 3, quarter; 4, town; 5, cities; 6, counties; 7, State; 8, tract; 9, America; 10, oceans; 11, water.

Of the above 24 PUZZLES—

KEYSTONE answers all but 71, 73—22.
Loyalty answers all but 68, 69, 73—21.
Quaker answers all but 69, 70, 73—21.
Florence answers all but 52, 63, 73—21.
Allie Frank answers all but 54, 68, 73—21.
Hero answers all but 55, 71, 73—21.
Ora Webster answers all but 69, 70, 73—21.
Roguish Kate and Oddity answer all but 54, 55, 68, 73—20.
Lizzie E. N. answers all but 54, 68, 71, 73—20.
C. W. J. answers all but 55, 64, 67, 69, 71, 73—18.
Yarick answers all but 63, 67, 68, 69, 71, 73—18.
Shooting Star answers all but 52, 63, 67, 68, 69, 71, 73—17.
Minnehaha (N. Y.) answers all but 52, 54, 55, 60, 64, 65, 67, 68, 69, 71, 72, 73—12.
Harry C. H. Douglas answers 50, 51, 52, 53, 59, 61, 62, 63, 64, 66, 70—11.
Albert Amerman answers 50, 52, 56, 57, 59, 60, 61, 62, 66—9.
Je mème answers 50, 51, 53, 56, 61, 63, 66—7.
Arthur Lee answers 50, 51, 52, 61, 66, 70—6.
H. of B. answers 50, 51, 59, 61, 66, 72—6.
Gipsey Girl answers 50, 51, 56, 61, 70—5.
Henry Shaw answers 52, 61, 66, 70—4.
W. Derrah answers 50, 61—2.
Eddie E. Perkins answers 50—1.

Notices to Correspondents.

Harry C. H. Douglas, three is all.

Gipsey Girl, send all you obtain, whether with or without assistance. Your dainty letter was quite a treat.

Arthur Lee, that last sentence could quite as correctly have been addressed also to you.

W. A. R., firstly, *secondly*, and LASTLY, you are welcome; I think even a *fifteenthly* would not dispose me to join in with those bad people who call you—— well, *names*, you remember! You are quite the "tame bear" of my collection! May your *growl* never be less!

Lizzie E. N., thanks for your letter; will consider your request.

Minnehaha (N. Y.), did I expose anything more than my own inability to publish? I did not know it. I should like to be forgiven, if you are willing.

Je mème, the "wild Irishman" who attends elections (and what one *ever didn't*) might figure in the answer to No. 50 but for the danger of a *row!* I can not deny your arguments that when he "sees double" he must of course have *four eyes!* etc., etc.

Thanks for Enigmas, etc., to Genesee, Roguish Kate and Oddity, H. of B., Quaker, Bob White, Yarick, Esther, Henry Shaw, Carrie D., Shooting Star, and Abbot.

HAWTHORN BLOSSOMS.

BY MRS. J. E. McCONAUGHY.

CHAPTER VI.—FRANK A CABINET-MAKER.

FRANK took to spending much of his spare time in the attic, but nobody knew what he was about, except papa. They two kept their own counsel. Frank was very handy with all sorts of cabinet tools, and papa had given him Parr's tool-chest for boys, on his last birth-day. It was kept in the attic, so mother and Grace were not greatly surprised at his being up there so much.

At last the great secret came out. It had been a peculiarly tiresome day with Grace. She longed to be well and strong again, and to play about as she used to. She had got all the amusement she could out of her kittens and doll-babies, and mother was just thinking what new pleasure she could contrive for her. Just then in

walked Frank with a little house, or cupboard, as he called it, in his hand, which he had spent so much time in fashioning. He placed it on the stand, which stood close by Grace's lounge, and hid himself behind her, to see how she liked it. It was pay enough to see the glow of pleasure that spread all over her face and lit up her sweet blue eyes. Then she put her arms around her brother's neck and pulled down his big head, with its strong brown hair, next to hers, kissing him over and over again. He did not look as foolish as some boys do when they chance to get a kiss. He was used to it. It did more than he ever knew toward making him manly and noble and generous. It kept him above the groveling level of some boys in his school. He scorned to do a mean action. How could he bound up the steps and stoop over his mother's chair for her evening kiss when there was a stain on his soul?

Frank paid back his sister's kisses in good measure, and then crossed his feet and went on to "explain about" the cupboard. "Here were the shelves to set her dishes on, and there some hooks to hang up her tin things." Then the crowning excellence of all was the wide drawer at the bottom, "to put pillow-cases and things in, just like mother's."

It had been no light task to make that drawer, simple and easy as it looked. A great deal of care and skill were needed to fit all the little corners together exactly, and to arrange it so it would slide in and out with ease. Frank had to do all this by trying, as he had never served an apprenticeship. When you buy such articles, you have to pay one price for the thing itself and one for the "know how." The more of this "know how" you have, the better you will be likely to get on in the world, if you only put it to a good use.

Grace wished her little tea-set brought out and her box of small tin-ware, so she could see how well the things would fit. Frank was quite ready to oblige her—as any boy likes to see his efforts appreciated. So the tiny cups and saucers were placed on the upper shelf, and the tea-pot and sugar-bowl and cream-cup set beside them. Then came the little plates and a tiny box of knives and forks and spoons, and various other presents which had been given her from time to time.

"I guess I'll put my things to eat in the drawer, Frank," she said, "then the kittens and mice can't get at them. I'll wrap my sponge-cake up in a little napkin, when mother gives me some, and put it in this corner, and my little raisin-box in that; and when you bring me home any candies, I can lay them in a little dish, and put them here

in the middle. It's such a nice deep drawer, it would hold an orange, I do believe. I will put some of my farina biscuits in it now." And she gathered up a handful of the dainty morsels and placed them in the drawer, with great satisfaction. Then she shut it up, and in about half a minute opened it again to see how they looked. That little cupboard did her more good than any medicine, and Frank was fully as happy as she over it. Do you know why? Because he had provided the pleasure for her. I am not sure but he enjoyed it even more. It is always "more blessed to give than to receive." How little of this blessing some people have, as they go through the world!

Frank's father and mother were both made happy by seeing him take so much pains to please his little sister. They knew he was learning a lesson in something a great deal more important than cabinet-making, useful as that might be to him. Older brothers and sisters do not know what a blessing the little ones about the house are to them. They are apt to think they are a good deal in the way, and rather meddlesome. But these are just the things that keep you from growing up selfish and disagreeable, forming a character that nobody can love.

Frank was by nature a careless, heedless boy, and he owed a great deal to little Grace for making him more gentle and considerate.

Papa went out that afternoon, and when he came home at tea-time, he had a nice little package of cream bon-bons for Grace's drawer.

"You will mention to the little girl who owns the cupboard that she had better eat but six a day of the candies, won't you, Grace?" said papa; "you know she can divide them up—two in the morning, two at noon, and two at night."

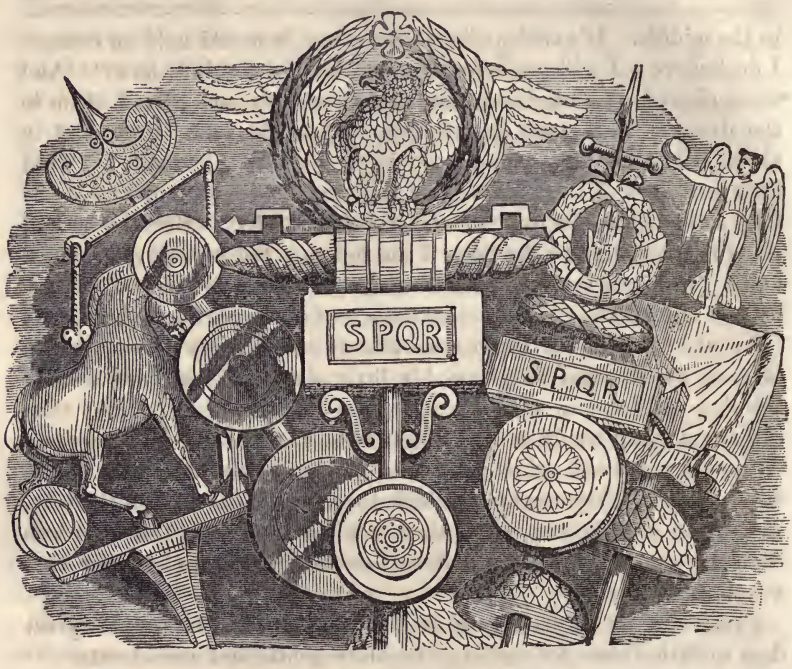
Grace put her little head on one side as she peeped into the drawer, and thought this a rather hard condition, but she promised to tell the little girl. Then she picked out a beautiful bright candy star and a mottled pineapple for her evening treat.

"That is for my boy," said papa, taking a little parcel rolled up in tissue paper from his vest pocket.

Frank uttered an exclamation of delight as he saw the beautiful three-bladed knife, with pearl handle, and silver plates on either side. On one plate was engraved his name, and on the other some initial letters which he understood to mean "A kind brother."

The day rounded off very happily, because each tried to give pleasure to one another. Can't you imagine how it would have been if each had made it a rule "to look out for number one?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



ROMAN STANDARDS.

THE ancient Romans had quite a variety of standards. The first was merely a bundle of hay. Afterward they adopted a spear, with a cross piece at top, and surmounted by the figure of a human hand, and below with a small oval shield made of gold or silver. On this shield deities were sometimes engraven. The use of standards was to form a rallying point for the soldiers, and in most cases their courage remains strong so long as they can see their standard erect or their flag fluttering in the breeze. It matters little what may be the form of the ensign; if it is only the recognized standard, the soldiers gather around it with courage and enthusiasm.

ACT KINDLY.—If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him at once, but try him again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your ends. By little and little great things are completed.

Water falling day by day
Wears the hardest rock away.

WILD OATS.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

CHAPTER XII.—A NEW PLAN.

[CONCLUSION.]

MEANWHILE the ferry-boat was still careering about in the water, and had nearly reached the piers. Her luckless navigators had given up all effort, and with helpless indignation were waiting for the light of morning.

"Good-night, dears," said the Lyman boys from the bank; "take the old cannon, and welcome! We forgot to say she's burst up—won't go off!"

"We'll teach 'em to meddle with our doings next time," said Master Johnny, grandly. "If we don't fire the first salute, we'll know why. Here goes for Benton. Come on, Nat!"

It was a very easy thing to abstract the horse from Mr. Emerson's barn and the hayrack from his shed, but not quite so easy for two adventurous youths to drive twelve miles soberly and safely through the darkness, especially in such exceeding haste. Mr. Emerson would have trembled for the necks of horse and drivers; but, strange to say, the journey was made without accident, and the boys reached Benton before half-past two in the morning.

Captain Eastman, the "first selectman" of the town, was aroused from a heavy slumber and informed that the village of "Lyman proper" wished to borrow a cannon—that it was almost a case of life and death, and that it wouldn't do to lose a minute!

At first the sleepy gentleman did not see the dire necessity of the case; but when Johnny, with boyish eloquence, had fully explained it, he laughed, patted the lads on the head, and said they richly deserved the cannon, and should have it forthwith. He did not know by what dishonest means they had obtained their horse, or he would not have been so ready to oblige them.

Johnny and Nat drove back in high feather with their new cannon, which weighed twice as much as the old one, and would, they hoped, make twice as much noise.

"Nat, it takes you and me to set things going," chuckled Johnny.

"Didn't we do a big thing, though, when we cut the ferry-rope?" responded Nat, whipping the horse.

"They haven't got across yet. If they had, they'd have fired by this time. Crack the whip, why don't you? No time to be lost."

They were rapidly approaching home. The bells were ringing with a ceaseless ding-dong, for it was now half-past four, and nobody had a right to sleep later than that on Independence morning, though there were a few sick people who might have said with the poet:

> "Ye rascals of ringers, ye merciless foes
> And disturbers of all who are fond of repose,
> How I wish for the comfort and good of the land,
> Ye had round your *necks* what ye hold in your *hands!*"

Several guns went off from time to time, but not a sound as yet from the little old cannon. The boys clattered into town, their faces aglow with eagerness, but old Tom ready to drop with fatigue, and in no state to take the Emerson ladies visiting, as he had been expected to do when put into the stable the night before. As soon as our adventurers arrived at the top of the Eaton hill, which overlooked their own South Village, they stopped their poor horse, cried with a thrill of ecstasy, "Now says I," took the cannon out of the hayrack and fired a bold salute, which reverberated like a clap of thunder. Never were more triumph and pride expressed from such a brazen mouthpiece! It was the quintessence of a thousand shouts of defiance. It was for the ears of the saucy Sodomites, and the poor creatures heard it just as they had landed, and were about wheeling their well-earned cannon up the bank.

"What's this?" said Luther Potts, in dismay; "who's firing salutes from the Eaton hill?"

"Hullo! that's John Merry, I'll warrant; and he's been and gone and got the Benton cannon! Just like him!" replied Washington Bangs, jumping at a conclusion.

It was a complete victory, there could be no doubt of it, and the crest-fallen Sodomites had to acknowledge that they were severely beaten. But in the very midst of their humiliation, and while Johnny and Nat were screaming huzzahs which echoed far and wide, an accident was happening which threatened to end their day's sport.

Poor old Tom, though terribly jaded, was not too tired to be frightened by the awful explosion a few yards from his nose. Perhaps the end of the world had come—he didn't know; at any rate he meant to save his own life if he could; so he made a desperate plunge, threw his head back, raised his heels in air, blew foam from his nostrils, and with a rattlety-bang and a clang, dashed down the hill. It was his intention to free himself from the dead weight of the hayrack, to fly from the noise of bells, guns, and all other Fourth-of-July performances.

In vain Johnny and Nat shouted after him, and ran waving their hats. There is no madder terror than that of a startled horse, and unhappy Tom was not to be reasoned with. Moreover, a firecracker fizzed in his path, and that last mishap completed the mischief. He kicked away the remnants of the hayrack, all but the thills, ran into the only wagon on the street, breaking two wheels and injuring the horse, and, at last, jumped headlong over his master's fence, so bruised and exhausted that young Frank Emerson, who chanced to be in the yard, supposed he was positively in a dying condition.

How the wretched animal happened to be out of the stable and in this plight was a mystery; but Mr. Emerson soon appeared, roused by the noise, and taking Johnny by the collar, who was already pale and trembling, demanded to know what it was all about.

"I didn't know—I didn't think—I didn't *mean*, Mr. Emerson—O dear, what shall I do?"

Johnny had intended from the first to make full confession, but had not expected such a rush of tears and such a lump in his throat.

"I wanted the—the—cannon; but I—I didn't suppose 'twas going to kill the horse!"

Mr. Emerson, when he at last understood the case, was naturally very indignant, and not easily mollified.

"Pretty doings, young sir," said he; "next time I allow a pack of boys in my barn I shall know what to expect! Did you know when you took my horse without leave you were committing a crime—*a crime*, John Merry? I can have you lodged in jail for it—*in jail*, do you hear?"

At these dreadful words every particle of color left Johnny's cheek, and he seemed so near fainting that Frank Emerson rushed up to him with a bucket of water and dashed a handful in his face. Ah, that word "jail" had a sober sound for Johnny. He never heard it without a stifling sensation and a sudden remembrance of four terribly blank walls, a stern judge, an awful jury, and the treacherous friend Alexandrio Carbello.

But he was not destined to another such direful experience, nor did Mr. Emerson mean what he hinted. The kind-hearted man had a long talk that afternoon with Mrs. Merry, and they both said a great deal about Johnny, and the peculiar temptations which beset a headstrong, wide-awake boy. Mr. Emerson had found out by this time that his horse was not materially injured, and he confessed to Mrs. Merry that he had always had a strong liking for Johnny, and was quite ready to overlook his rash and wicked behavior of the night before.

"I am sure you are very forgiving, and I thank you heartily," said Mrs. Merry, drawing a sigh of relief; for she had been wondering how much money would satisfy the man, and whether she should be able to pay it.

"But tell me, if you can, my kind friend, what ought I to do with such an impulsive, wayward boy? He means to do right, but his good resolutions are as short-lived as lucifer-matches, and he is continually falling into mischief."

"Well, madam, I'll give you my advice in four words—*Put him at work!* You say he hates his books! That's because they are always forced upon him. Let him have the fun for a while of *something to do!*"

"Well, sir, what?"

"Let me drill him on my farm, ma'am, for one year, and see what comes of it."

"You don't know what a task you are proposing for yourself, Mr. Emerson!"

"Don't I, though? Haven't I seen just such boys in my own family, ma'am? Come, let me take him, and I'll pay him all he earns. He shall spend his nights at home, if you say so. Mark my words, Mrs. Merry, *employment* is the main thing."

"I must write to his Uncle Drummond," said Mrs. Merry, thoughtfully.

Mr. Emerson didn't think it made much difference what Mr. Drummond Merry thought, but he took care not to say so.

"Don't be discouraged about Johnny, Mrs. Merry. The same spirit which led him to cut the ferry-rope, and to rush pell-mell after the Benton cannon, is just the spirit that will be the making of him one of these days."

After a little reflection, and the very reluctant consent of aristocratic Uncle Drummond, it was decided that Johnny might go to Mr. Emerson's "to spend his surplus activity," as his uncle expressed it.

The plan was wonderfully wise, as it proved. Our hero did not at first like the confinement, but he really wished to please his mother, and at the same time add his mite to the family income. He was too proud to put his hand to the plow and look back. He would not show himself thriftless and idle; he determined to be the briskest and most industrious boy Mr. Emerson had ever had on his farm.

His employer, finding he had not been mistaken in the lad, and that he was really to be depended upon, rubbed his hands, saying,

"Don't tell me a boy can't turn over a new leaf! Look at our Johnny! You see if he doesn't make just about the smartest man in Lyman one of these days!"

It was not long before the townspeople were of Mr. Emerson's opinion. Johnny had never had any real vices, and now he began to develop real virtues. He worked just enough to keep himself out of mischief, and the sweet influences of home fostered all his good resolutions and gave a decided bent to his unformed character.

It was a fine thing for Johnny that about this time he broke up the habit of staying out evenings. It was much wiser as well as safer to spend his leisure hours at home with his sister Brownie and Ada Foster, and at last he thought it was even pleasanter.

That very autumn an excellent school was opened in Lyman, and Johnny was one of the best students who attended it.

Time passed on, touching his cheeks with the downy beard of manhood, and making him a dignified teacher in the very school-house from which he had once been expelled by "winter-killed Higgins." You may be sure he taught well, for Johnny was one who put his whole soul into any work he undertook.

Ada Foster and Brownie sat in one of the back seats and ciphered very steadily, though they looked a little roguish sometimes when they caught the youthful teacher's eye and remembered how often they had seen him feruled in that very room.

But Johnny did not mean to spend his life in a school-house. Teaching was only the stepping-stone to a collegiate course, and after that a medical course, for Johnny had long set his heart upon being a physician.

His Uncle Drummond, who had made so many pleasant speeches and fair promises, never did much toward helping him get an education. It was very niggardly and unkind of Uncle Drummond to treat his brother's family in such a manner; still, his meanness was not without a good effect. Johnny found he had no relative to prop him, so he was forced to depend entirely upon himself, and, after all, that is what everybody must do who would succeed in the world.

His energy and perseverance gratified Mrs. Merry very much, and she was always ready to encourage him with smiles and words of good cheer, such as a mother always loves to give to a darling son. She was not much afraid for him now, for he had learned to turn his back on temptation, and was slowly beginning to trust in his heavenly Father.

She was a happy woman when he earned the title of M.D. and entered the army during our late war as one of the most promising young surgeons in the State.

Uncle Drummond is now very proud of him, and forgets that he has not helped the boy at all, but seems to imagine himself Johnny's greatest staff and support. He says a good deal about "Dr. John Merry, my brother's son, who was left in my care. A remarkable young man, has distinguished himself in the army, is beginning to have a fine practice in one of the largest towns in Massachusetts. I may well be proud of the boy I've brought up!"

THE *one* talent some men have consists in swelling and blowing as if they had *ten!*

THE BOY THAT MADE A WATER-WHEEL.

YOUNG Master Andrew was a real boy, and no child of the imagination—who was very fond of seeing what he could do, and what useful and curious things he could make. He was said to have been so very small when he first opened his eyes upon this big world, that he could have been put bodily into a good-sized coffee-pot. Indeed, I have heard that the feat was actually performed, and that he was not all the way of the lid; but I can not say positively whether that was *fact* or *joke;* but this I know, that this tiny bit of humanity was bundled up in a blanket and carried about on a pillow for weeks and weeks, and it was a long time before he was thought worthy of either dress or petticoat! In this delicate and feeble condition he was said to have weighed three pounds and a half! Whether troy or avoirdupois weight I can not positively assert.

Notwithstanding all the odds against him, the boy was determined to live and see what was going on in the world, and what he could do in it; so in process of time he arrived at the dignity of boots and breeches, and then, you know, he was equal to any undertaking. His father was a farmer, and Andrew was reared in a farm-house. On his way to school he would stop at the old well, where the girls were filling their pitchers, and wonder how the water could be so easily drawn up by the mere turning of the wheel. As soon as he was old enough to observe the relations of things, he was forever trying experiments. Once upon a time he made a galvanic battery out of a great pile of old-fashioned copper cents and pieces of zinc, which with some kind of liquid he contrived to bring out electricity. So he gave every one in the house, whom he could prevail upon to touch the battery, an electric shock, which would twitch their

nerves and make them jump. One day a neighbor man came in, when young Andrew asked him to put the tip of his tongue to the battery; and the man desiring to see the effect of such an experiment, inclined his head for a trial; but his nose being of prodigious length, the electric spark was communicated first to that lofty appendage, which made him leap as though he had been stung by a wasp.

But this is not telling how the boy made the water-wheel. I suppose he must have seen one in operation somewhere, and observing how it worked, thought he might make one that would work as well. So all the spare time he had—for he helped his father on the farm, raked the hay, planted the corn, milked the cows, fed the pigs, and drove the horses—he spent in the shop, which was near the house; it was a sort of blacksmith and carpenter shop, where his father made and repaired tools, shod the horses, etc. Here young Andrew would work rainy days, and at other times when he was not needed on the farm; and so, in process of time, after much patient effort and painstaking, he surprised his father and the whole family by exhibiting an immense water-wheel, arranged all around the outside with small boards, forming buckets, which when filled with water pouring into them would keep turning the wheel. But what did he intend to do with this water-wheel? Well, I will tell you. He intended it should do the work of the dog "Mars," that churned in the cellar. You see, in a farm-house there is usually a great deal of milk to be made into butter, and as it was pretty hard work to churn by hand, day after day, a churning machine had been placed in the cellar, which a dog by walking upon could keep in motion, and so churn the milk into butter. But the dog could not always be depended upon; he had the human trick of being *lazy* and not liking to work, and sometimes would be very snappish about it, and at other times would skulk out of the way when he was most wanted. Now Andrew thought he would make something that would not refuse to work when it had anything to work with; and the next thing after making the wheel was to get sufficient power of water to turn it, and this he found in a small stream of water that rose in a hill beyond the house, ran through one corner of the sloping door-yard, and flowed down into the meadow below. This stream, thought Andrew, could be turned into a very respectable pond, if his father could be only induced to hire some stone-masons to build a dam; and then the natural slope and shape of the yard was such as to form a very good basin for a pond of water, and with a little digging and shaping it

would very much improve the appearance of the yard. And so his father, wishing to gratify his son in things good and reasonable, consented to have the dam built and the wheel put to work. The wheel was placed under the dam and connected by a stout wire with some simple machinery in the cellar, to which the churn-dash was attached when the milk was ready to be churned. Then a gate (which was simply a big plank arranged to move up and down in the dam) was raised, and the water flowed through a trough upon the wheel, which caused it to turn round and round until the gate was closed again.

And so the wheel and the water made the butter at the farm-house; saved a great deal of trouble to the household; and was a source of exceeding gratification to Master Andrew, who took great delight in showing visitors how well his water-wheel could work.

The pond was very much admired, as it lay there like a great mirror reflecting the forms of the beautiful maples that swayed their leafy boughs along its green banks. In winter, the children skated upon its glassy surface; and in summer, little golden goslings and shining-back ducks could be seen floating along in quiet delight and satisfaction.

Master Andrew also made a little boat, which was a source of great pleasure to his younger brothers and sisters, whom he would often invite to take a little ride upon the pond. Visitors, too, were often treated to a little sail, which greatly amused and delighted them.

The lad that made the water-wheel now occupies an influential position as minister of the Gospel; and not unfrequently does he find his inventive genius a very valuable substitute for "*greenbacks*."

PEARL PEVERIL.

THY blessing, mother, will be mine
Until my latest breath,
And on my lips thy name will live
Till they are sealed in death.

Thy love shall guide my wayward steps,
And lead me all the way,
Lighting and cheering all my path
By its own heavenly ray.

By mortal ear was never heard,
To mortal voice ne'er given,
To other words more sweet, more dear,
Than *mother*, *home*, and *heaven*.

THE WILD MAN OF THE DESERT.

NEARLY all the places famed in sacred story have passed into the hands of those who do not worship God in spirit and in truth. The mosque or the monastery rears its head on mountain sides, or on the plains around which our holiest associations gather.

It is not unusual to find some convent wall reared on the very summit of a bold and precipitous mountain, the ascent to which must be fortified, to guard against the attacks of the Bedouins.

These "wild men of the desert" are robbers and rovers by profession, and look with scorn upon the quiet dwellers in towns and villages. If circumstances ever compel them to remain for a time in the abodes of civilization, they exhibit the greatest impatience, and embrace the first opportunity to flee away to their deserts and tents again. How like a caged wild beast an imprisoned Arab must chafe and rage!

They regard the desert as their lawful inheritance, the only one given to their progenitor Ishmael, and their plunder of caravans and travelers is regarded by them as only a rightful tribute from those to whom "the corn and wine" have been given.

When little resistance is made to their attacks, bloodshed rarely attends them, though captives are often taken and held for ransom, especially where it is surmised that they are people of note. But woe to the party who set out with the determination to fight their way through, as did a party of five Englishmen many years ago, on a journey from Bagdad to some not very distant point. If a single Arab is killed, vengeance without mercy will be the fate of the assailants. The thoroughly-armed Englishmen fired when attacked, and killed one of these desert rangers, when instantly the whole fury of the pack was aroused. Three of the party were killed on the spot, and the other two rejoiced to escape with the loss of all their treasures.

The Bedouin's hand is literally "against every man;" and there seems no possibility of Christianizing him, unless he can be brought to dwell in quietness in some fixed habitation. The exasperated government which has suffered so much at the hands of these people would gladly hunt them down, but their fleet steeds laugh to scorn all pursuers; and in their mountain fastnesses a handful could keep at bay a well-trained army.

He that would be well spoken of must not speak ill of others.

THE SCHOOL-GIRLS' CHRISTMAS-EVE.

"IT is all decided at last," said Rosy Bowers, dancing into the music-room where her friend Stella was practicing. "Miss Shepherd is willing we should have a Christmas-tree, and you and I are on the committee to decide all about it. They need not have been particular to put us both in, for we should be sure to think exactly alike in any case—shouldn't we, darling?"

Stella gave a nod and a smile to her merry little companion, and then kept on with her practicing as faithfully as if her music-master was standing over her. It was not her way to slight her duties for her pleasures.

"Come, now, Stella, just stop that racket for a second and talk sensibly with me on this important topic, that's a darling."

"In fifteen minutes, Rosebud," said Stella, glancing at the clock. "There are two nice letters for you to read meanwhile;" and she drew from her pocket two long and narrow envelopes, with blue initials on the seal, which quite appeased the little lady.

If there is anything school-girls like better than a box of goodies from home, it is a handful of letters when the mail-box is brought in; and they often seem as delighted in reading over the lengthy epistles of their companions as with their own.

The committee met in the school-room after study-hours, and gravely proceeded to discuss the matter uppermost in every one's mind. It was requested by Miss Shepherd that the gifts should be inexpensive, and derive their value rather from the taste and beauty with which they were made up and the affection that prompted the gift. The day-scholars were all to be invited, and a busy time those thirty pair of little hands must have for the next three weeks. To add still further to the interest of the occasion, Miss Shepherd decided to distribute the prizes for the session on Christmas-eve.

Poor Mary Webb sat alone in the small attic loft, which was the only spot she could call her own in that home of poverty. She had wrapped her old shawl about her, and by the light of the poor, flickering candle strove to learn a lesson for the morrow. But her thoughts wandered now and then away from the page before her, which was not often the case with this diligent young student.

"I dare say it will be a beautiful sight," she said to herself, gazing

off dreaming at the old weather-stained boards and bare rafters of her garret room. "The girls will all be dressed so bright, and the Christmas-tree is to be blazing with little colored lights. How I should love to see it! but Christmas times do not come around for me," she thought, sadly.

Alas poor orphaned Mary! It had been her lot "to eat the begrudged bit and drink the begrudged sup" ever since the sad day that wrote her motherless. But had she forgot the babe of Bethlehem and the Man of sorrows whose heart of love is ever open and overflowing for his sorrowing ones? Ah, no! it was for just such hearts as hers that Christmas times came round with all their holy memories.

"I might go," she thought, "if I only had a dress to wear. The girls treat me kindly, and oh, it would be joy enough to feel the warm clasp of *her* hand and see the look of affection she always has for me. Noble, beautiful Stella! she seems like an angel star indeed to my poor heart. How I wish I could make her some little gift! but what have I to bestow?" she thought, almost in bitterness. "But this is not my lesson;" and she took up her book with sudden energy, while she looked anxiously at the rapidly lessening bit of candle. She put back all thoughts of the bright festival which was the dream of all the school-girls by day and by night, and the iron hand of duty kept them in place, while she applied all her energies to the task before her. The last flicker of candle-light found her at the last paragraph, and hastily disrobing with her benumbed fingers, she crept into her humble bed. With a command of memory uncommon in one so young, she rapidly ran through the lesson in her mind, before she suffered her eyes to close in sleep. She was possessed of a good mind naturally, but possibly her unfavoring surroundings had developed its strength and depth much more than a life of ease and comfort might have done.

As the important evening drew near, the hurry and bustle grew more intense. Every spare minute was given to the dainty affairs in zephyrs, silks, and beads which seemed to abound on every hand, and the difficulty was to keep things secret which ought not to be revealed until the proper time. But you may trust a company of bright school-girls for that. A stranger might have imagined that a grand fancy fair was about to come off, for the purpose of building a church, or some such trifle, judging by the appearance of the preparations. Mary had contrived a little gift for her friend after all, though as humble as her own lot in life. It was simply a fair, grace-

ful hand cut out of pure white paper, with a fancy colored heart woven into the palm. It was only a book-mark, but it required exquisite taste and skill to fashion it so delicately. Mary would not think of offering it to put on the tree, but gave it privately to her friend the day before. Stella threw one arm about the slight figure, and kissing her pale cheeks, said—

"Come early to-morrow evening, darling; there will be some gifts for you, which I happen to know of, and which I am sure you will prize. I should, if they were to be mine."

A look of sudden surprise and curiosity flashed over Mary's face at these words. A gift of any sort for her was more than she had dreamed of; but a gift that the rich and beautiful Stella would prize was beyond even her wildest day-dream. She could not solve the mystery; but presently her thoughts returned to this hard, working-day world again. It had never been a holiday world for her.

"I can not come to the party, Stella," she said, sadly.

"But you must come, Mary dear—nothing must keep you away. By the way, Mary, there is a little matter I have wished to speak with you about. I have in my wardrobe a blue merino dress I have never worn here, as it is too small for me, and by some mischance it was made too short. I wish you to accept it as a Christmas gift from me if you will, and wear it to-morrow night for my sake; will you not, darling?"

"You are too good, too generous, Stella. I can not, ought not, to accept such a gift."

"That is a difficulty easily got over," said the other, "so I will do it up in as small a parcel as possible, and either let you take it home with you to-night, or I will send it around to your home, whichever you please. There is little danger of any one being too kind to you, dear, after the way the world has treated you. But cheer up, Mary, love; there are brighter days in store for you, I know. Your talents will not always be unappreciated nor suffered to rust out in obscurity."

When Mary unrolled the parcel her friend had given her, in that small garret room, her eyes glistened with pleasure at the sight of the treasures it brought to light. There was a dainty pair of kid boots—her very number, she knew at a glance; a pair of soft brown gloves; two beautiful handkerchiefs, with a delicate tracery of vine leaves on the border; snowy collars, and clasping one of them was a small gold brooch, with the initials of Stella Ashton and Mary Webb interwoven. The idea of possessing such beautiful things was

an air castle she had hardly dared to build for the far-off future. The pleasure and excitement kept her awake until the clock had tolled off twelve.

Mary scarcely knew herself in the old cracked looking-glass as she stood arrayed for the evening party. No girl with such keen sensibilities could help being pleased with such a becoming costume. But Mary was only pleased and grateful; she was not vain and forgetful of the charity that had bestowed the gifts. Indeed, she quite forgot herself directly, in her enjoyment of the brilliant scene before her. It seemed like fairy-land, that beautiful tree, blossoming to the very ceiling with its many-hued fruits, the merry, humming company of gay butterflies before it, and the warm, bright-lighted parlors. She almost feared it was a dream she should presently awake from.

By-and-by there was a hush in the company, and little Rosa Bowers, who looked like a genuine fairy strayed in from the heather-bells, took her place upon one side of the tree, and grave, dignified Stella upon the other. It was the fairy's business to snip off with a pair of bright scissors the bits of blue or gold ribbon which fastened the gifts to the tree. They were then passed to her companions, who announced the name attached to each, the one for whom it was intended coming forward to receive it. The committee had arranged matters well, so no one was without a gift. A box full of beautiful trifles had been contributed by one and another, which were left unmarked, and these had been wisely distributed. A feeling of almost universal happiness prevailed, and it did not seem to be diminished when the name of some favorite was called over and over again.

When the last gift had been bestowed, Miss Shepherd advanced to the little table before the tree on which were placed various brown paper parcels.

"Now dears," she said, "if you are ready, I have a word to say. We have delayed giving the prizes until this evening, hoping to add still further to the pleasure and interest of the evening. Your writing-master informs me that the young lady who has improved the most under his instruction is Miss Henrietta Styles. It is a beautiful accomplishment, and one in which I am particularly desirous of seeing you improve. I therefore take much pleasure in presenting Miss Styles with this writing-desk as a reward for the pains she has taken in this department."

Various other prizes were distributed, when the teacher at last

unfolded a set of historical books, most elegantly bound, and after a moment's pause, remarked—

"There is still one more prize I desire to make, though it is an unusual one with us. I desire to present this set of books to the young lady who has shown the most untiring industry in face of great difficulties; who has been the most universally exact in every study she has undertaken; and whose conduct has been most exemplary, without a single exception. Will Miss Mary Webb please step forward and take them?" she added, smiling.

But poor Mary's head was bowed on the window-sill, and she was weeping and sobbing. Stella took them up and carried them down to her, and the dear girls, whose sympathies were always as quick as their nimble tongues, were bending over her with kind words, not exactly knowing what she was crying about, but feeling somehow that it was just the thing to do. The Christmas-tree was a success, and it made all concerned happier, and who shall say that they were not better for that happiness?

It was Mary's last Christmas in the old garret home. Before another year had rolled away, she was a teacher-pupil in the dear old seminary, all her powers expanding fast in the new atmosphere of love and refinement which surrounded her. Better than all this, it was here she first learned to see and love the heavenly Hand which had cared for and guided her all through the days of darkness, out, at last, into the clear sunlight of the perfect day. J. E.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

BY REV. W. W. HICKS.

DEAR CHILDREN—I wish you a happy Christmas! I am sure you will appreciate the substantial fruit that even now begins to form on your Christmas-tree. May you have many Christmases, and may your trees grow larger and bear more plentifully each year.

As this is my first word to you (for I am a new Cousin among the Merry circle), let me give you a little chapter from the far East. Look at the Christmas-tree in the accompanying print, and then follow me.

On a mountain near the Ganges (sacred river of the Hindoos) there grew a large tree, in the hollow trunk of which, feeble, dim of sight, fearful of danger, and gray with age, lived a vulture whose name was *Jaradgabah*. Life was a difficult way for him, especially in the winter. His pantries were never well stocked, and he barely secured a livelihood for himself and children by the proper prey which he captured from time to time. Being old, and the reverence of many days resting upon him, he was gradually composing his thoughts on grave subjects, and looked forward to a happy release.

Now, it was Christmas time, and *Santa Klaus* does not plant fruitful trees in one's house in that country, but, it is said, causes them to grow on the mountain tops—filled with good things. Now there prowled about that region—looking for some rich Christmas-tree—a very ill-natured *cat*, whose name was *Long Ears*, who daily devoured young birds, and would steal whatever she could put her claws upon.

She approached the tree in which lived the Vulture, and in whose branches dwelt a flock of young birds. As soon as they saw Long Ears coming that way, they set up a cry of fear that went waving up and down the mountain and waking up the distant echoes. The old Vulture, hearing the uproar, shook himself, and peering out, demanded, "Who cometh?—who cometh?"

Long Ears, hearing a hoarse voice, and at the same moment seeing the Vulture, trembled with fear, and mewed out in plaintive tones to herself, "Alas! alas! I am lost! There can be no safe retreat from so fiery and powerful an enemy. What *shall* I do? O dear me! O dear me!"

Suddenly pausing, Long Ears resolved to make the best of circumstances. "Yes," mewed she, "I will put on my wisdom cap, and instead of showing fear, I must be humble and wise. This is my only chance, so here goes, luck or woe, rise or sink! Was ever cat in such a strait?"

She stroked down her ears, combed her whiskers with her claws, put a downward, modest look into her eyes, and approached cautiously the Vulture, and with a flattering bow mewed out:

"Mighty and noble sir, I beg to be your humble and most obedient servant this Christmas-day;" and down went the long ears and modestly waved the bushy tail.

"What art thou?" sternly demanded the Vulture.

"A very humble cat, good sir," said she, with another humble bow.

"Ah-ha-ha! Well, then, Cat, leave my premises and get thyself far away, or thou shalt be made to suffer for thy boldness."

"Oh, say not so, good sir; give me a moment's hearing," said the Cat, with a whine; "after which, punish me, if you will. Thus it is written in the Book," continued the Cat; "it is everywhere believed that *he* alone can judge another worthy of punishment or praise who can detect thoughts and read the page of the heart."

"Say on, pundit Cat," growled the Vulture.

Long Ears licked her lips, and continued—

"My home is near the Ganges, in whose sacred waters I perform my daily duties. I observe the tasks and fasts of a devout person, and correct my appetite by eating neither fish nor *flesh* [here she cast her longing eyes among the young birds above], and hearing of your wisdom and justice, I have come to spend an honorable Christmas with you, and learn truth. Oh, great Vulture, can you send me away rudely? Remember, oh, eminent sir, what the poet says: 'As the tree complains not of the woodman who, axe in hand, stands beneath its shade, so should the offices of hospitality and friendship be shown to an enemy who stands before the door.' Again: 'Four things are always found in the houses of the good—a bed to lie on; food to eat; water to purify; and welcome words, and these are freely given.' The moon does not refuse to shine upon the meanest person, so in like manner do the good bless the ignorant and stranger."

Upon hearing this discourse of the Cat, the Vulture answered—

"Ah, but thou art a *cat*—claws and teeth! and being a cat, thou lovest delicate flesh; and being a cat loving delicate flesh, I can not consent for thee to dwell here with these young birds! On their account I say to thee [rising up], *begone, oh, Cat!*"

Then the Cat, stroking her ears and bowing to the ground, said:

"True, oh, Vulture, as to cats in general, but false as to *particular* cats. I am a cat that has studied the *Shastras*, and have thus destroyed my natural appetite for flesh. I am a devotee, and in spite of opinion to the contrary, have attained unto perfect loveliness of disposition, meekness of action, and truthfulness of speech. The person who is the same to all, and harbors no wicked passion, is certainly the friend of the stranger. And the true friend is he," continued the Cat, "who opens his hand in need, and his door too. There is a friendship, oh, noble Vulture, like that between the food and the man who eats it. The friendship of the one endures only

long enough to eat up the other. Why should *I* eat innocent birds? Do I not know that there is pain in dying?—so I have adopted for my motto, '*Live, and let live.*' Will *you*, my noble sir, adopt the same? And again [stroking her ears]: why should a person do a deadly thing and stain his conscience with crime when the woods and fields abound with fruits and food of every kind? An appetite that can not be gratified with them is unnatural and sinful."

The Vulture, hearing such excellent truths from the Cat, destroyed his fears, and received Long Ears kindly into his house in the tree.

"You have won my confidence, oh, Cat, and the freedom of my house," were his words of welcome.

Days passed sweetly and quietly, and Long Ears began to pine for a dinner of birds. Watching her opportunity one day, she sprang upon them, carried them off, and feasted to her heart's content. While she was stripping their feathers and sucking their life, their cries of terror filled the air.

"Where's the Cat?—where's the Cat?" went from mouth to mouth, and especially troubled the old Vulture.

The community of the mountain hastened to the great tree in which the Vulture lived, and were shocked beyond measure to find that tree, which had been the very opera of the country, birdless.

The Cat lingered around, hiding under rocks and in caverns, for some time, but found it convenient not to return to the home of the Vulture whose confidence she had violated.

The friends of the birds were filled with anger, and demanded of the Vulture the lives of the lost ones.

"Alas! good people," sighed he; "it has been a sad Christmas to us all. I have been led astray by false reason and assumed good-will. Surely Christmas is a season in which to rejoice and do good; but I shall go down to the grave a broken-hearted Vulture, all because I allowed Christmas cheer to bring a deceitful Cat into my home, who has robbed me of the sweet singers, and hushed their tongues forever by eating them up! I have acted unwisely. It is wrong to place confidence where there is no acquaintance. Oily tongue—*catty* heart. Friendship so suddenly ripened must suddenly perish."

Upon hearing the sad moral of the Vulture, they began to condole together, and eat the bread of sorrow in silence.

Next day old Jaradgabah folded his wings, tucked his beak under

his feathers, and died. They buried him in the hollow of the tree, and fastened over the entrance this sentence:

"This is the Christmas-tree of the mountain, in which lived the philosopher Vulture Jaradgabah, who died from grief at the loss of sweet friends by the claws and teeth of a deceitful Cat, named Long Ears. Peace to his ashes! He has gone to the bird-paradise, where no cats can enter to devour singing tongues or break noble hearts."

THE SNOW BIRD.

Hop in, little birdie,
  Your breakfast is here;
Without any bell-call,
  I've spread some good cheer.

Your pretty wings fold now,
  No harm shall come nigh;
Pick the sweet crumbs before you,
  Then sing me good-bye.

Look out, lest by indorsing the character of others you lose your own.

He who becomes rich by living like a beggar is a beggar, though he be rich!

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

THE cold December days come with icy fingers and whistling winds to remind us that another year will soon be gone. How quickly fled! Christmas comes again, and then the glad New Year, before we hardly have time to put on an overcoat or realize the change. While we try to think over the past that we may improve its lessons, our thoughts are with "Merry Christmas," or planning how we may shout a "Happy New Year!" before our friends are aware of its existence. We trust you may all be successful in such undertakings, and can assure you of our good wishes in advance, and intend to renew them all in the next number of the MUSEUM.

In thinking how we could best make you happy, and really benefit you at the same time, for the coming year, we have had a variety of plans, and have concluded that we would send to every subscriber, new or old, who sends us their dollar and a half in advance, a map of their own State, with the counties clearly marked and towns designated. We have, therefore, made arrangements with the most extensive publishers of the best maps in America, to furnish us with a supply for this purpose. These maps will be from copper-plate engravings, printed on fine map paper, in size about 18 by 14 inches, beautifully colored in counties, and showing all the principal towns and villages, railroads, etc. It is of vital importance that you know the geography of your own State and county, and we have always tried in this magazine to render a real benefit to all our subscribers by furnishing such reading as will improve their minds and fit them for the great work of life. We shall continue to enrich the columns of the MUSEUM with the writings, not only of the great, but of the good of the land. In addition to our present able and entertaining list of writers, we shall have others who will furnish us with articles from time to time which will make the MUSEUM better than ever before.

We trust that all our subscribers will forward their money at once in advance for the new year. The map will be sent with the January number to all who forward their money in season. We offer a list of valuable premiums to those who will send us new subscribers. Old subscribers sending their own money, and also new subscribers, will receive the map and also the premiums for obtaining new subscribers.

Read our list of premiums in this month's magazine, and see if you can not send us some new subscribers. We will send then a copy of "The Youth's Temperance Banner," free for the year, to any one who will send us a new subscriber, and do not take any other premium. In other words, we will send one copy of the MUSEUM and one copy of "The Banner" for the year for $1 50. "The Youth's Banner" is published by J. N. Stearns for the National Temperance Society, at 30 cents a year, and is one of the best papers for children published.

We regret to say that the Publisher has been quite sick for some time past, though now we hope he will soon be better. His illness was the cause of the delay of a few days in sending off the last month's number. They will go in season hereafter.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., *Nov.* 14, 1866.

DEAR MERRYS :—I have been silent for some time, so I ought to say something "pretty smart" now, hadn't I? But if you expect anything of the kind you will be mistaken, I assure you. Indeed, I hardly know what to say since Tennessean has retired from the field. (I suspect he or she has been reconstructed.) But never mind, I am going to look about me for some other opponent worthy of my steel (pen.) Let no one throw down the gauntlet, however, without due consideration, thinking they have merely an unsophisticated country girl to deal with, for I've been traveling lately. To be sure, I haven't been to see Niagara or the "Hub" yet, but I have been to Gotham, and visited Uncle Merry at the sanctum, and looked through the Album. Besides, I have seen some of the most "interesting" of the Cousins in "*propria persona.*" Kitty Clover, Pontiac, Roger, Leslie, Jasper, In the Corner, and Arthur Lee welcomed me with as much cordiality as though I was an old friend, never intimating, by even a look, that they observed my lack of city "style." One day, however, I was slightly reminded of the fact of my being a "country cousin," for meeting Roger, on my way to Barnum's, he laughed, and said country folks always go there; but thinking he probably judged from his own experience, I didn't feel in the least hurt. Indeed, I am quite sure that he is a great admirer of the country and its productions, especially that of "sweet Clover." There is one thing I want to tell all of you, and that is, I firmly believe the manipulator is a myth, for I looked particularly for it when I was at the "sanctum." I guess Uncle uses a pair of scissors—and who's afraid of scissors? not I for one—so, all ye old Merryites, rouse up! and let us have some more good long chats, as in by-gone days.

Mustard, I agree with you concerning the ado about Queens, in this republican country. I'd much rather nominate myself as "Presidentess" than to have people imagine us a set of monarchists, and I have no doubt you have the same opinion.

Sans Souci, I visited your town one day, and should have called to see you, had I known that you resided there.

Kitty Clover, I return your love with interest.

Thank you, Uncle, for your kind "regrets;" I assure you they are mutual; but if I talk much longer, you will be sorry you invited me to "say a word or two" to your audience, so good-bye to all. Yours truly, COUSIN JENNIE.

The manipulator is ouly known by its fruits. Many have looked nervously for its appearance, but have turned away without the sight. If you test its steel again, as you have this time, you will say "Scissors!" in good earnest. Come again, and try it.

"DEERPARK," OLD ORANGE.

Another "star of the first magnitude" gone from the Merry firmament! Alas! alas! shall we never again hear from Leslie's graceful pen? Uncle, where *are* all the old Cousins who delighted us in the days when we "young ones" looked on? Do they stand back in indignant silence because we have usurped the throne of Merry dominion? Oh! Annie E. D., from your Western home; Elfelda, from the old "Keystone;" Jasper and Admiral, Osceola and Fiddlesticks, and *more*, "whose name is Legion," come back and let us rejoice in your smiles once again.

Euclid, I feel exceedingly flattered at finding myself mentioned in such right royal company. *I* will open a conversation, if you'll speak the *first* word. Send it to my address, as given in June.

Mamie, I speak for one of those pictures—*please*—and I'll reciprocate immediately.

Vincent and Metacom, time will prove to you that I've not forgotten—nor am I ungrateful.

Em. Moore, "better late than never;" *never* has almost come, in *your* case.

Thanks, Moss Rosebud; don't wait so long, next time.

Will some of those Cousins that I mentioned in my last—in June—please to profit (?) by the suggestions there made by LIZZIE E. N.?

We fully expect to see all our old friends rally round the standard next month, in answer to the stirring call of Lizzie E. N. Jasper, Fiddlesticks, Flib, Tommy, Oliver Onley, Annie E. Drummond, and all the other W.A.R.worn friends and ancient Chatterers, will you heed the call, and once more appear within the circle, and let us hear from you as in the days of yore?

Nov. 13, 1866.

I heard the loveliest of flowers call, "Where's Daisy?" and straightway I came, for, I said, Moss Rosebud shall never ask in vain for her humble wild-wood sister. Here I am, fair Rosebud, waiting to greet you with a kiss, and thank you for remembering me in absence.

Aunt Sue, you've no idea how pleased I was to see you with us once again. We never forget you, and only wish you would come oftener.

Uncle Merry, the deepest feelings of my heart are wounded. Do you think I can ever get over such repeated neglect? Seven long years I have waited—in vain!

Jolly Jingle, for shame! What if Iva Macgregor, meteor-like, has disappeared, is that a reason for your "squalling" in the parlor? Fie! I thought better of you. Forget the Queens and their quarrels, and return to the magic circle, where Juno and I, with a host of others, await your coming.

"Miss Smith," if the memory of our *Crusades* is still fresh in your heart, and you still wish to know if "W stands for Wildwood," come forward and I will tell you.

Pertine, is it Julia W. or Mrs. F.? If not, I can't possibly guess, and you must tell me.

Romance, Romance, where are you? Am I never to have that *c. de. v.* of my namesake you promised me so long ago?

Rubie Linden, I shall *not* say of you what I did of Harry C. H. Douglas By the way, I have changed my mind concerning the latter in that respect.

I have not forgotten you, sweet Kitty Clover, so I take to myself a share of that love, may I?

Vincent, I hope our next meeting may be under more favorable circumstances.

Forestina, I wish very much that you would write to me. Will you not? Will not you also, Blue-Bell? Please.

Euclid, let me be the first to "commence conversation," and extend the hand of friendship. You are very welcome.

Fairy and Rose Geranium, you are great favorites of mine. Will you not come and talk to me?

Uncle, couldn't you induce Oliver Onley, Annie Drummond, and certain others who once were with us, to join us occasionally now? We miss them so much.

Leslie, let me offer my sincere congratulations and warmest hopes for your happiness.

Good-bye, dear Uncles and Cousins. Much love for Aunt Sue. Don't forget

DAISY WILDWOOD.

DEAR UNCLE ROBERT:—I suppose I am almost forgotten by all the Cousins (not being one of the "bright particulars"), but I imagine I still linger in *your* memory, and that you have not forgotten our pleasant Chat in the sanctum, before its removal from 111 Fulton. Do you admit "large" persons to your Merry Circle? I will promise not to take up any more room than the very smallest. I have been trying to get some photos taken, that I might send you one for your album, but those that I have had taken thus far, I have concluded to put to a more profitable use. I think I shall get a patent on them, and circulate them among the farmers as a "patent scare-crow," and I think there isn't a doubt but that the farmers will realize larger crops from the result than they ever have had before. When I get some that I think won't answer for that purpose, I will forward you one immediately.

Snowbird, where are you? Did you mean this "Black-Eyed Annie" in the September number? I hope you did. Please write to me, and I will immediately respond.

Roguish Kate, I received a letter from New H——e the other day, and found you out. I shall call you to an account.

Coz Phe, I am going to write you an awful long letter very shortly—sorry for it, aren't you?

Dear Uncle, I so much dread that horrid manipulator, that I hope you will spare me this time. Adieu, all ye Cousins, and remember your bashful Cousin. BLACK-EYED ANNIE.

"More profitable use," can you? How can you treat your old Uncle in such a manner.

The manipulator came near giving you a "black eye," but concluded to let you "circulate" a while longer; hope you will circulate *largely* this way soon, and not "linger" too long only in memory.

PROVIDENCE, *Nov.* 10.

UNCLES, AUNTS, COUSINS, ET CETERA:—If I shall once more escape the dreadful manipulator, "that fatal tool," "sharper than any two-edged sword," how my

heart will leap for joy! yea, and a new song of praise to Uncle Hiram shall be in my mouth.

Violet Forest, I agree with you exactly, and am acting, as you see, upon that principle; I shall continue to do so if I am not cut short by that dreadful "what is it" which has consigned so many glowing thoughts to oblivion and the basket.

Coy, I am not particularly anxious that the Cousins should think, as they probably will from your words in the November MUSEUM, that I am in the habit of writing "*tender*, *touching*" messages.

Pertine, I have considered your request, and have come to the conclusion that the Chat is already sufficiently roused up, and something is needed rather to allay the excitement than to add to it.

But I have barely time to escape before the hatchet falls. Therefore adieu.

HARRY C. H. DOUGLAS.

Nov. 11, 1866.

"Many months sighed the maid in seclusion."

Yes, it is me own self, and no one else. You need not pretend to be *so* glad to see me, for all these "many months" not one has inquired concerning me. I might have committed suicide, or matrimony, for all you knew or cared. But do not flatter yourselves that I will remain silent for that, so you will please to keep still until I have my say. Uncle Merry still survives our noise, and really I can not discover any new gray hairs since last I entered the room.

Jolly Jingle sits very quiet for a few moments; really, I am surprised, Jolly, I did not think it possible for you to do that. "But lo, ye while I speak," he raves again.

Welcome Coy, Mamie, Kitty Clover, and all Merrys of "auld lang syne."

Fairy, come and bestow thy gracious gifts on all us poor mortals. Canst thou tell us whither thy sovereign lady, fair "Titania," has flown? 'Tis long since her voice has been heard in these Merry halls.

Prairie Rose, have you departed with the summer days?

Arthur Lee, do tell me whether I guessed your name right.

Well, go ahead, some of the rest of you, while I rest, but *beware* how you forget me again. Defiantly, MAY CLAYTON.

Again with my lance couched and in its rest, I am prepared for a tilt in honor of Saucy Nell—*Queen* Nell, she should be; and whom more worthy the title than she whose sparkling wit and genial humor have so long illumined the MERRY pages? I shake a warning finger at you dissenters. I call upon the faithful to become more earnest and the undecided to become fixed in mind, and enroll themselves under her banner. True it is, our Queen is not with us so much as formerly; but can she in modesty plead her own cause? Even her "brilliant flashes of silence" are inspiring! I imagine I see her now, MUSEUM in hand, earnestly looking over its pages. As she passes from page to page, the absorbed gaze betokens the interest she feels. All external objects are as a dream to her; and when she lays it aside, she sits with folded hands, and thinks long and lovingly upon what she has read. Will such a Queen ever prove recreant to her trust, or weary or oppress her loyal subjects? No! is, *must* be, the answer. Arise, then, and let us all shout as one before the throne, *Vive la* Saucy Nell!

Jolly J., isn't it provoking? to have "my 'pology" repudiated. VINCENT.

CLOSE TO THE FIRE, COLD WEATHER, '66.

RESPECTED AND RESPECTABLE MERRYS:—A most gracious curtsey to all who have remembered Sans Souci during the past months.

Jolly *Jumble* (I think the new name most appropriate), "It" listened attentively. Here, I will assure all who are undecided as to my sex, that *it* is *it*.

I fear, Cousin J. J., that heart is in a (h)armful neighborhood; *prenez garde!* We await further demonstrations of thy "cunning brain."

Harry C. H. Douglas, thank you.

Will Mustard please tell me what I have done to merit "implicit confidence?" I have been trying to, all my life, but don't know how yet. Stand by the republic, there's a good boy. Jolly Jingle-ie schemes! we'll none of them.

Moss Rosebud, Mignionette W. still remembers the Merrys, though gone from among them.

Edith, you are very welcome; Euclid, Fairy, and all the others.

Uncle, is Eugene better? Tell him how sorry we all are for him.

A full assortment of cartes; all claims must be asserted now, or ever after withheld. SANS SOUCI.

INDIAN RIVER, *Nov.* 8.

DEAR COUSINS, UNCLES, ETC. :—Is it possible for poor me to gain an entrance into your pleasant circle when I hear so much concerning that horrid hatchet?

Now, I say please, I beg! I beseech! with tears in my eyes—I quietly resign myself to fate, but should really love to chat with you. Should have struggled for that purpose long ago—but—but—I am so bashful.

May I choose a seat? Yes. Well, if Jolly Jingle is not entirely surrounded, I should be delighted to sit thereabouts.

Euclid, and some of you new-comers, if you feel as strange as I, please write and sympathize. Uncle can tell who to.

Oh, dear! This is not short, "wish it could be sweet."

But save me that terrible fate.

MARIGOLD.

CENTRAL OHIO, *Nov.* 8.

MERRYS ALL :—Uncle made essence of me in the sweet month of June; but after so long a time, I've recovered.

Blue-Bell, forward one of those "beautiful" cartes.

Juno, dear, don't be so "indignant;" I always misused you well enough. *Please*, Cousin, isn't your home in Detroit, Mich.?

Harry Douglas, your August thesis expresses my sentiments exactly.

Presumptuous Jolly! risk a postage stamp! I am sorry to disagree with you, J. J., in MUSEUM politics, for I greatly admire your witty self; but now, as you are in the war kettle, as Pertine says, "fight it out."

Taghconic, you and Mustard promise to be "bright particulars" before many years.

Sid! Sid! almost a column and a half! But 'twas worth reading. When you've written to Virginia and Moss Rosebud, remember this coz, and trace a few cousinly lines, and forward to her.

Tennessean, write again; or have you wandered into a pen and paperless region, following in "Massachusetts' footsteps?"

Dost thou recognize me, Euclid? Please accept kindest regards. Illustrious company this—surely.

Violet Forest, Em, W. A. R., Coy, Metacom, Hero, Addie W., Cis—Cousins, all come and see me some time, and we'll —— play! Who will exchange cartes with this Merry?

Uncle, I've not *finished*, but I've *ended*.

Briefly, JENNIE ENWOOD.

AGNES WILBUR; or, A Daughter's Influence. By Catherine M. Trowbridge. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co.

An interesting story of what a young lady can do if she will use her influence for good upon those around her. Agnes saw and felt she had a life-work—something to live for, and she was faithful to her mission. No one can read this little book without its stirring up some noble impulses and higher aspirations.

Fleta Forrester's Puzzle Drawer.

each answer *all but one* of the October Puzzles. Double-you-see wins his *third prize*, while Gilbert wins his *second*.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

125. My *first*, never seen
In the garb of the rich,
Illustrates the worth of a
Finely set stitch!
My *next*, light and brown,
You would welcome at table!
My *whole* you'd kick out
From even your stable!
Massasoit.

126. Transpose a potato into an animal. *Gertie N.*

127. Curtail a boy's name, transpose, and leave a girl's name. *Fred.*

128. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 2, 7, 8, 9, 10 is the name of a great general.
My 11, 3, 14, 5 is to scatter.
My 13, 12, 4, 13, 12 is a river of the United States.
My 6, 7, 5, 4, 3, 14 is a caution.
My whole is an inviting season.
Cricket.

129. 1100 U. (*A sentence.*) *Eugene of B.*

130. My first is a nickname; my second is a river; my third is very small; my whole is a range of mountains. *W. S. Arthur.*

131. By the change of one letter, transpose a loyal man into a disloyal one. *Cora.*

132. A business firm, a thief, and numbers confirm my story! *Alf.*

133. Entire, I am a fruit; transpose, and I am to gather in; curtail and transpose, and I am a verb. *Bonnie Bell.*

134. My first was invented by Adam and Eve; my second, at the present time, is a matter of great interest to us all, more or less; my whole is especially disagreeable to school-boys. *Double-you-see.*

135. $\frac{50}{5000N}$. *Fred.*

136. I am composed of 21 letters:
My 1, 14, 13, 9, 15, 5, 10 was an eminent French historian.
My 6, 3, 16, 16, was a distinguished Swiss patriot.
My 11, 12, 2, 4, 7 was an eminent English divine.
My 12, 15, 16, 3, 2 was a very eminent Swiss mathematician.
My 16, 20, 4, 7 was a great Roman historian.
My 17, 2, 13, 8 was a celebrated Tuscan writer.
My 18, 14, 11, 5 was first king of China.
My 19, 17, 16, 18, 12 was a renowned English general.
My 19, 11, 8, 21, 10, 20, 3, 2 is an American poet.
My whole is a proverb which writers to the MUSEUM would do well to remember. *Belle Brunt.*

137. Transpose something found upon every train of cars into a class of persons known to all. *Ego Ipse.*

138. Towns in New Jersey: 1. A royal title, and a weight; 2. Fastened, and a small stream; 3. Scolding women, and a fruit; 4. A level tract, and a meadow. *Lizzie E. N.*

139. A decoration used at Christmas, and a kind of wine. (*A flower.*) *Loyalty.*

140. Behead an article used on the table, transpose, and leave a child's plaything. *May of Irvington.*

141. 1000 1000 10000 5000 r e. *Frolicking Fun.*

ANAGRAMS.

142. Faith G. Fenn. *Massasoit.*

143. Tie a live fox. *Fred.*

144. As rags on it. *Allie Frank.*

145. No, it is not cut. *E. P. L.*

146. No rich rose. *Violet Forest.*

147. Leo! negro caliph. *Yarick.*

148. Not since, N. *Angie P.*

149. Why is a black man of necessity a disciple of the "black art?" *F. F.*

150. What does a hen in a garden remind you of? *W. A. R.*

Answers to Puzzles in Oct. No.

73. Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

74. Scold, cold, old, LL.D.

75. Manipulator.

76. Portend.

77. Replies; reap lies.

78. Metaphysician.

79. Paucity.

80. Conscience.

81. Sanitary Commission.

82. Chair, hair, air.

83. Ignis Fatuus.

84. Sunshine.

85. Loliped.

86. Spectacles.

87. Machines.

88. Erroneous.

89. Anathema.

90. Tetrasyllable.

91. Scandal-monger.

92. Pungent.

93. Leap-wing.

94. Seaside, disease.

95. Grown, wrong.

96. Printer, reprint; or Binder, rebind.

97. Geneva, avenge.

Of the above 25 PUZZLES—

DOUBLE-YOU-SEE answers all but 96—24.

GILBERT answers all but 90—24.

Quaker answers all but 91, 97—23.

Florence answers all but 91, 97—23.

Allie Frank answers all but 80, 91—23.

Bittersweet answers all but 80, 91—23.

Shooting-Star answers all but 79, 91—23.

Dwight answers all but 91, 94, 97—22.

Lizzie E. N. answers all but 79, 80, 91—22.

Roguish Kate and Oddity answer all but 79, 80, 91, 97—21.

Minnehaha, N. Y., answers all but 80, 90, 91, 94—21.

Hero answers all but 79, 90, 91, 93, 94, 97—19.

Metacom answers all but 83, 86, 90, 91, 94, 97—19.

* *Yarick ?* answers all but 74, 80, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 97—16.

Vincent answers all but 75, 77, 79, 80, 83, 86, 88, 89, 90, 91, 94, 97—13.

Harry C. H. Douglas answers all but 79, 80, 81, 83, 88, 89, 90, 91, 94, 95, 96, 97—13.

Jno. answers 73, 74, 75, 77, 78, 81, 82, 85, 87, 89, 96—11.

H. of B. answers 73 in part, 76, 77, 78, 79, 81, 82, 84, 85, 95, 96—10½.

Black-Eyed Annie answers 73, 76, 77, 78, 81, 82, 84, 93—8.

R. H. Loughridge answers 74, 82, 83, 84, 95, 96, 97—7.

Rubie Linden answers 73, 76, 77, 78, 81, 84—6.

Albert Amerman answers 73, 82—2.

Notices to Correspondents.

Quaker, it strikes me that your puzzle would hardly be intelligible.

Florence, in that instance, the letter "I" was represented by the figure "1."

"*Cis*," I hasten with delight to grasp your hand once more, and —— why! what is this sticking to my palm? Oh, a postage stamp! Thank you. So your collection, after 19 months' work, has reached 1,370! What quarter of the habitable globe is to furnish those *others* which are "expected soon?"

Thanks for Enigmas, etc., to Yarick, Roguish Kate and Oddity, Jno., Dwight, Metacom, Albert Amerman, Cis, and Vincent.

* Letter from Christiansburg, Ohio, without signature.

Special Notices.

☞ Answers to the puzzles in this number will be *too late* if not sent until the *8th of January*. The *8th of December* will be none too early, as the January number will be issued almost a month earlier than usual.

☞ All puzzles, answers, etc., intended for THE DRAWER, must be hereafter sent to Aunt Sue, Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N. Y.

☞ All who have failed to receive prizes due them, are requested to notify AUNT SUE.

DIED,

In the village of Groveport, Franklin County, Ohio, Sept. 22, 1866, LIZZIE TIPTON, aged 10 years, 9 months, and 6 days, eldest daughter of Dr. T. C. and Mrs. Miranda Tipton.

[A strange and somewhat affecting incident connected with the sad event, was the death of her canary the same evening. Being furnished with its accustomed supply of food and drink, it died without any apparent cause, leaving its mate alone, as the remaining sister is left to mourn the loss of Lizzie.]

We are sure the above notice will make many hearts sad when they recall the name so lately become familiar to us, and know that it will recur no more on our lists. It came inclosed with a few lines from her bereaved father, who sent it partly in reply to a query in our October Notices to Correspondents, respecting her willingness to impart her address to a Cousin. "I have no doubt but she now resides in heaven," says the touching letter.

DEAR MERRYS:—With this number Fleta retires again to the rank and file of the Merrys, leaving the chair, mantle, and official dignity to be better filled and administered by AUNT SUE. Amid the clapping of hands which must follow such a welcome announcement, I desert the throne, and when you next hear from me, it will be in the columns of the Chat.

"A merry Christmas and happy New Year" to all, says FLETA.